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Arctic Patrols

ARCTIC PATROLS

STORIES OF THE
ROYAL CANADIAN
MOUNTED POLICE

By
Captain William Campbell

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Arctic Patrols

Chapter I

"MAINTIEN LE DROIT"¹

"WHERE'VE you been the last couple days, Bill?"

"On prisoner escort duty with Sergeant Clay, Charlie," I replied.

"Then you haven't heard the big news. Or have you?"

"Big news? What news? I left two days ago and didn't get back to the depot until early this morning."

"Flint's gone!"

"What? What do you mean, Flint's gone?" I asked in astonishment.

"Just that. Flint got his foot into it again. Was ordered up before the Adjutant and given a chance to resign and he did."

"Of all things! Well, no one will miss Flint. He was about the hardest man to like I've ever met."

"Yes. That's what the Adjutant said."

"What happened, anyway?"

"We were going into mess yesterday morning, when the Staff Sergeant told Flint to report to the Adjutant. Well, Flint reported, of course. According to the Orderly, the Adjutant told Flint that any man

¹ "Maintain the Law" Motto of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

who couldn't obey the rules while in training couldn't be expected to enforce the laws of the land if he was made a Mounted Policeman. That was all."

"So he suggested Flint resign?"

"Yeah, but he also suggested that if he didn't resign, he would be given a dishonorable discharge."

* * *

It was a beautiful May morning — the sun, bright and warm, was dazzling as it reflected off the gaunt, severe-looking, immaculately white buildings, typical of the ruggedness and honesty of the thousands of men who had been trained there. To the North, beyond the parade grounds, was the large drill hall where hundreds of young men had first learned their "squads right" and later had themselves become instructors; the large granary stocked with fodder for the well-groomed and well-trained horses next door in the large, airy stables where each beast had its own stall. On the square of the parade grounds were the shops; the tailor shop, where experts cut and sewed the scarlet tunics and black, yellow-striped riding breeches, so dear to every Mountie; the shoemaker's shop where embryo policemen were given their first pair of russet riding boots. Next, the mess hall and canteen where good fellowship and well-filled stomachs made all men kin; the barracks — where recruits and veterans rested their tired bodies after a day, or days, of gruelling drill or police work — immaculately clean, every bed a twin of its partner in size, shape, and appearance. Then the administration building with its low squatty tower, and chiming

clock — the building that had housed many men who were famous in the force; men who had risen from the lowest to the highest ranks by sheer determination and grit. On the corner of the square, the cell house, where many of Canada's most famous and notorious criminals had been housed, yes, even executed. A grim building, unattractive, yet not unlike its neighbors in its shimmering coat of white paint. Next, the chapel; a small building, where both Protestants and Catholics worshiped — where homesick young recruits had knelt as if at the foot of the Cross to ask of Him solace, peace — where seasoned veterans had humbly thanked the Creator of them and of all things for many blessings and graces received while battling cold, hunger, murderous men, and wild beasts. A strange contrast these two little buildings, one the symbol of despair, mis-spent lives, desolation, and years or a lifetime behind steel bars, without the glorious beauty of the sun. The other building, just as white, just as severe in design, spelled hope, love; a haven for those who would rest their souls. Across the wide, expansive parade grounds were the homes of the many officials, the Commissioner of Police, the Adjutant, Paymaster, and the other Police Inspectors making up the personnel of the world's most famous and beloved police force. Such were the buildings of the police detachment at Regina, Saskatchewan — clean, a little grim, typical of the men who had used them, and were now living and working in them, men who

had sworn to uphold the law of the Dominion of Canada, fealty to King, and always to "get my man." To me those buildings are sacred, every one of them, because of the many fine gentlemen who have lived, suffered, lost and won life's battles there.

We had just come from "morning stables" — an hour of brushing and feeding the horses and cleaning the stables, and now at seven o'clock, a score of constables and recruits (I was one of the latter) were on our way to the mess hall for what we knew would be a hearty breakfast.

We were a happy, joking, laughing group of men. The bright sunshine gave us new life, while the hour's work had done much for our appetites. Of all the recruits, I was perhaps the happiest and the hungriest. Because of former military training, the drills, rifle practice, rides, and other exercises were mere play to me. Besides I really enjoyed the classroom with its lectures and quizzes on law, police duties, criminal investigation, and the like, and I looked forward to a day of pleasure — whereas some of the recruits dreaded the severe discipline and strenuous work. It seemed that the harder I was worked and the more severe the discipline, the better I enjoyed my days of training.

And so as we neared the mess hall and I smelled the aroma of fried bacon and eggs, I was as near being perfectly happy as a young man could be, or at least would be as soon as I had satisfied my appetite

with slices of bacon, eggs, and huge stacks of wheat cakes and real maple syrup.

I was just about to enter the mess hall when Staff Sergeant Moorhead (one of our instructors) stopped me:

"Report to the Adjutant at eight o'clock, Bill. And remember, don't wear your fatigue uniform."

"Yes, sir," I replied and went on in for breakfast. But suddenly my appetite was gone. The sun seemed no longer to shine — my heart was no longer light, carefree, happy. The smile had left my face. All I could think of now was what Charlie Steele had said about Flint. True, I had many friends at the training depot, while Flint had not one. Perhaps some of the boys would miss me. I knew none would miss Flint. All about me men were laughing and joking as each stowed away enough breakfast for three men.

"Report to the Adjutant" rang through my brain. What for? What had I done? What rule had I violated? What would my punishment be? Would the Adjutant suggest that I resign or would he strip me of my scarlet uniform and give me a dishonorable discharge from the Force? A great lump came into my throat, it choked me! I could not eat. The laughing and joking of my friends about me hurt. I felt suddenly weak and alone.

I arose from the table without having tasted a bite and walked to the dormitory. I must change from my fatigue uniform into the service uniform before I reported to the Adjutant.

Sadly I removed the work uniform and put on the black, gold-striped riding breeches and brown riding boots. Then I donned my scarlet tunic and Sam Browne belt — placed my service revolver in its holster and adjusted its white lanyard. Would I ever wear that uniform again? My heart sank, for I loved the uniform and every man who had ever worn it. "Report to the Adjutant at eight o'clock" — the very hour when court was held for those who had violated some rule of the Force!

Just as the training-depot clock rang out the hour of eight, I knocked on the door of the Adjutant's office. My heart was in my boots.

"Come in," came the crisp voice of the Adjutant through the oaken panels of the door.

Trembling and sick at heart, I opened the door and entered, came stiffly to attention, clicked my heels and saluted.

"I — I have orders to report to you, sir," I stammered, scarcely able to get the words out of my mouth.

The Adjutant returned my salute — then with his piercing, yet kindly eyes scanned me from head to foot and back again. A faint smile came to his lips. Not a single button or badge but what glistened; not a spot or speck of dust on my uniform. The inspection over, my heart all but ceased beating as the Adjutant searched through some important-looking papers on his desk, singled out two, examined them a moment — and then:

"Here are your orders to duty. You will report to the officer commanding 'G' Division, at Edmonton, for further assignment at Herschel Island for Arctic Ocean duty. The Paymaster will give you funds for traveling."

Oh, how my heart leaped! I turned hot and then cold — I wanted to yell or whistle or anything. I had violated no rule! I was promoted — I was no longer a recruit, but a full-fledged Constable of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police!

"Thank you, sir," I somehow managed to stammer.

Evidently the kindly veteran of the Riders of the Plains understood all I had gone through that morning, for his voice had lost some of its official crispness as he said:

"Keep your future record as clean as your past, and never forget 'Maintien le Droit' and always get your man."

"Thank you, sir," I managed to stammer again. The Adjutant held out his hand to me and gave mine a firm grip. Then with a salute (much more snappy than the one with which I had greeted him) and a click of my heels, I strode from the office with firm steps; my spurs tinkling out a merry tune and within my happy heart was a song keeping time to the music of the spurs:

Maintien le Droit,
Always get your man.
Maintien le Droit,
Always get your man.

I vowed then that I would always be loyal to the traditions and the motto of the Force — I would always maintain the law and would always get my man and would always be clean.

And — I have never broken that vow.

Chapter II

INSPECTOR LA NAUZE

AFTER the strenuous training days at Regina, I found life at Edmonton headquarters most agreeable. There's a sort of fraternity among the Police — a friendship that's hard to describe. The fact that I was a constable and assigned to duty seemed to permit me to join all the men, no matter how long they had been in service, in their talk and pleasures. I was now one of them, although but just out of training.

Because I was to leave in June for the Arctic Ocean, I was not assigned to many duties that otherwise might have been my lot. Day after day men came and went — going out on assignment — others returning from duty, sometimes with prisoners. Some of these men were reporting back after months or years of absence on duty, and were relieved by others who were rested and fit. Scarcely a day passed that I did not meet some veteran of the Force who had performed at least one outstanding feat of heroism. There were, for example, Corporal Baker, who had been on Arctic duty; Sergeant Clay, an outstanding officer, who had startled the world with his

work around Hudson Bay and in the Arctic Ocean where I was going. Then, too, there were Corporal Conway, Inspector La Nauze, and many, many others.

I soon learned, though, that either *every* man on the Force was a hero, or *none* were; all were devoted to their duties and carried out their orders to get their man, regardless of the circumstances. I learned that when an order was given to get a certain man, that man sooner or later was brought in. Time, distance, dangers, meant nothing. The trail might lead from one end of Canada to the other or even to the ends of the earth, but the chase never ended until the criminal was captured or the mystery solved. Hunger, cold, Arctic gales, or one man pitted against several, could not stop the Scarlet Riders — nothing but death — and death is not feared by those who keep their minds and souls clean and healthy, as well as their bodies. If nothing else can be said about the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, that one thing can and must be recorded, they are clean, physically, mentally, and morally. They are brave, because the clean know no fear.

One day while off duty, I was in the stable petting a horse — a roan — I had taken a fancy to and which seemed to have taken a fancy to me. As I talked to the beautiful beast, he whinnied and rubbed his nose against my face. I was paying no attention to anything but the steed, which, like myself, was new to

Headquarters. Suddenly I was startled by hearing a deep, crisp voice say:

"Like horses?"

I turned, and there in the doorway of the stable stood an Inspector. I saluted. "Yes, sir! Horses and dogs and all animals."

"You're Bill, the new man, aren't you? The man who's going North?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I'm leaving for Herschel Island as soon as the boats start running."

"I've been North. Maybe I can help you get off on the right foot. What are your duties now?"

"I just fill in, sir. I have no regular duties."

"Well, report to me after dinner. I'm Inspector La Nauze," and he walked away.

Inspector La Nauze! The hero of a three-year search for two murderers. Three years of hunger, cold, hardship, without once coming in contact with civilization.

During the remainder of my time at Edmonton, I was assigned to Inspector La Nauze. Aside from telling me he had been on duty in the very section of the country into which I was going, La Nauze never once mentioned his history-making man hunt. But here is the story as I heard it from others.

It was another May morning — a few years before my advent to the Force. Inspector La Nauze, then as now, was on duty at "G" Division headquarters. Early one morning the Superintendent sent for La

Nauze, whose parents had given him the initials "C. D." but who was known most affectionately by every member of the Force, recruit to Commissioner, as "Denny."

"Inspector, I have just received a letter from Fort Norman. It left there in March by dog team, traveled fourteen hundred miles to Peace River Crossing, and there was mailed."

"Must be something important for a man to travel that distance in the wintertime, 20 to 50 below zero, on foot, just to put in the mail."

"It *is* important, Inspector. So important that I order you to start at once for Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River. And you must travel fast so as to accomplish as much as possible during the two short months of summer they have in that country."

"And at Fort Norman, what?" queried La Nauze.

"Your orders are to locate two missionaries, Fathers La Roux and Rouvier. They have disappeared. Possibly murdered."

"Any suspects?"

"None. Details are lacking. This letter from Fort Norman merely states that two years ago the two missionaries left there for the Arctic coast to establish a mission. It is known they arrived at their destination. Since then nothing has been heard of them."

"Perhaps, Superintendent, they have merely stayed a little longer than they intended or have gone on somewhere else to establish another mission."

"No," replied the Superintendent. "As you know,

there are no villages between the Mackenzie River and the Arctic coast — there are no means of communication, no mail service, no telephones and no telegraph stations. It is possible for a crime to be committed twenty miles from a police detachment or a trading post, and word of it not reach the police for months, even years.”

“Yes, that’s true,” La Nauze agreed.

“Well, from Coronation Gulf, where the missionaries set out for, to our nearest detachment, is one thousand miles.”

“Yes,” said La Nauze. “A thousand miles of ice and snow ten months in the year, not a road or even a trail to follow, 40 to 75 below zero, always a wind blowing and in winter 110 days of darkness.”

“Correct. Well, little by little word has trickled back to Fort Norman that the two missionaries disappeared two years ago, very shortly after they reached the Arctic coast. Reading between the lines, I believe from this letter that the two missionaries were murdered. By whom and why and when? It’s your job to find out. Your orders are to get the details, and if there has been foul play, to get your man.”

It is no easy job preparing for a journey into a country where there are no stores or means of communication except by messenger; where there are no highways and the only means of travel in the summer-time is on foot or by boat and in the wintertime — ten months of the year — on foot with dogs. The

traveler must be prepared for every emergency, and must be ready to live off the country, by his own resources, by hunting and fishing. Very often, too, no game is seen for days and even weeks on end.

As soon as Inspector La Nauze had collected his equipment and supplies, including food for three months, furs (in the North even the Police wear furs; they never wear their uniforms for they would freeze), snowshoes, sleds, dogs, ammunition, guns, and a score of other necessary articles, he took the train to Peace River Crossing, the "end of steel," that is, the end of the railroad. It was June before the ice went out of the river, and Inspector La Nauze waited impatiently until the down-river steamer was able to set sail. He realized he had much to do in the few short weeks of summer and was anxious to get started.

Finally came the day when the cheap little stern wheeler, owned by a fur-trading company, steamed down river with La Nauze aboard.

The fur traders' steamers are not intended for general passenger service, nor do they follow any schedule. As soon as the ice goes out of the river, the boats start down river with freight for the Northern trading posts and those passengers who are allowed accommodations. Of course, the police, missionaries, and trappers are permitted passage, but rival fur traders and their trappers are not. With the exception of the Captain and Chief Engineer, the chances are the entire crew will be Indian, although the cook will

more than likely be a white man. These steamers use wood for fuel, and from time to time stops are made to load up with wood cut the previous winter by Indians and stored on the banks of the river.

There is but one little town, Fort Vermillion, between Peace River Crossing and the Chutes of the Peace, where, because of the rapids, the steamer must unload freight and passengers and return up river for another cargo. The Chutes begin about 330 miles from the "end of steel," and from there the journey is made about twenty miles overland to the other side of the Chutes. There freight and passengers are placed aboard scows and towed by a gasoline tug to Fort Fitzgerald, nearly 450 miles from Peace River Crossing. During the whole journey, the travelers are being made miserable by the season's first crop of mosquitoes and the huge deer flies called "bulldogs." I have never seen so many of these pests in any part of the world as in the North. In fact, they are so numerous that it is necessary to wear protection for the hands and face. The Arctic coast is the only place free from these insects during the brief summer period.

At Fort Fitzgerald, there is a fine Mounted Police detachment; from there one must make another portage, 16 miles long, to Fort Smith, where another fur-trading-company steamer takes freight and passengers as far as the Mackenzie River Delta.

A word about the villages along the river will apply to any village north of the "end of steel." You

will note they are called "Fort." This goes back to the early days of the Hudson Bay Company's entry into the Far North when it was necessary to fortify the trading posts against raids by the Indians. Today, there are no fortifications. The village consists of just a few log buildings; there will be a Church of England missionary and a chapel, or a Catholic mission, or both; one or two fur traders, perhaps a Mounted Police detachment, and one or two other buildings. That is all. There may be two or three white men in the village, seldom more.

Leaving Fort Smith the ship travels down the Slave River to Great Slave Lake. The villages here are 150 to 300 miles apart, with nothing between them except wilderness. The only occupation is fur trading; there are no stores, theaters, post offices, amusement places. There is not a telephone or telegraph instrument, and until quite recently, not a radio. There is not an inch of railroad or an inch of highway. As I said before, the only means of travel is by foot and boat in the summertime, and by foot in the wintertime, with the aid of dog teams.

Arriving at Great Slave Lake, the steamer cuts across the end of it, into the Mackenzie River, which flows north. The first stop is Fort Resolution, then Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Fort Wrigley, and Fort Norman.

At Fort Norman, Inspector La Nauze landed with his supplies. Of course as soon as the steamer arrives, white men and natives scramble down to the

landing, for this steamer is the first touch with civilization in a year. The boat makes but one round trip a season, and it brings the year's mail, and even Christmas presents for the coming December, although it is now but July.

La Nauze was busy checking his cases and bags of supplies. Suddenly a hearty voice boomed in his ear: "Hey, Denny, old chap." Looking up he beheld the bronzed face of Arden, prospector, hunter, and trapper, who had spent many years in the Far North.

"Hello, you old Eskimo. How are you, anyway?"

"Fine. Let me present Father Frapance from the Mission here."

"How do you do, Father."

"I am pleased to meet you, my son. I presume you are here in answer to my letter regarding my two missionary brothers?"

"That's right, Father, and since there are so few weeks of summer I would like to get started as soon as possible to hunt for them."

"It would be better if you let Arden take care of your freight, and you and I go on with the steamer to Fort McPherson. You will have to have an Eskimo interpreter. There is none here."

"Very well, Father. Arden, here's my list of supplies. Please check them and have them taken to the Mission for storage until we return."

"Righto," replied Arden, and when the steamer left for down river a short time later, Father Frapance and La Nauze were aboard. The next stop after Fort

Norman is Fort Good Hope, right on the line of the Arctic Circle, then Fort Arctic Red River, and last of all, Fort McPherson on the Peel River, just on the edge of the Mackenzie River Delta.

Old John Firth, who had spent half a century in the Far North as a factor for the Hudson Bay Company, and all but ten years of that time at Fort McPherson, located an interpreter for La Nauze — an Eskimo who had spent some time with Steffanson, the great Arctic explorer, while he was on his last expedition. The party returned that day to Fort Norman while the steamer started back up river to Fort Smith, and would not be seen again until the following year.

Speaking of days, Arctic days, in July and August, the two months of summer, there is a never-ending day, for it is the land of the midnight sun and one can scarcely tell when the day begins and the night ends. During those weeks of light twenty-four hours a day, one scarcely rests. There is much to be done before the arrival of winter and one can do more in a single day with a boat in the summer than in many weeks with dog teams in the cold winter.

On his arrival back at Fort Norman, La Nauze at once organized his party to set out in search of the two missing missionaries, Fathers La Roux and Rouvier. Mr. Arden was to be the guide; Louis, the Eskimo, was to be the interpreter. Three natives and Father Frapance were to accompany the party as far as the Barren Lands and bring back any news they

might secure; in addition there were two constables of the Mounties.

The first part of the trip was down the Bear River. The river was so shallow that their boat loaded with supplies had to be dragged by hand. Seven to ten miles a day was the best they could do against a swift current. Their two dog teams were helpless against the surge of that current. On arriving at the mouth of the river, they were on the shores of Great Bear Lake, a huge inland sea about the size of Lake Erie, but more treacherous. Now, there is not a village between the Mackenzie River and the Arctic coast, and the party must depend for food largely upon the game of the country, for they might travel days and weeks without seeing a white man or a native.

On the shores of Great Bear Lake arrangements were made to sail to the other side. They had a York boat for part of the men and the supplies, the others of the party and the balance of the supplies were loaded onto a homemade schooner. There was a long wait of eleven days because of heavy seas, and when they did at last embark the seas rolled so high that several days were spent at anchor. When they finally set sail, they were caught in a terrific gale lasting eight solid days. During that time they battled hour after hour for their lives. They could not have warm meals, and it was impossible to sleep because of the tossing of the boats by the giant waves.

Winter set in on the very day the two little sail-

boats reached the other side of the lake and came to anchor in the mouth of Dease River. Preparations for the long winter had to be made at once and so the men hunted and fished for several days to provide food for themselves and the dogs.

Then the party set out for Lake Rouvier, where Father Frapance had reason to believe the two missing men would establish a home for themselves and a mission. It was only September 19th when they left Dease Bay, yet it was so cold it was almost impossible to travel. It required nine days to make the journey. On the ninth day, just as darkness fell, La Nauze ordered a halt for the night.

"Come on, Father Frapance, let's have a look around. This seems to be about where you expected your missionaries to establish their mission."

"Yes, Inspector. They had been this way before, and as near as I can make out from this rough map they made, somewhere around this lake is where they decided to locate the mission."

"We'll walk around until camp is made. We'll get an early start in the morning, though. This weather is too bitter to spend any more time in it than we can help."

The two men, both dressed in the furs of the North, and looking very much like Eskimos, walked about a few minutes and were just about to return to the camp when La Nauze suddenly cried:

"Look over there, Father!"

"Two cabins but no smoke and no lights!"

"I have my flashlight. We'll have a look around."

"Surely no one can be there. They would have to have a fire on such a night."

"No, Father, no man is there. Those cabins are in ruins."

"Let's go inside and look around."

"Humph," mused La Nauze. "There's been no one here for a long time. Doors off their hinges. The cabins filled with snow. Maybe if we dig around we'll find something to show who used these cabins. I feel sure, though, these are the cabins built by the missing priests."

La Nauze called to the men at the camp: "Bring a couple of flashlights and two shovels. Make it snappy!"

There was little inside the cabins to show that they had ever been occupied, except for rough tables, chairs, and bunks made from the trunks of small trees. But after two Indians had shoveled out the snow for a few minutes, La Nauze came upon several articles on the floor of one cabin that showed clearly that they had been occupied by the missing missionaries. More important, though, they were articles no priest would ever leave behind if deserting a home — missals, breviaries, and other books necessary for priests in their ministry. There was no doubt about it now: the two priests had met with foul play. In order to save the batteries in the flashlights, further search was postponed until the next day. Inspector and priest returned to camp, but neither slept that night.

The following day the search of the two cabins was resumed but no more evidence was found. Nothing but the books mentioned was left of the equipment and supplies of the two missionaries.

A few days later the party returned to Dease Bay, where, because of the extreme cold, they were forced to remain in camp until March 29th. On that day, Father Frapance and the entire party except Inspector La Nauze, Constable Wright, Arden, and the interpreter set out to return to Fort Norman. La Nauze and the others turned their faces toward the Arctic coast, grimly determined to locate either the missing men or their murderers.

La Nauze found a number of deserted camps en-route to the coast, but they did not see a human being nor find a single clue to the missing men. It required a month to reach the coast, a month of suffering, sleeping outside every night in the intense cold. A bath, of course, was an impossible luxury. They had to cross a section of the Barren Lands, a region shunned by white men and natives alike because of the many dangers there, and inhabited only by muskox and wolves. Nothing grows there with which to build a fire, and so the men were forced to live like the Eskimos — eating their food raw for days at a time. Eskimos seem to thrive on such a diet, but it is hard on white men.

Upon arrival at the Arctic coast, La Nauze found a number of fresh tracks. He followed these to an Eskimo village. The natives were known to Arden, the

guide, and the Eskimo interpreter. Being dressed in furs like the natives, La Nauze was not recognized as a policeman, and he did not inform them who he was. No mention was made of the two priests, for La Nauze believed he would secure the information he desired much sooner, if he watched and listened instead of giving out the information that he was a police officer seeking the two priests or their slayers.

Not until summer did La Nauze secure any information. Then he learned from an Eskimo that Ho-Me and Hebo, two brothers, had accompanied the two missing priests from Lake Rouvier to the Arctic coast. Later he heard that another Eskimo, named Uluksuk, had been seen wearing a long black robe. From its description La Nauze recognized the garment as a priest's cassock. At last there were clues to work on. La Nauze set out and visited every Eskimo village along the coast, and in the interior — wherever there were Eskimos, there was a chance of clues to the whereabouts of Uluksuk and the missing priests. During the first week of May, they arrived at a little village off Cape Lambert. With the aid of the interpreter, La Nauze talked with the natives. Yes, indeed, they had seen two white men — two priests who were very kind to them and had cured the sick and had told them many things about their God. "Where were they now?" They were dead. Uluksuk and his friend Sinnisiak had murdered the two kind men. After the priests had visited the natives along the coast, they started back to their mission on the

edge of the Barren Lands, at Lake Rouvier. Two days later, Uluksuk and Sinnisiak followed, saying they were going to Dismal Lake. They returned a few days later carrying the priests' rifles and other possessions and stated they had murdered the two "white god men." Uluksuk said he had been egged on by Sinnisiak to assist in the crime. Father La Roux had been stabbed in the back by Sinnisiak and was finished off by Uluksuk. Father Rouvier had run for his sled, probably to secure his rifle to drive off the assassins, but Sinnisiak was too quick for him and the priest was shot to death. Many of the natives had visited the scene of the murder and expressed great sorrow at the crime, for both priests were good men and had been kind. La Nauze took depositions in legal form. The examination lasted from early in the evening until four in the morning. All was done now except to arrest the two criminals. Where were they? Sinnisiak was hunting on Victoria Island and Uluksuk on another island in Coronation Gulf.

The mystery had been solved. The criminals must now be arrested. They were many miles away. La Nauze and his party set out next day to "get their men."

Chapter III

LA NAUZE GETS HIS MAN

"How're you feeling, Wright?" asked La Nauze.

"O.K., Inspector. Just a bit hungry, that's all."

"How about you, Arden?"

"Same here. Ready to go any time."

"And how about you?" he asked the interpreter.

"Me soon belly full. Then sleep two hour. Then me go."

"All right, then. We'll rest two more hours and set out."

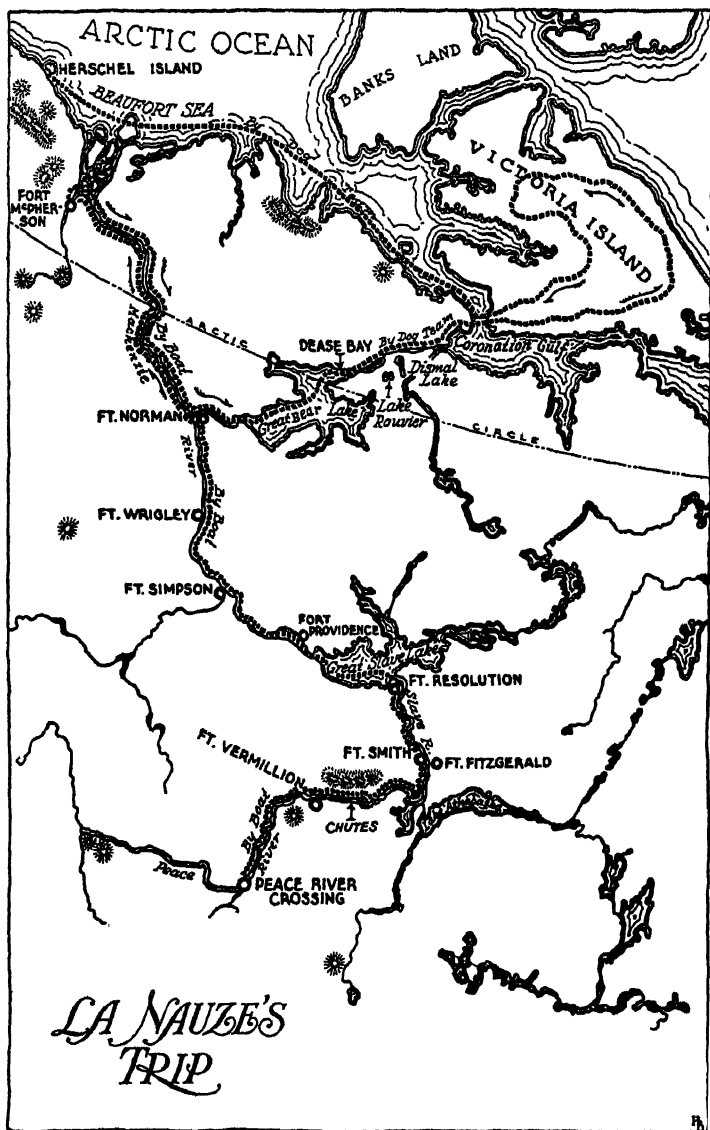
"It's none of my business, Inspector, and you're in charge of this party, but I think you're traveling a bit too fast."

"Meaning just what, Arden?"

"For days and weeks, ever since we set out to find Sinnisiak, we have traveled over miles and miles of broken ice. Our feet are sore, the dogs are worn. This is our first chance to rest and to eat cooked food, and you want to be off again."

"No. Not unless all of you agree. I'm anxious to locate and arrest the murderers, but I don't want to harm any of you in doing so."

"Inspector, I speak more for your own good than



mine. I've spent many years in this country. It is the first time you and Constable Wright have ever been here. What's the use of killing yourselves? A few days delay can make no difference. You will get Sinnisiak and Uluksuk. Take care of your health in the meantime and you'll be better prepared for whatever danger you may run into."

"Forget me. I have duties to perform. I must get all of you back to your homes as soon as I have performed those duties. I will go on as soon as you men are fully able to go on and not before."

"I'm ready now, Inspector," said Constable Wright.

"Me, too," said the Eskimo.

"I've been ready all along," said Arden, "but I have been a little afraid of you men from the South, so new to the hardships of the North."

"Let's get started, then," said the Inspector. A few minutes later the little party set out along the coast of the Arctic island they had reached after weeks of hardship, of cold and of hunger, crossing the frozen Coronation Gulf. Careful search revealed not a single native on that island. So once more they set off across the broken ice, until they reached another island. There, on the shore, near a clump of trees, they saw a little skin tent. Quietly approaching it, they threw open the flap, and there they saw an Eskimo making a bow. Before the native had time to reach for a spear or gun, Inspector La Nauze seized him by the shoulder. With the aid of the inter-

preter, La Nauze questioned the man. It was Sinisiak; he admitted he had slain the two priests.

But where is Uluksuk? Oh, he was on another island hunting. So there were more days of hardship, cold, and hunger crossing the broken ice to the other island. Arriving at the island La Nauze saw a small camp. He also saw that as the party approached, all of the men came forward to meet the visitors — all save one man. That man ran. Without waiting to learn who the man was, La Nauze took after him and soon came up to him. It was Uluksuk.

And so now at the end of twenty-eight months, traveling more than 6,000 miles, most of it on foot and under conditions of extreme hardship, La Nauze had solved the crime and arrested the two criminals. All that remained was to take the men to the nearest police detachment — and that was Herschel Island, nearly one thousand miles away — one thousand miles more of hardship, cold, hunger. The trip was slow and monotonous; driving the dogs day after day, some days making ten miles, some days thirty miles, then for days at a time unable to travel because of the gales or the bitter cold.

La Nauze with his party and prisoners arrived at Herschel Island without mishap. The first news of the capture did not reach Edmonton until La Nauze had reached Peace River Crossing, the nearest telegraph station, in August. He had gone up river on the fur-trading-company steamer in the summer, traveling 3,500 miles from Herschel Island to get his pris-

oners to court for trial for the murder of Fathers La Roux and Rouvier.

* * *

Such are the men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police — such were the men I was associated with while at Edmonton and during my whole time as a Mountie. Not all of them, of course, had the chance to perform such feats as La Nauze, but all of them did perform whatever duties were entrusted to them with the same faithfulness and efficiency.

When orders finally went through assigning me to permanent duty at Herschel Island, I was naturally delighted — the fact that I was to follow the same route as that taken by Inspector La Nauze was not the least of my joy. The trip was really quite uneventful as far as Fort McPherson, although the newness and the strangeness of all I heard and saw naturally were a great thrill to me, fresh from civilization.

The people of the North judge a man on his worth — as they find him and not on his word or his past. Hardy, strange people, who face the hardships of the North, its perils and lonesomeness, for one cause or another. And it is not the men alone who face the vast, little-known North — Sister Brunelle, a Grey Nun, spent fifty years in the Far North nursing and teaching the natives. Miss Christine Gordon, a Scotch woman, spent many years in the ice and snow as a fur trader, and was the only white woman within 500

miles. Several of the policemen have taken their wives into the North with them, and without a bit of complaint these women have gone years without coming in contact with civilization, their nearest white-women neighbors being perhaps 500 miles or more away; the wives of the missionaries of the Church of England have faced many perils with their husbands.

Bishop Bompas of the Church of England had a diocese that covered more than a million square miles of sparsely settled ice and snow; so did Bishop Brenant of the Catholic Church. Not all of the heroes of the Far North were policemen.

No adventure befell me on my way to Fort McPherson, where I was to embark on the Police Patrol boat for Herschel Island in Beaufort Sea. In every village we stopped at, the white men and the natives crowded about me, asking many questions and welcoming me to the North. A most sociable people, these Northern people. At Fort McPherson I stayed at the police detachment for several days, until the steamer of another fur-trading company arrived with more policemen who were replacing men who had been transferred to other duties from their Arctic posts.

There are about a dozen buildings in McPherson, making it one of the largest villages in the North. Two fur-trading posts vie for business — there is a large mission and the police detachment consisting of three buildings. The larger of the buildings holds the cells and the rooms occupied by the policeman or

officer in charge. Another building is used for company; the other is a storehouse.

Fort McPherson is about 500 miles from Dawson City in the Yukon Territory and 250 miles from Herschel Island. It is on the Peel River, which flows to the Arctic Ocean from the Canadian Rockies. Because it is in a fine hunting country, and close to the Mackenzie River Delta where many rich furs are found on the trap lines of the white and native trappers, Fort McPherson is perhaps the most important trading center in the Arctic Circle.

After the arrival of the steamer, freight for the police, and several passengers were placed aboard the police power schooner, and we set out for Herschel Island, stopping at Akklavik, another trading post, and later at Shingle Point on the coast, a village containing nothing but the two buildings of the fur trader.

Never, I believe, did a ship have such a strange list of passengers as those on the Police Patrol boat *Victory* on that trip. First, there was the wife of a Police Inspector, the Inspector himself, his little boy, three policemen, two pilots (one Indian and the other Eskimo), two Eskimo murderers, and the little crew. The 24 hours of daylight, day after day, to say nothing of the millions of mosquitoes and deer flies, would have made sleep impossible even had the dogs been quiet — and they were not quiet — anything but. We were taking 25 dogs to Herschel Island for use by the police. Hour after hour, at least one, some-

times all of them set up their din, and we could scarcely hear ourselves think at times. Conversation was out of the question most of the time.

I shall never forget my first view of Herschel Island, which was to be my home for at least four years. It is a small island, about 23 miles in circumference. It is barren and windswept. In the summer-time, water must either be brought from the mainland, 17 miles away, or ice must be melted. From September to the end of June it is icebound, and, of course, there are 110 days in midwinter when it never sees the sun.

The police detachment consists of a main building, used as an office, dining room, kitchen, sleeping rooms, and cells. The other building is a storeroom with accommodations for any excess of visitors or prisoners. The other buildings on the island are a Church of England chapel, a home for the missionary, and a trading post. All of the buildings are built from logs brought from the mainland — and — there are no other buildings. I have told you about all of them.

The island has a fine natural harbor, deep and wide. But few boats come into the Arctic Ocean — all of them fur-trading boats, and these must stop at the island so the police can inspect the cargoes and collect taxes. Some years no boats reach the Arctic Ocean because even in summer the Behring Straits are filled with ice and it is not possible to get past nature's barrier.

And this was home! a log house on a barren island, nearly a hundred miles from Shingle Point, 3,500 miles from civilization on the south, and 750 miles from Dawson on the west; mail twice a year, once in the summer by the traders' boats down river, and again in February when the Mounted Police "Dawson Patrol" mushed 750 miles over ice and snow and the Rocky Mountains, bringing a little pouch of mail and made an inspection of the country, not in search of criminals, but because no matter where man lives in Canada, there is found one or more of the Force to take care of, guide, nurse, and if necessary feed the unfortunate.

At first I was a bit homesick — but not for long. There is no time for homesickness during the summertime in the North — there is work to do, work 24 hours a day, for every second of daylight must be put to good use. And so within two hours after I arrived at the island, the Inspector gave me my first orders:

"Bill, you will return to Fort McPherson at once. Report to the Corporal in charge."

"Yes, sir," I replied. An hour later, the power schooner was dodging little icebergs, and I was aboard it enroute to four years of adventure.

Chapter IV

MY FRIENDS THE ESKIMOS

OUR trip back to Fort McPherson was without event. But, the summer was more than half gone — there was a lot of work that must be done in less than a month. Indians and Eskimos must do a lot of fishing in both the Arctic Ocean and the rivers to provide food for themselves and their dogs during the coming ten months of winter. The patrol boat must make a trip down the Arctic coast to Coronation Gulf and beyond, with mail and supplies for the handful of Mounties there. Various “rest houses,” little shacks where the police take shelter while on patrol duty, must be supplied with food, wood, and oil. A lot of work and but a few to do it. The greatest worry of the police in the fall is that their sailboats and the patrol boat will not be able to reach their home ports before the “freeze up.” This would mean long trips afoot, perhaps the crushing of the boats in the ice, and it might mean loss of life.

The very day I arrived at the McPherson detachment, I was ordered out on a case. Proud? I’ll say I was. I had been on details and all that, but I had never had a real case to handle by myself.

"Bill," said the Corporal, "there are a number of Eskimos trapping in the Mackenzie River Delta. There are also three or four white men there. I want you to load a canoe with supplies and equipment and paddle downstream to the Delta. Note carefully both sides of the river along the way. Stop and examine every camp, whether there is anyone there or not and whether the camp has been abandoned or not."

"O.K., Corporal. What in particular am I to look for?"

"I am coming to that, Bill. One or two Indians have reported at the Hudson Bay trading post that there are two strange white men in the Delta. They don't trap, seem to have plenty of supplies, and have fine rifles and plenty of ammunition."

"Odd they didn't report to one of the police detachments, isn't it, Corporal?"

"Yes, it is. It is a police regulation that all strangers register with the police, as a matter of record. On the other hand, all white men report of their own free will — unless they have something to hide from the police. They know it is a good thing for them if we look them up once in a while, just in case of sickness, injury, or worse."

"Guess I understand what's wanted, Corporal."

"And if you have the time, better get acquainted with as many of the white men and natives as you can; never can tell when it may come in handy. That's all for now. I'm going to look after the fishing."

And so the following day I paddled down the river. Mile after mile for several days, I floated or used my paddle, crossing and recrossing the river to examine camps, to make inquiries as to the health of the people, and to ask about the white strangers. Finally, I was in the very center of the Mackenzie River Delta, one of the richest fur countries in the world — the home of the silver fox.

As instructed by the Corporal, I made it a point to become acquainted with all the people I met. There were but three white trappers who were regular inhabitants of the Delta, and a number of Eskimos — no Indians, for the two races do not mix.

I like the Eskimos. It is easy to gain their confidence; they are free-hearted, and with all their oddities, most enjoyable. The children interested me far more than the grown-ups. Baby Eskimos are nursed until about two years old, when they learn to walk and smoke at the same time. They grow up to be fine, sturdy children. When the boy is about six years old, he will trudge 25 miles or more with his elders; at seven he will go duck hunting alone and always return with three or four birds; when he is eleven years old, he will hunt with the men. Eskimos eat practically all of the game they get, especially seals and whales. Their delicacies are whitefish stomachs, beaver tails, moose nose, rabbit kidney, caribou tongue, and the livers of some fish. Very little of the food is cooked, merely warmed, and often is eaten as soon as the animal is slain. The hide, hoofs, and horns

are the only parts not eaten. Foxes are not eaten as a rule.

Generally speaking, the native girls receive very little attention from their parents, while the boys are shown every consideration and care. The reason for this is that while a boy will some day grow up to be a great hunter, the girl can never be anything but a housewife, and though a wife and mother is most important to the family, since she makes all the clothes and mukluks (boots made from the hide of the hairless seal or caribou) and takes care of all the work to be done except the actual hunting; trapping, and fishing, she is quite unimportant in comparison to the man and boys of the family.

The Eskimos have no regular time for anything; in the summer, because of the 24 hours' daylight every day, this is true also of the white people. But it is true of the Eskimos all the year round. When they are tired they go to bed; when they are rested they get up. Whenever they are ready to retire and again when they arise, they eat. As long as there is food, they will eat three, four, or five times a day. When the father is hungry, all eat.

The Eskimos are always on the go, seldom remaining more than a few days in one place; always they seek a better hunting ground or a better section for setting traps for the fur-bearing animals the fur traders are so anxious for. When the police are on the trail of an Eskimo, they have a real job. A white man, as a rule, will continue in the straightest and shortest

route possible in going from one place to another, but not an Eskimo. He will start from Washington, let us say, to go to Ohio. Somewhere along the road he suddenly makes up his mind that the fishing is better in Brooklyn, or perhaps he just thinks he'd like to see his Aunt Tillie, so he changes his course and next heard of he will be in a direction opposite from that in which he set out. With the white man, even though his trail may be wiped out within a day or two by the winds or snow, the police know he has set out for a certain place and will eventually arrive there, but with an Eskimo you can never be sure.

As I say, I became acquainted with the Eskimos and they were a fine and interesting people. The Eskimos who trap in the Delta are especially loyal to the police because of an incident that happened a number of years ago. Sergeant Mathewson, of the Mounties, was on duty in the Delta, when he was informed that two little Eskimo boys had wandered off and were lost. Mathewson's partner was not in camp at the time, so he left word with his interpreter for his partner to take up the search also. It was bitter cold. A blizzard set in. Mathewson had no protection whatever except his rifle and the clothes upon his back. His partner and several Eskimos started out to look for the Sergeant and the children toward the north — the first party of Eskimos had gone in a southerly direction. Next morning the party with the policeman found Mathewson and the children. He had dug a little hole in a bank of snow, placed the children

inside and then protected them from the cold with his own body. The children were unharmed. Sergeant Mathewson was badly frost-bitten. Do you blame the Eskimos for so highly regarding the police in general and the sergeant in particular?

To get back to my own story. I traversed the Delta from east to west and north to south, visiting every part of it, every creek and island, but I could not locate the two white strangers, although I heard much about them. One of them, named Johnson, was evidently new to the North, but the other, King, apparently had been in the North a long time. The men had little to say about themselves, and it was only by watching the men at work or in traveling and hunting, that the natives learned what little they did know about them. Winter set in, and I had accomplished nothing.

Luckily, I had had sense enough to bring winter equipment and clothing when I left Fort McPherson, but I had no dogs. Still the natives were ready to lend teams and sleds to me, so that I was well enough prepared for a short winter trip but hardly in a position to get too far away from the police detachments until I had been re-equipped. During the third week of winter, the weather became bitter cold and remained that way for nearly ten days. Not a man could stir out in that 70-degrees-below temperature. A blizzard set in that cut us like knives whenever we went out to chop wood or whatever other chores were necessary. I remained with the Eskimos as their guest.

Not able to converse readily with these people, their ideas entirely different from mine, their conversation to me silly, I did not relish the time spent in idleness, and then too, I had a couple of white men to locate.

On the day following the last of the blizzard, I was itching for something to do, so I went out to chop down some trees; our firewood was about gone. Imagine my surprise to find that the sap in the trees had been frozen so hard during the cold spell, that the ax splintered as if it had been struck against stone. Throughout that entire winter, we of the North experienced great suffering because of the cold winds. It was one of the worst winters on record.

Two days later the weather had moderated so that travel was possible and I set out with my borrowed dogs and sled for a little spot known as Fort Resolution, where many years ago a stone hut had been erected by an early Arctic explorer. I believed that the white men, for whom I was looking, would, if they had the time, try to take shelter there from the bad weather we had experienced. The hut had been kept in fair repair for many years, as it made an excellent rest house for the police when on patrol, and some supplies were stored there. I had already borrowed considerable from the natives and did not like to impose further on their good nature and slender stores.

I traveled about 20 miles that day, and just as I was ready to call it a day and make camp I sighted a fire. The dogs either smelled the camp or saw it,

for they fairly leaped the last mile. It proved to be the camp of a family of Eskimos. They spoke a very poor English and I had some difficulty in making them understand I was asking about two white men. But after supper, and while I was resting before the big log fire out there in the open, a party of Eskimo hunters joined us. In the second group was a boy about twelve years old, a smart little fellow, who, much to my delight, spoke very good English. From him I was able to gain some most interesting and important information.

These Eskimos had seen the two white men several times, but three days ago, there was only one white man. They did not see the other. Where did they see the man? Over at Fort Resolution. I made a number of inquiries, and learned that the white man who was last seen was much disliked by the Eskimos. He was surly and not at all friendly, while the missing man had been very friendly. Where had the other man gone? There was no answer to this question, not even a guess.

I rested a few hours and then set out again for Fort Resolution, hoping to arrive there before the one man had broken camp and departed, but though I drove the dogs as fast as they could go, I arrived at the little stone hut, to find it empty. I was too late. I examined the hut thoroughly and found some interesting clues. I first made a thorough inspection of the ashes, which were still warm, showing that the man had left but a short time before. Imagine my

surprise when, in the ashes, I found pieces of human bone. Digging about the ground around the ashes; where the earth had thawed somewhat, I came upon pieces of human flesh. No wonder the Eskimos had seen but one man; the other had been killed.

I examined the hut minutely, but found nothing else. Then I searched about outside. There was a small creek a few yards from the hut, and I could plainly see where someone had chopped a hole in the ice to get water. Had that waterhole been used for any other purpose? I got the ax from my sled and started to cut the ice. Although the day was very cold (at that it was much warmer than it had been for the past several days) the new ice had not formed very thickly, and I had little trouble in opening up the hole. Then with a branch from a near-by tree, I started to poke about in the water. At first, I found nothing, and was just about to give up when I snagged a pair of boots; these were the gross results of my fishing through the ice.

I returned to the stone hut, built a fire and prepared to examine the boots and to plan for further action. When the boots had thawed out sufficiently to examine them, I found that one was nearly empty, but the other was crammed full of various articles, all bearing the initials "J. K." evidently for John King. King was apparently trying to cover his tracks, getting rid of every means of identification. Among the articles was a cigar lighter, silver match box, two hunting knives, a pearl-handled revolver, and a num-

ber of other personal effects. There was no question but that King had murdered Johnson, and had tried to do away with all articles that would give a clue to his own identity, then after getting rid of the body, had set out for some spot where he hoped to be safe from the police.

In reasoning the direction the criminal might have taken, I could find nothing to indicate he would go in any direction but south. He would probably know where police detachments were located; in fact, I learned afterward that he had questioned the natives about that very point. As he had failed to register with the police when coming into the country, it was safe to assume that he feared the police then, and now would certainly keep clear of them. His best hope would be to go south, and keeping away from the Mackenzie River, try to get back to civilization. Since he was familiar with the North, as the natives had reported, he could live off the country, and perhaps, with luck, get by. My own reasoning would have to be my guide. After a short rest and a lunch, I set out for the south. There was a river to cross, first of all. I believed that King had also crossed that river not far from the vicinity of the stone hut. There were no marks of snowshoes, but on closer inspection, I saw that a tree branch had been swept back and forth over the snow, evidently for the purpose of erasing the trail. That was enough; he had gone down the bank to the river, and at every step or two had

stopped to sweep the branch across his trail. I crossed the river to the other side.

Ordinarily, dog harnesses have little bells attached to them, but I removed these when I started away from the river. I figured that King could not have had much of a start on me and I could hardly afford to have him hear dogs approaching.

Hunting for a man in any part of the world is a hard job, but up there in the North, where there are no means of communication, no stores or villages, the job becomes a most difficult one. At first I traveled fast, zigzagging back and forth in an attempt to find the trail of the man I sought — perhaps I spent three or four hours in that — and finally I did come across a trail of a man on snowshoes, without dogs, leading from the direction of the river I had crossed. By this time it was getting quite dark, so I decided to wait a little while, and then keep watch for the glow of a fire. It was a shorter wait than I had hoped for. At the time I was close to the edge of a small lake, purposely keeping among the trees to avoid being seen in the twilight. Suddenly a fire lit up the opposite shore, possibly two miles away. Carefully staking out my dogs, I fed them; then with my service revolver slung on the outside of my fur parka, and my rifle on my shoulder, I set out along the shore of the lake for the other side.

It was a hard trip — in the darkness I was constantly tripping over logs and running into trees, but

at last I was close enough to the camp to see the black form of a man against the fire. I crept up as close as I could, and was just about to order him to hold up his hands, when he suddenly wheeled and fired straight in my direction, then fled into the woods. For an hour, it was a case of hide and seek — stopping every few seconds to listen. At last I found I was actually following the man and that he was walking closer to the shore of the lake; then I could see that he was circling toward his fire, keeping well inside the trees. Evidently his plan was to draw me into the light, so that he would have a better view of me, and could shoot with better results than the first time. As soon as I realized that, I went a few steps farther into the woods, but all the time following him. An incautious step brought him into the light. I raised my rifle and sent one shot very close to him, at the same time ordering him to drop his gun and put up his hands.

“Don’t shoot. I give up.” Up went his hands, the rifle dropping to the ground.

Two minutes later I had made my first arrest — an arrest for first-degree murder.

Chapter V

WOLVES!

"FROM now on, it's up to you how we get along. I'm taking you to the detachment at Fort McPherson, and we start at the first sign of daylight."

"Yeah? Think you'll ever get me there, kid?"

"Yes, I'll get you there. I wouldn't lose you for anything in the world."

"Well, I wouldn't let you take me to jail for twice that amount."

"Listen King. The day I was promoted to constable, I vowed I would always maintain the law and always get my man. I'm keeping that vow."

A burst of laughter was King's reply. He was twice my size and powerfully built. I figured he was heavy and not likely to be as light on his feet or as quick with his fists as myself, but if he could once lay hands on me, I believed he could break me in two.

As soon as I had placed King under arrest, naming the charge of first-degree murder, the killing of Knute Johnson, I gave the usual warning, "I warn you that any statement you make may be used as evidence against you," and then ordered the prisoner to pick up his pack and walk ahead of me as I directed. I

carried his rifle. At first I had no trouble with him. He helped me get wood for a fire; then, the fire glowing, we sat down. I needed a brief rest before preparing a meal or even feeding the dogs. It had been a long, hard day for me and I was close to being tuckered out. As soon as I felt a bit rested, I prepared a meal — and used the last of the food I had. I must get back to the stone hut as soon as possible, for there was some food cached there. When that was gone, food would become a real problem.

Not a word was spoken during the meal. King was sizing me up, trying to figure out the best way to take advantage of whatever weaknesses I possessed. I was making mental notes of King. He was a brute, a killer, had no regard for human life or rights. Mine was the right, his the might. I realized that I must at all times be on my guard. Of course I was armed and he was not, but remember that a Mountie is not permitted to shoot except in the greatest emergency — a man must be brought in on his feet and not on a slab — he must be brought in free of bruises and bullet wounds. No doubt all this was known to King, who had had dealings with police before, and he also knew that third-degree methods are not permitted in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The contention is that if a policeman knows enough about a man to place him under arrest or even question him, then there is enough against that man to have grounds for following an investigation that will terminate in a conviction in court, and that when two or more police-

men crowd about a prisoner, denying him food and drink and not only pelt him with questions but actually beat him, they are not fit to be policemen; that they are mere ignorant brutes taking advantage of a man who cannot defend himself, and that those policemen are as guilty as the prisoner.

The meal over, we rested beside the fire, waiting for daylight. I was trying to figure a safe way of handling the prisoner. Men do not ride the sleds in the far North; it is so cold they would freeze unless they stopped often during the day to light fires and warm up; prisoners must run ahead of the dogs where they will be under the watchful eyes of the policeman. They cannot be shackled; if they were, they could not run, so during the day at least, they are without restraint. Only at night are they shackled, and only when there is but one policeman. At other times the police take turns in watching the prisoner, for nothing so demoralizes a man as placing irons on his hands or feet, and when two men travel mile after mile, day after day in cold and wind, facing hunger and many hardships, the morale of police and prisoner must be kept as high as possible.

After a considerable time, King quietly arose from the fire. I had been quiet for some time. Evidently he thought I might be asleep, for he eyed me closely, then started toward the sled, on which was laid his rifle. I let him make two steps before I ordered him back to his place.

"Just stretching my legs, Mountie."

"O.K., if you want a little exercise, I'll take some with you," but King didn't want any exercise just then, and returned to his blanket beside the fire.

Just at dawn I arose and made a pot of tea and explained to King that we had no food, and would have none until we reached the stone hut at Point Resolution. He grumbled a bit, but seeing it did no good, was satisfied to wait until we had reached the little refuge. We made good time that day, much better than I had made while trailing King — now I had no one too look out for; I had him with me. We reached the hut quite early. I prepared a meal and found that we had just enough food for three days' travel — sufficient to take us to Fort McPherson. If we didn't run into bad luck, we were now in good shape to make the trip. I still hadn't been able to figure out how I could manage to shackle King. To get within reach of his big strong hands was to run the risk of being torn apart by the brute. But now I had been on the trail two long days without sleep, and I feared I might doze off that night. And what a disgrace it would be if I reported I had arrested a man, then lost him!

The weather was turning cold again — my police thermometer registered 50 below — too cold to travel, especially when there was a fairly comfortable shelter, so instead of taking advantage of the few remaining hours of daylight, I decided to remain where we were for the night; we would start early in the morning regardless of the thermometer. But I

must have sleep. For a long time I sat beside the fire watching King. Once in a while he would turn his face toward me with a look of hate. Then at last I heard a slight snore; the prisoner, too, needed sleep. Without making a bit of noise, I got to my feet, made two steps toward King, and in a second had the irons on him. He awoke just as the second cuff clicked.

"You dirty sneaking Mountie. Oh, how I hate all of you Scarlet pups, but *you* most of all."

"Well I don't especially like you either, King."

"And how I worry about that," he said with an ugly laugh. "But my time is coming as sure as I'm a foot high. Get me to jail? Never!" And from the tone of his voice there was no question but that he meant every word he said.

Getting the leg irons from the sled and onto the prisoner's ankles was a small job now. I slept that night. I was awake early, long before daylight and had breakfast ready and the sled packed before King awoke. His days of flight had worn him out more than I had thought. After breakfast I harnessed the dogs, then removed the irons, placed them on the sled, and with a crack of the whip and the one word "mush" we were off for the police detachment. Dawn was just breaking when I heard a baying sound behind me. Then the yelping of wolves! King started. He too recognized those terrible sounds.

"King, run for all you're worth. Get to that next clump of trees."

"They're getting close. The woods won't help us."

"Quick, do as I say, run as fast as you can and get a fire started. I'll hold them back till then."

King ran as fast as his snowshoes would permit. I could hear the wolves drawing closer and closer — the dogs sensed the danger and they sped along. I turned my head and saw the beasts, a huge pack, within shooting distance. I grabbed a rifle from the sled, halted, and fired. I reloaded and fired again. For a moment or two the pack was stopped. By that time my prisoner had reached the clump of trees and was busily engaged in picking up broken branches of trees from the snow.

"Here take the ax," I cried. "I'll stand them off a few minutes. But get the fire started!"

"O.K."

I left the dogs for a moment to help King, but sensing the danger, they started to jump about and became entangled in their harnesses so I unhitched them. By this time a large fire was burning.

"There they come, Mountie."

"I'll get 'em."

"Don't be a sap, give me my rifle."

"Sorry, old man. That's out."

"Think I want to be killed by a wolf at my throat?"

"Sorry, I'll do all the shooting. Keep away from that sled. I have a rifle."

"Then use it, you fool."

Bang. Bang.

Closer and closer came the wolves. Some passed us and attacked the dogs. They were too close to shoot

with the rifle, so I used my service revolver. As each wolf dropped, there was a halt in the attack as the others bit and tore their dying comrade. Then the attack on us was renewed. Shooting was now out of the question, they were too close. King used the ax with deadly effect. I used my rifle as a club and beat the beasts away for a while. Little by little we were being driven back until I felt the heat of the fire against my back. I turned quickly and threw a flaming piece of wood from the fire straight into the center of the pack. They snarled and backed away.

"Quick, King. More faggots." King obeyed, and soon we had the wolves at a distance. Daylight was with us by now. Suddenly, King, who was beside me, called:

"Look out. Here they come." We had forgotten all about those that had passed us and battled with the dogs.

I turned, and as I did so, saw two huge grays stumble over a log, then jump up with a yelp. One of them flew straight at my throat and I went down, the wolf's teeth sinking into the heavy throat piece of my parka. Instinctively my hands went to the animal's throat — then a shot rang out — the wolf snarled, let go, and fell over beside me. Unnerved, I slowly arose. I surveyed the scene around me. Two of my five dogs were dead, the others cried piteously from their wounds — they had fought the wolves with all their vim, and survived. I noted several wolves I had shot or clubbed to death — I saw the

one King had slain — then I saw King. He was standing with his own rifle in his hand — he was now the master of the situation.

“You saved *my* life, kid, then I saved *yours*. How about it, are we quits?”

“Sorry, King, but I arrested you in the name of the King for murder, and regardless of what happened afterwards, you are still my prisoner.”

“So *you* say, Mountie. This *rifle* says different. Stick 'em up.”

I started to obey, there was nothing else to do. I was at the mercy of the killer — for a second.

“None of that, King, you used the shot to kill the wolf. You are still my prisoner!”

The killer laughed hoarsely. He dropped the gun and started toward me, his huge frame towering over me and his hands outstretched to grasp me and wring his liberty from me.

I grasped my service revolver, hanging limp at my side from its lanyard. I hadn't had time to replace it in my holster!

“Here are a couple of 45's that say you're my prisoner!” the calmness of my voice surprised even myself. King stopped in his tracks. I *was* still the master!

* * *

Attacks by wolves are not uncommon in the North. One of our men, Corporal Pedley, had a harrowing experience with them. He had been on a long patrol

and returned to his detachment tired, cold, and hungry, only to be informed that a madman was running amuck in the North woods, about 350 miles away.

Giving his dogs just as much rest as was necessary, Pedley set out to get the madman. He had very little sleep himself, for while the dogs were resting, he was replenishing the supplies on his sled, repairing harness, and doing other chores. He caught up with the madman in a lonely cabin, and when Pedley demanded admission, the door suddenly opened and the man swung at him with a large, heavy ax. There was a real hand-to-hand battle then, but Pedley finally came out on top and then began the 350-mile trip back to the detachment. Day and night Pedley had to be alert, for at every possible turn his prisoner attempted to overpower him and escape. He did manage to escape once and jumped into an icy creek. Pedley went in after him and brought him to the bank. Almost frozen, he took care of his prisoner first, and then dried his own clothes. A few days later wolves followed them, probably attracted by the blood left behind from the many hand-to-hand encounters between the policeman and his prisoner.

One night the wolves attacked them. Pedley shot four of the beasts as they were closing in; then as the pack got too close to shoot at, he used his rifle as a club. He was fast gaining an advantage over the fighting, snarling wolves, when he slipped — in less time than it takes to tell it, a wolf was at his throat, but his heavy furs saved him while he grasped the wolf

by the throat and choked it into insensibility. In the meantime the wolves were fighting the dogs. Pedley had little or no time to think of his prisoner, for another wolf attacked him—then there was a loud shout, and the wolf fell from Pedley, slain by the madman who had become a fury during the fight.

Pedley was badly lacerated during the few minutes of fighting. The madman, however, was safe and instead of attacking Pedley actually helped the policeman make camp and build a fire as soon as the last of the wolves were driven away. The following day Pedley was entirely worn out, his wounds inflamed and he was racked with a fever. To make matters worse, the remainings dogs had been so badly chewed they could hardly draw the sled; and if that were not enough, the madman had again become his enemy. Pedley had his hands full.

During the day, because of the fighting of his prisoner, his wounds, and his fever, Pedley was sorely tempted to lie down and let the intense cold first put him in a stupor and then give him a pleasant death—but that is not the way of the Mountie. With one arm useless, Pedley forced the prisoner to break trail for the dogs. A few days later the policeman, his dogs nearly done for, his body racked with pain and fever, stumbled into the detachment, but his prisoner was delivered safe and sound.

Chapter VI

KING ESCAPES

"GET UP. Help me with the work," I called to King.

"I didn't come here to work and I won't do any for you."

It was the third day after our fight with the wolves. We had made good progress since then. Two more days would see King in a cell, and my worries over so far as this one prisoner was concerned. But so far, I had done all of the work—harnessing the dogs, cutting firewood, cooking the meals, and all the many other jobs that must be taken care of on the trail, and I was tired. Between sleeping with one eye open watching a prisoner and traveling on foot all day, I was badly in need of rest and so ordered my prisoner to work. But he was stubborn. He refused to help.

"No work, no eat, King."

"Yeah? Say, Mountie, I know the rules of the Force, and I know prisoners come first, your dogs next, and you after the rush," and he laughed, a loud, coarse laugh that irritated me.

"If you know what's good for you, you'll do whatever little chores I ask you to do."

"Is that so? Listen to me, Copper, I'm doing nothing from now on."

"You haven't done anything so far except to try to cause trouble."

"Is that so? Well, I've run ahead of the dogs every foot of the way since the time you arrested me. From now on I ride the sled. Get me? And (he gave a long hearty laugh) try to get me on the sled."

"O.K. You say you want to ride, well you will ride." I loaded the sleds, shoveled snow over the hot ashes of our fire, then harnessed the dogs. All the time I kept my eye on my prisoner, and he kept his on me. I knew I was holding him in check merely because of the revolver I wore at my side, and that all he wanted was to reach that revolver or a rifle, and he would put up a fight to escape. Finally, I was ready to set out.

"Get on that sled, King."

"What a joke! Get on the sled. You put me on, Copper!" and again he laughed that mean, grating laugh I hated to hear.

"All right, King, I'll put you on. What's more, I'll chain you on!"

"Better take a man your size, Mountie."

"I'm not afraid of you. Remember, you're going to Fort McPherson, and nothing can stop that."

"I can stop it. I've traveled my last mile with you."

With that, I walked over to King, and pushed him toward the sled, all the time keeping my eyes on his arms, and my revolver ready for use if need be. I would not shoot him, of course, but I could put up

quite a bluff. We were close to the sled, within perhaps a couple of feet, when suddenly the criminal swung his right foot backward. This caught me off my guard. I was expecting trouble from his arms, and was entirely unprepared for the kick. I stumbled backward, and before I could regain my guard, he whirled and threw himself on me. I went down, my prisoner on top of me. As a boxer I had the advantage, but I was no match for his great strength, and when he caught me by the throat, all I could do was to make short jabs with my fists, with no chance to get in any effectual blows. Little by little I felt my strength leaving me, and then suddenly everything went blank.

When I came to, it was quite dark. I was numb with cold. I arose and made a search in the darkness for my sled, but it was gone — so were my prisoner, and my revolver.

Here I was, in weather 35 degrees below zero, with only my snowshoes and heavy fur clothing, and I must make Fort McPherson, unless I should run into a camp. But, in fleeing, King had not taken into account one thing — I always carried a revolver under my parka and I had never let him know I wore it. I was not hungry, which was an advantage, and in looking at my wrist watch found that it was but a half hour from the time I had prepared to set out. Because of the short period of sunlight, we were traveling by night so as to have advantage of the moonlight. I had hoped to have the full light

of the moon, by starting before it was fully up, for we were to follow a river the first few miles, then make a portage. Driving up the river was a job that could be done in the dark as well as any time, but it was a different matter crossing over the portage.

Although I was a bit light-headed, it was not hard to find King's trail. The snow was about eighteen inches deep, and although it was slow work in the darkness following the trail, I still could do so. The rays of the moon came to my aid, too, and it was not long before I was making good time. Because the dogs had to break their own trail, while I had the trail of the sled to run in, I was making better time than King was and in about four hours I was near enough to hear him call "mush" to the team, and the crack of his dog whip (or rather *my* whip). In another half hour, I was close enough to hear the sled crunching the snow and could hear the panting of the dogs. For some reason, the fugitive was driving north, along the very route I would have taken. At least if I could catch him, we would not have lost any time.

Finally King halted and started to search the river-bank. He was either trying to find a spot where he could get up on the bank and hide or else he was trying to get a good resting place, out of sight, where he could get at my diary, maps, compass, and other equipment on the sled.

King looked about a few minutes, then helped the team haul the sled up the west bank. I followed as close as I dared. The murderer halted the team among

thé trees, built a fire, and started to unload the sled. By the light of the fire I could see every move he made. One by one King laid every bit of equipment and supplies on the snow, then reloaded the sled except for the box containing the compass and maps. The compass he placed on top of the load, and the maps he studied carefully by the light of the fire.

All this time I was creeping closer and closer. I could see my revolver in its holster at King's side and I knew he would not hesitate to shoot me if he had a chance. Finally, he folded the maps and placed them in the box with my diary. Then he walked to the sled and while he was bending over to place the box in the load, I had my chance. I rushed him, and before he had a chance to prepare for me, laid him low with a blow behind his left ear. When King came to, he was shackled to the top of the load on the sled, and we were traveling toward Fort McPherson.

"Say, what's up, you big yellow bum?"

"Not a thing, not a thing. I just hated the thought of you getting lost again."

"Fine way to treat me! Making me ride in the cold!"

"Now that's downright unkind of you, King. You said before we started out that you wanted to ride, and ride you will until we get to the detachment."

"Come on, Mountie, have a heart."

I finally stopped the team and built a fire. Then I placed handcuffs on the prisoner, much to his disgust, but as he was still fastened to the sled, he could do nothing about it.

"Now get up," I said as I removed the fastenings.

"Say, you can't make me ride all the way to McPherson, I'll freeze."

"King, you're the first man I've ever arrested. Maybe you'll be the last, but I promise you one thing, and that is you're going to McPherson jail and I don't care how you get there."

"I'm the first man you've ever arrested?"

"That's what I said. Now get this. As soon as you get warmed up we're setting out again. It's up to you whether you walk or ride, but whichever it is, you wear handcuffs the rest of the way."

"I could break you in two, and I will the first chance I get."

"But you won't get the chance, King. I've had my lesson."

"I'll get you for this, you fresh kid, if I have to trail you to the ends of the earth."

"I'm afraid that where you're going you won't have much chance to follow any trails."

With that our talking ended and not once did King open his mouth to speak until we had reached Fort McPherson. It was a short matter to get him into a cell; then locking the door I started to look for the Corporal. There was a bright moon when I arrived at the detachment, and evidently all of the villagers were out looking at their trap lines, and the police on duty. The door of the building in which the cells were located, was unlocked. This was not unusual, in fact that was always done for just such an

emergency. But I had little desire to spend the rest of the night in the cell room. After taking care of the dogs, I returned to the cell room and placed a bright light where it could easily be seen by any of the police who happened to the detachment, and prepared to take a rest I needed so badly. The wood stove threw off a radiant heat, and it was not long before I was sleeping soundly. The first thing I knew, someone was shaking me, and:

"Hey, wake up, Bill. Wake up."

"Huh? Oh, yes. Hello, Corporal."

"Hello yourself, Bill. Come on, snap out of it and give me the news."

"See that big fellow in the cell?"

"Sure. Who is he and why's he here?"

"Name's King. Arrested for murder. Come on into the office and I'll make a full report."

It was late the next morning before I was up. The past few days had been strenuous ones, and I was tired; it had been necessary for me to be on the alert for a great many days and a real sleep had been out of the question. After I had my breakfast, I looked up the Corporal. I found him in the cell room talking to King.

"Good morning, Corporal."

"Good morning yourself, Bill. My, oh my, how you can sleep and how you do snore."

"Good lungs, Corp."

"Yes, and a good case we have against King. He's

signed a confession that jibes with the report you made."

"He's not as tough as I thought he was, then."

"No, he's not tough, just yellow, like every other gangster in the world. You've made an important arrest, Bill."

"That's good news. Well, I've had a good breakfast, and a fine rest: I suppose I have to get back to the Herschel Island detachment."

"Not yet, Bill. Come into the office. I have a little job I want you to take care of."

"O.K., Corp. I'm ready for anything now." And we walked out of the cell room to the office.

"King will get life for that murder, Bill. If he hadn't confessed, he'd be sure to get more."

"But how are we going to get him to Edmonton? Wait until the summer boat gets in?"

"In a case like this, first-degree murder, we must either take the man to Edmonton, or have a judge come here. [That is one crime the police cannot try themselves.] When the Dawson Patrol arrives, we'll send word through them to Edmonton, that we have the man and give a detailed report. Then next summer when the steamer arrives, we'll either get orders to send our prisoner to Edmonton, or we'll find a judge on the boat to try him here."

"Well, now that's settled, what is it you want me to do?"

"Ever hear about the Dawson Patrol, Bill?"

"Sure. It's made every year from Dawson to Herschel Island and back, seven hundred and fifty miles in each direction. Not an inhabited dwelling in all the way except here, and it has to cross the Rocky Mountains."

"Yes, that's part of the story. Here's the rest. With but one exception, that party has been in charge of Sergeant Dempster, with two policemen and two Indians in the party. They usually have three or four dog teams, and carry mail. Dempster has never lost a man or a dog."

"That's some record. You say that only once the patrol was not made by Sergeant Dempster?"

"Yes, Bill. That one time it was in charge of Inspector Fitzgerald, and the entire party, the Inspector and three constables, was lost."

"Say, that's something to hear about."

"No time now, Bill. But over in the little churchyard at the mission are four headstones of the men who lost their lives in the line of duty, and whenever you pass that way, bow your head or salute."

"You bet I will, Corporal."

"But about the Dawson Patrol. It was due here two weeks ago, and because of what happened to the Fitzgerald party, I'm afraid something might have happened to the patrol this year, and I want you to go up river as soon as the moon's up. I'll send one of the fur traders and a couple of Indians with you."

"You want me to look for the Dawson Patrol."

"Exactly. Here's a map. Study it. You will note

carefully where certain bends in the river are marked as portages, and the like. There are rest houses with food and firewood about every twenty miles between here and this point marked with an 'X.' It should be an easy matter to follow the trail. At least one of the Indians I will send with you has accompanied me in the summertime when we canoed up river to place food in the rest houses, and he knows the way."

"All right, Corporal, let's get ready to start."

"I got everything ready while you were sleeping. All you have to do is to hitch the dogs to the sleds."

"As I understand it, I am to visit every rest house."

"That's it, and you'll have to be guided by circumstances. If you come to a house where food is missing, you'll have to determine whether it was taken by the Dawson Patrol or someone else."

"And then, do whatever my better judgment tells me to do."

"That's it."

And so, as soon as the moon was up, I set out up river toward Dawson with Carl Olson, a fur trader who had been in the country a number of years, and two Indians to try to locate the Dawson Patrol. As we traveled, Olson told me the story of the lost patrol — a story well known in the North.

* * *

The records of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police hold no story more tragic than that of Inspector F. J. Fitzgerald and the lost Dawson Patrol.

The patrol usually started from Dawson, making a long, hard trip over treeless lands and wind-swept mountain passes. The temperature might go anywhere — 60 and even 70 degrees below zero — and strong Arctic winds bite into the very marrow of the man. It is a hard patrol — hard on men and dogs.

One year Inspector Fitzgerald, while in charge of the Fort McPherson detachment, decided he would make the patrol and would start from Fort McPherson instead of having it start at Dawson. So with Constables Taylor, Carter, and Kinney, he set out. Fitzgerald and Carter had made the patrol before, but had made it coming the other way from Dawson. One of the reasons for Fitzgerald's making the patrol, was that he wished to set a record — that of the fastest patrol between the two points and so the party traveled light, that is, the amount of food and supplies taken was reduced to the very minimum. For additional food, they were to depend upon hunting.

When the party left Fort McPherson, the weather was clear — a little more than 20 degrees below zero. There was a strong north wind and some snow falling. Seventeen days later, the party met with a party of Indians also traveling to Dawson. That was the last ever seen of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three constables alive.

On February 20th, the party of Indians that had met the Dawson Patrol, arrived at Dawson and reported to police headquarters there that they had camped one night with the patrol, nearly nine weeks

before. Immediately, Sergeant Dempster (then a Corporal), Constable Fyfe, a Mr. Turner, and an Indian, set out to locate the missing patrol. The party traveled as fast as possible and two weeks later crossed the mountains and reached Little Wind River. After searching the riverbanks for some time, they came upon an abandoned camp, and found empty food containers bearing the stamp "R. C. M. P. Fort McPherson." They found and followed a trail they believed to have been used by the patrol, and later came upon pieces of dog meat that had been cooked and partly eaten, then abandoned sleds and dog harness. This was positive proof that Fitzgerald and his men were in desperate straits. A few days later, the searching party came to a little deserted hut, in which they found the police mail bags safely stored. This was another proof of the sad plight of the patrol; in order to make haste, they had lightened their loads to the last ounce, and were pushing back to their starting point, Fort McPherson. The following day the searchers found a tent and a stove; a few miles farther on, some abandoned dog harness, and then a handkerchief tied to a tree on the riverbank.

Going up the bank from the river, Dempster found a little camp among the willows and there were the bodies of Kinney and Taylor, in bed side by side. There was no food, but a camp kettle held moose hide that had been boiled. The men had died of starvation only forty miles from Fort McPherson.

The following day, twenty miles farther on, the party came upon the bodies of Carter and Fitzgerald. These bodies were covered with boughs, and Dempster pushed on into Fort McPherson. The feet of all the men were swollen twice their normal size by frost bites, they were emaciated by starvation. They had had no food for several days.

The inside story of that lost patrol is known only through the police diary, which is kept on every patrol, and which was found with the bodies. The diary revealed that, on the second day out the temperature rose and there was deep snow, making the mushing hard. Until the time the patrol met the party of Indians, the weather continued warm and the snow deep.

Then the weather turned bitter cold, once going to 65 below, never less than 35 below. Finally they reached the Rocky Mountain foothills — the snow raging in blinding gales. It was so cold that the ice in the rivers and lakes cracked and the water rushed out so that men and dogs were constantly having their feet wet, and had to stop just as often to change their footwear and rub out the frost. There had been days when the cold was so intense that the party had to stay in camp — it was too cold to travel — but that was the least of their troubles. They had left Fort McPherson with very little food, expecting to live by hunting, but the food was gone and they had seen no game. Hunger, even starvation, was staring

these brave men in the face before the journey was half over.

A search was made for the pass over the mountains, but could not be found, the reason being, that while Fitzgerald and one man had made the journey once before, it had been in the *opposite* direction, and now they could not recognize the trail markings. For several days the party searched for the pass but without success, and then the four men held a conference. They were just about half way between Dawson and McPherson, but were without food; it was 23 below zero, a gale was blowing, the men were in a desperate plight. Either the leader, Inspector Fitzgerald, would command the party to go on and trust to luck, or he must admit his defeat and turn back to the starting point. The latter course was chosen.

The cold remained intense — some days more than 50 below. Their only food now was dog meat and a soup made from the moosehide dog harnesses. This diet made the men ill — but on they went, with no thought of defeat, until grim death, in the form of starvation and 50 degrees below zero first robbed the men of their senses, and then their lives.

It was a thing like this that we were trying to prevent.

Chapter VII

SEARCH FOR THE DAWSON PATROL

It is easy to understand, that because of the loss of the Fitzgerald party, the police were anxious to learn if anything had happened to the Dawson Patrol. With my little party I set out toward the west, and without any trouble made the hundred miles up river toward Dawson. We saw nothing to indicate that the patrol had been through the area, and when we had reached the fifth rest house without any signs of any kind pointing to the visit of the Dawson Patrol or anyone else, I ordered the Indians to make camp, and while they were staking the dogs and preparing for the night, I called Olson to the fire.

"Carl, what do you think of all this? I'm new to the North, but you're an old-timer here."

"Well — whatever happened to the patrol was _____"

"Then you believe something *did* happen to the patrol?"

"Yes, I do. I've never known it to be as late as this and I'm sure something must have happened."

"We have very little food, but we might go on a few miles and look for them."

"That's what I'm thinking. I've been through here before and so has one of the Indians. Let's rest tonight and go on tomorrow for another fifty miles anyway."

"That's just what I'd like to do. Boys," I called to the Indians, "we'll go on again in the morning."

"All right," called back one of them.

That night we talked late around the campfire. All of us were mindful of the loss of Inspector Fitzgerald and his three men, and we were ill at ease because of our lack of success thus far. Early the next morning we set out. It was a cold day, 40 below zero, and before we had traveled an hour a blizzard set in that increased in fury minute after minute until we were forced to make camp to shelter ourselves from the wind and cold.

"I don't like this, Bill," said Carl.

"Oh, this isn't so bad," I said, making a brave attempt to be cheerful. "It's cold, but it can't last more than a couple of days at the most."

"True enough, but we have only enough food for tomorrow."

"Yes, but we have plenty of ammunition, we'll get game."

"Yes, if we see any game, we're sure to get some, but there's something else to worry about."

"What's that, Carl?"

"Where are we?"

"Where do you mean? What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Where are we? Our Indian guide said he knew the way, but I heard him tell the other

Indian he had never been in this part of the country before. Bill, I'm afraid we'll have to turn back."

"Come here," I called to the guide. When he came to the fire:

"Johnny, you said you knew this country and the route taken by the Dawson Patrol."

"Sure, me did."

"Well, do you know where we are now?"

"Me no sure. In blizzard we miss marks."

"Why didn't you tell me that? Don't you realize this is a serious matter?"

"Bill, you boss. I do what you say."

"Yes, you bet you'll do as I say. Now get busy, and find out where we are and how to find the trail again."

"Me do."

"Bill (it was Carl speaking), we've gotten off the course, but unless the wind has wiped out our trail, we'll get back again all right, the only trouble is, if we can't find our trail again, we'll maybe lose a lot of time and walk a lot of extra miles in getting back to McPherson."

"Carl, you're worried. Come on, tell me the truth."

"No, I'm not worried, but remember, as long as we're in doubts as to where we are, we're in danger."

I was wrong about the blizzard. It raged four days instead of two, and because we couldn't see our hands in front of us, and because of the bitter cold, all we could do was remain in camp. By the time the blizzard had worn itself out, we were entirely out of food. I ordered the Indians to look for game, and the poor

fellows were willing enough to obey, but the drifts around our camp were so deep it was impossible to get through them.

"No use, Carl. We'll have to make a break for it regardless of the drifts. We must have food for ourselves and for the dogs and unless we want dog meat to eat, we'll have to start at once."

"I agree with you."

"Harness the teams, boys. We'll start back to camp at once."

An hour later, we set out. The deep drifts held us back, it takes a lot of time for a trail breaker to go through five and six feet of snow, and there was enough wind blowing to keep our faces filled with snow and a great deal of the time it blinded us.

We wanted to get back to the last rest house we had visited, about an hour's mushing in ordinary weather. Because of the deep snow and the fact that we could not see any of the trail markings, we simply set our course northeast by the compass. At the end of three hours we were unable to find any of the markings we were looking for. We kept going for another three hours, and then fagged out and almost famished, we stopped, built a fire and prepared to camp.

"Bill, I believe I know where we are."

"I'm glad someone knows. I don't, except that if we keep on going in the direction we are traveling in, we're bound to get to either the Arctic coast or Fort McPherson some day."

"Well, that's something anyway. We're heading toward the ——"

"Look, a campfire!" cried one of the Indians. And sure enough, through the trees we could see a fire. It was a long way off, but at least, there were human beings near us. At once I had one of the Indians fire three rifle shots — a distress signal. We waited some time for the answer, but none came. We signaled again. Still no answer. One of the Indians volunteered to go to the camp and get assistance. I accepted the plan, and a few minutes later the Indian left.

That night was a hard one. We could see the fire at a distance, and visioned food — warm food such as we had not had for days. The Indian should reach the camp in two or three hours; in another two or three hours he would return. In the meantime, all we could do was to wait, so we made ourselves as comfortable as we could and tried to sleep. It was a long time before I dropped off, and when I did, I had dreams of steaks, chops, hot biscuits, ham and eggs, and many other delicious meals I had enjoyed all my life. I awoke with a start. How long I had been sleeping I had no idea, but looking at my watch, I saw that it was six hours since our Indian had gone for help. He had not returned, and peering in the direction he had gone, I noted there was no longer a campfire!

I was about to call Carl, when I saw him coming down from the branches of a tall tree.

"Bill, I can't see anything, but I have an idea something is wrong with the Indian."

"He should be back by this time. We'd better follow his trail and find him."

"That's just what I've been thinking."

So ordering the remaining Indian to keep guard of the camp, to watch the fire, and cut more firewood, Carl and I put on our snowshoes and started to follow the trail left by the Indian. For two hours we went through the deep snow until we came to what had been a camp, and which had been abandoned but a short time before, but not a thing could we see of our guide. From the marks on the snow about the old camp, it looked as if the Indian had joined the party and had gone with the men, and they had gone west, in the direction of Dawson. It was no use to follow the trail, for they were traveling with dogs, and we on foot without teams could not hope or expect to catch up with them. So along the trail we started again, back to our own camp. Arriving there, almost exhausted from traveling in the deep snow and from hunger, we rested an hour, then broke camp and set out again.

For hours we battled the deep snow. It was getting somewhat warmer, for which we were thankful. When we were too tired to go farther we again made camp and tried to get our bearings. We had come to a frozen stream, the banks of which were covered with trees and, of course, afforded a fine protection from

the cold. We staked the dogs close to the bank, and made our fire a little way farther in among the trees.

I called Carl aside:

"Ever eat dog meat?" I asked as matter-of-factly as possible.

"Yes. I don't like it."

"I have an idea I won't like it either. But we must have food; I suggest we kill one dog, eat whatever we need and feed the rest to the other dogs."

"Looks like our only chance, Bill. I'll help the Indian do the work."

"Strange, with all the food the police have cached within a short way from us we can't find it."

"Oh, that's not so strange. Remember, the snow has covered up whatever marks we had to use as the trail, and besides, we are now going in the opposite direction and everything looks different."

So that night, we killed two dogs and fed the remaining eight with what was left after we had our meal. It was not much of a meal, partly because the very thought of eating dog meat was repulsive and partly because of the nature of the meat itself. That night Carl and I were ill, but the Indian seemed to relish what he had eaten. But, we at least had eaten and the dogs were in good shape again.

We sat around the fire for some little time, and suddenly I heard that ominous baying I had heard before, when I was with King; we were again among the wolves. We got our rifles from the sleds and hastened to the riverbank in time to see the wolves

make their first rush. We were not in condition to put up as much of a fight as we should, for we were not only weak from lack of food, but ill from the effects of what we had just eaten. All we could do was to shoot; if the wolves came close, a hand-to-hand battle such as I had before would not be as lucky as the last one. On and on came the wolves. We stopped them for a while, for as we would drop one, the others would wait to eat it. It seemed as if we could hold the pack off, when we suddenly heard another pack, coming from the opposite direction. Here indeed was a mess. Three weak men to fight two packs.

Soon there was a battle raging, and worst of all, it centered about our dogs — both packs seemed determined to reach them. We shot slowly and deliberately, knowing we must not waste a single shot — but finally one pack reached the dogs. There was a short but fierce battle and when we at last had succeeded in driving off the wolves, we did not have a single dog left.

"Now we are in for it." Carl surveyed the carcasses ruefully.

"Yes, Carl, we'll have to drag our own sleds."

"Between the cold and the hunger and drawing the sleds, it'll be slow going."

"We'll put everything on one sled. With the three to drag it, it won't be so bad."

"We'd better finish the night here and get started early in the morning. The days are short and we'll want to make as many miles as we can tomorrow.

We can't be far from one of our rest cabins, and I'm sure we're not very far from McPherson."

"I feel the same way, but somehow, we don't seem to find a cabin or any trail marks."

"When we have a little daylight tomorrow, we may find something we're looking for."

But the next day we found nothing — or the next, or the one following it. By now all sense of hunger had vanished and instead our entire bodies felt sore, like boils and we felt an exhaustion too great for words. We had seen some deer that afternoon, but all of us were so weak that we could not lift our rifles to the shoulders to shoot. We were in a bad plight, indeed. It was growing quite dark when we built a fire and prepared to rest.

"Carl, I'm going to make out my diary and then dig a hole in the snow and stay there for the night."

"Afraid of the wolves again?"

"Yes, I'm afraid of the wolves and afraid of myself."

"I know what you mean, Bill. I feel the same way. It looks like the end of the trail."

"Yes, the end of the trail. My mind keeps wandering to places I saw when a boy; I can smell food cooking and see cool, clear running brooks."

"Bill, Bill! There is a running brook! Look! over there . . . and look, there's someone cooking deer meat!"

"Where, Carl? Where?"

"Right at our own campfire. Come on, we'll eat, eat!"

Merciful heavens, Carl had gone mad! As if our plight was not bad enough, one of my companions, the only white one, had gone mad. I had trouble with Carl that night. It took every bit of my enfeebled strength to keep him in camp — he had a wild desire to follow phantom campfires where he could see and smell cooking food. Finally, almost exhausted, I hit him flush on the chin and when he fell, placed him on blankets near the fire. All day long the Indian had refused to utter a word. He obeyed my commands, but not one word could I get out of him. He sat beside the fire now moodily. At last I fell asleep, and had hideous nightmares for several hours.

None of us awoke until the fire had almost died out — and then instead of rebuilding it, we started downstream again. Carl was quiet, but not raving as the night before. We had traveled perhaps an hour, dragging our sled, when I suddenly espied a landmark.

“Look, Carl. Look, across the river!”

“The old fur trader’s camp!”

“Yes. Come on, men. We’ll cross the river. Thank God we’re on the right trail now, and there’s food over there!”

“Run, Bill, let’s get the food!”

The stream was wide at that point and it took us quite a while to get to the other side where the old cabin, once used by one of the fur traders when traveling to Fort Yukon, was situated. We had seen the cabin on our way upstream and knew there were a

few cans of food in it, and that was all that mattered. What kind of food it might be didn't matter. Finally we reached the other side, and staggered into the hut.

"The labels are gone from the cans, Bill."

I wasn't interested in labels: "That's nothing, we don't want them. Quick, punch a hole in that can with your hunting knife."

Eagerly, with trembling, blundering hands, we opened the cans — six in all. Two contained tomatoes, one was canned beef, two were peas and one contained beets. I had the Indian make a fire, but before we had a chance to warm up the food, we had swallowed it. For my part, I was willing to even swallow the cans too. That little meal gave us a new hold on life.

"Carl, if I remember rightly, this cabin is about two miles from the police cabin."

"That's right, Bill. It's downstream."

"That cabin is sixty miles from Fort McPherson. We have a long way to travel. Let's go."

Back across the river we went, to get our sled, and then down the river we traveled as fast as our weakened condition permitted. An hour later we reached the cabin.

"Boys, now we eat," I cried as I pushed open the door.

"What a sight for our poor eyes. Look, everything is just as we left it."

"I'll start the fire in the stove. Carl, pick out what-

ever you want to eat. Pete, get some more wood."

It is hard to imagine the speed with which we three weakened men set to work. In a few minutes we had a warm meal before us, and with a prayer of thanksgiving, we sat down on the ground floor of the hut and in the warmth of the fire, had our first real meal in days.

"Careful now. Don't eat too much. Just a little now, more later on, boys."

"Me know," said Pete, yet he kept on eating until we had to force the tin plate from his hands.

When we had satisfied our appetites temporarily and were sipping cups of tea, I turned to Carl:

"Carl, we set out to find the Dawson Patrol. We got lost and are halfway back to where we started from and the patrol hasn't been here yet."

"But what else could we do? We'll have to get back to the Fort and get dogs before we can continue the search."

"Yes, that's right, but here we are a failure. The second task ever entrusted to me and I fail in it."

"Have a nap, Bill, and then you'll feel better."

And we did sleep. We slept three hours and were awakened by loud shouting. I jumped up from my bed on the floor and ran to the door. . . . When I opened it, I saw — the Dawson Patrol.

Chapter VIII

THE LOST GUIDE

"I'M Sergeant Dempster of the Yukon Headquarters."

"I'm Bill, of Herschel Island. Been looking for you."

"Looking for us? Why, what's wrong?"

"Nothing except that you're long overdue and we were afraid something happened to you."

"All that happened was that the White Pass and Yukon Railroad was blockaded for three weeks so we were late in getting started. Then we ran into a lot of bad weather. Come on boys, we'll rest here."

And so, with that brief explanation, Sergeant Dempster who had made many trips with the Dawson Patrol and never lost a man or dog, made preparations for rest and food. Two days later we all arrived back at Fort McPherson. But what of our Indian guide who had left us to get help? It seemed clear to us that he had fallen in with a party of Indian hunters who had shot some game and rather than take chances with my party had deserted and never even told the hunters about those who had been left behind.

I remained at Fort McPherson four or five days until the Dawson Patrol was ready to return to Dawson, then I set out for Herschel Island with the

mail. I had been away much longer than had been anticipated and was a little worried as to what the Inspector might have to say, but as I had been on rather strenuous duty all of the time, I at least had a clear conscience. When I was ready to set out, the Corporal was kind enough to offer me a guide, and lo and behold, Johnny the deserter was told to report to me. I accepted the man, not because I wanted him, but because I knew the Corporal had some good reason for sending him with me.

"Keep your eye on Johnny, Bill. Watch every move he makes."

"O.K., Corp. Anything special?"

"Once before I was suspicious of him. If we confirm another bad move on his part, it'll be just too bad for Johnny."

And then with a "mush" Johnny and I set out for the Delta, where I was to leave the equipment I had borrowed from the natives when I went in search of the criminal, King, and his partner. We traveled fast, for the weather was now moderate, not more than 30 below, and there was no wind to speak of. We made the Delta without incident and I returned the borrowed dogs and sleds to the good-hearted natives, then set out for the Arctic coast. Again weather favored us, and two days later we started up the coast to Shingle Point, a small fur-trading post on the edge of the ocean. We arrived there without incident, and I put up with the fur trader, Eric. Early the next morning my peace was rudely interrupted.

"Wake up, Constable. Wake up."

"What's the matter?" I asked of my host.

"Well, for one thing your Indian guide has disappeared."

"What, again?"

"Yes. And when I went outside to look at the weather, I saw footprints in the snow. Someone has been going around the two log houses and looking in the windows."

"That's bad business. Well, I'll be dressed in a minute."

Hastily getting into my clothes, I prepared for whatever work was on hand. I hated to get up that day. Eric had given me a fine soft bed, and I was tired. Besides, I knew that some time that day I must set out for Herschel Island, sixty miles straight across the frozen Arctic Ocean, or else go north along the coast to a point directly opposite the Island, where I would be able to cross with but seventeen miles on the frozen sea. I didn't like doing that, because it was much longer and I wanted to get to the Island as soon as possible. But, duties are duties. Soon I joined Eric.

The tracks in the snow were our first interest. Johnny's case could come later. They were as plain as could be; the tracks of three or four men circling the storehouse and the home building. Nothing seemed to have been touched, but at every window two men had peered through the windows that were not equipped with shutters.

"And there are the tracks of the men away from

here. Leading to the north. Now let's see which way my Indian went."

"Looks as if he went with the others. I can't see any tracks in any other direction."

"Nor can I, Eric. Well, let's go inside and figure this thing out. I'm glad the Indian doesn't have to go to the Island with me, I'd rather go alone."

"I never could understand how the police hired Johnny. He's as yellow as they make 'em."

"Must be a good man otherwise or else the police wouldn't have a thing to do with him."

"Hm! that's true I suppose. But you know, Bill, I never liked the man and I know many of his own people don't like him, and I've heard some ugly stories about him."

"Such as what, Eric?"

"Well, it seems he's too much on the know about every white crook that ever came into this country. He seems to know all about who they are and what they do. He's never been in trouble with the police or the Indians, it's just that his own people don't trust him."

"That may be only jealousy, Eric. You know, he has a good job, has plenty to eat and a good place to sleep and credit at the fur traders, and the police pay the bills."

"Yeah, that may be it, but just the same there's _____"

There was a knock at the door. Eric called "Enter" and a befurred Eskimo woman entered.

"What do you want?"

"Me want help. Me robbed."

"What? You have been robbed?" I cried.

"Yes. Me robbed. Much fur. Many Eskimo lost fur. White men and Eskimo fight. We want fur back."

"Well, I'll see what can be done," I said. "Sit down and tell me all about it. I'm Constable Bill of the police."

Her story was a brief one. The day after I had been at the Delta, two white men came from the south and while the Eskimos were visiting the trap lines, deliberately held up the woman and stole the furs in the camp. These they placed on two sleds and were about to depart, when two or three of the Eskimo trappers arrived back in camp. Immediately there was a gun fight. The white men won. Then, according to the woman, three more white men drove down river with two sleds, and the whole party set out toward the north.

Evidently the tracks we saw around the fur-trading post were the tracks of those men. But where did my Indian Johnny fit into the picture? That was a puzzler for me. I couldn't believe he was dishonest. The mere fact that he was hired by the police was sufficient to show he had a good character and — and yet — the Corporal wanted me to keep my eyes on the man.

I was determined to find the robbers as well as the Indian, and when I did — well, what was I a police-

man for but to see that punishment was dealt out to those who committed crimes.

"Eric, want to make a little trip with me?"

"You bet I do, but how about protecting this place? If there are robbers about, they might break in here and steal everything I have."

"That's right, but something must be done at once. Well, I'll have to make a loner of it I guess."

"Don't be a fool. What chance would you have with five white robbers and perhaps the Indian as well, to fight."

"Can't be helped. Help me hitch up, will you?"

And so an hour later, with a warm breakfast under my belt, the Eskimo woman sent back to the Delta, I bade good-by to Eric and set out, following the trail to the north.

I didn't relish that trip. I was new to the country, knew very little about it and while I didn't mind an encounter with the crooks, I didn't like the idea of coming upon them unexpectedly and being fired upon from ambush. Before leaving the trading post, I had removed the bells from the dog harness and was very quiet. I spoke to the dogs only when absolutely necessary, and then in a low voice. It was the season of the year when there is very little light, but light enough for me to be seen for an hour or so; but light or dark, sounds travel far and fast in that land of stillness.

I had traveled about an hour when the weather

broke — the wind at first a gentle breeze, became almost a gale. I found it almost impossible to keep going, but I did keep on, and then just before I lost the trail I was following, because the wind was wiping it out, I saw ahead of me a bright fire. Perhaps the crooks had made camp — well, whatever it was — and then I noticed one track — the track of one man had left the others and started straight out over the frozen ocean. An odd thing that, I thought, but, I was after bigger game than just one man. Finally, I could travel no longer. I put up my little silk tent and banked it over with snow. I couldn't risk having a fire for the thieves to see — for they, not knowing there was but one man after them, would prepare for a battle or else leave their camp and travel as far and as fast as they could, leaving me with that much more traveling to do. I fed the dogs and then prepared to rest until the weather conditions moderated so I could set out again. I rested for perhaps an hour. The storm didn't seem to let up a bit and it was growing colder every minute. And then, a strange thing happened. I heard teams and men coming along the shore from the north. By this time my little tent was almost entirely covered with snow, and the dogs who had curled up and gone to sleep as soon as fed, were already covered with snow. From a short distance even, no one could discover my little camp.

Louder and louder became the noise, until men and dogs were within a few feet of me. I could hear them talking, chopping wood, and making camp. I could

hear the crackling of the burning wood. Then a general conversation started.

"I'd give a thousand bucks to catch that Indian."

"If I ever catch him it'll be worth a thousand bucks just to see what I do to him."

"Said there were six Mounties following that Constable at the fur trader's."

"Yeah, and said he wanted to go with us. He was afraid of the police."

"Where is he now do you suppose?"

"Back at the fur trader's warning that policeman."

"Then we'd better watch out or there'll be a few bullets coming our way when we get close."

"Shut up youse guys." It was another voice, one that I had not heard before. "I tell youse dat Indian got a line of our chatter, den set out fer Herschel Islan'. He's gone fer help to catch us."

"That's O.K. then, Rudy. We'll keep on going to the post, and get that Mountie. If we get him, we'll hold him as hostage in case the police come and start trouble."

"That's the idea. And we'll rob that fur trader blind as we started out to do."

"Sure, dats da stuff. Youse guys are wisin' up to yourselves. Dat's whut I wanted to do all da time."

Well, the conversation kept on. Finally, the crooks decided the weather didn't permit travel, so they would wait twenty-four hours and then go back to Shingle Point trading station and get me. I had to think and work fast. I was too close to their camp

for comfort. As soon as there would be a little light I might be discovered and then ——

In the light of the campfire, I could see every man — see each one had his firearms handy. Soon I could hear the deep snoring of the men. And then a little plan I had evolved came into play. I crept out of my tent and edged my way to the head of the first sleeper, quietly drew his rifle from beside him, and thrust it into the deep snow behind me. I crept to the next man and was just about to repeat the operation, when he moved. He raised his head and looked toward the fire. I was almost paralyzed from fear for a moment. If I had been seen I was sure to have been shot on the spot. He made a sleepy motion as if to get up and put more fuel on the fire, then changed his mind and laid down again. How long it was before he dozed off again, I don't know; it seemed like a year. But at the first sound of snoring, I got his rifle and buried it in the snow — then the third man's, and the fourth's. I was just about to take the fifth man's rifle, when he awoke, and suddenly stood up. There was no time to lose, I *must* get that rifle, and I did, but he looked down and saw the rifle moving away from him. With a loud yell, he turned, saw me and leaped. I had my revolvers, one in my hand and the other by my side, ready for action — I had the man covered in less time than it takes to tell it.

The others, awakened by the man's yell, instinctively grabbed for their rifles, but they were gone. For the time being, at least, I was master of the

situation, unless some of my prisoners wore revolvers under their parkas or could get to their sleds where it is more than certain they had other rifles.

"Stick 'em up, gentlemen, and be good boys. I'm Constable Bill of the Mounties and I want a little talk with you."

Immediately there was a bedlam of voices. Then I saw one fellow, the first whose rifle I had taken, edging cautiously toward the sleds. I fired a shot at his feet and he stood still.

"Sorry I have to do this, gentlemen. But remember please, the law must be obeyed. I'd hate to shoot one of you but unless I have your co-operation, I'll be compelled to. Let's get down to business."

"What youse want?"

"We're going back to Shingle Point. From there it's hard to tell where we're going."

"What's the big idea. We've done nothing."

"Maybe not, but you're going back to Shingle Point. Now you, you big fellow. Cut a lashing off that dog sled. And make it snappy."

"Say, we're traveling. We need that lashing."

"I'll get you another. That's it. Now tie the wrists of the man next to you. Hurry up!"

Immediately a big howl went up from all the men. I thought for a moment or two I was in for real trouble, but one shot at the feet of my helper settled it. One by one I had them all tied but one.

"Come over here and turn your back when I tell you to." I waited until the man was within three feet.

"Now turn your back to me and hand me the rest of that lashing." I tied the last man.

"Now then, you fellows, we're going down the trail to Shingle Point."

"Say youse guys, don't move. We ain't got no snowshoes on."

Immediately a murmur went up.

"You don't need your snowshoes. It's only an hour's travel. Walk to the shore. We'll follow that and as soon as I have you tied up in the fur-trading post, I'll come back for your dogs and sleds."

There was more murmuring, but I had my way, and two hours later we arrived at Shingle Point and I had the prisoners warming up beside a huge log fire.

"Ever see any of these men before, Eric?"

"That one fellow over there looks a little familiar, but I can't say for sure."

"Where is your native, Eric?"

"Should be back any time. Went south a few days ago."

"As far as the Delta?"

"Yep. Went with some supplies for the Eskimos trapping there."

"Maybe he'll have some news when he returns."

"Maybe, and as long as there's been trouble, maybe some of the natives will be with him. They'll want to get word to the Inspector on Herschel Island."

"Now then, boys, tell me about that Indian you had with you."

"Say, I'll tell plenty some day, but not now."

"That's up to you. But my guess is that he was a better man than any of us gave him credit for. He promised to go with you, and then after he overheard your plans, deserted you and made for the Island to inform the Inspector there."

"Looks that way."

It was impossible to handle five men alone, so I did nothing until Eric's native returned two days later. Then I sent him with one of the Eskimos who returned with him, to care for the prisoners' dogs and my own, and bring them back to the trading post.

Five other Eskimos came with Eric's native. They were on their way to the Island as we had surmised, and it was all Eric and I could do to keep them from doing harm to the prisoners. Two days later, while we were wondering whether we should notify the Inspector that we needed help or should count on Indian Johnny's having gone there, we heard dog bells, and looking out from the door, saw three men coming across the frozen Arctic; one I could easily recognize even in furs as the Inspector, another was Johnny. The other man I did not know; he turned out to be Corporal Cornelius who was at Herschel Island when Johnny arrived there. Three days later, we were back at the Island, prisoners and all, except Johnny who was returned to Fort McPherson.

"Well, Bill, it took you a long time to act on your orders, but you're finally back, with the Winter mail and a fine record for the performance of your duties."

"Thank you, sir."

"What do you think of Indian Johnny?"

"I must admit at first I was very much inclined to consider him a bad Indian — a deserter and no good."

"The trouble is, he wants to be a Mountie and believes that some day he'll perform some act that will compel us to recognize his ability and make him one."

"It was surely a brave thing to do, leaving those crooks and crossing the ocean alone to get aid."

"Yes it was, and I'm only sorry I can't reward him more. But, some day when you are sailing the Delta in charge of the patrol boat, you'll ——"

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

The Inspector laughed. "Bill, this next summer, you are to be in charge of the Arctic patrol boat. And, your guide will be Johnny. And remember, he deserted you twice because he loves you and tried to do you a favor."

"I can understand the second time, but how about the first?"

"Bill, he knew in what desperate straits you were, and he set out for aid. The Indians he met up with that night he went for aid, were in almost as bad shape as you were. So Johnny went for aid, but it reached you too late."

"Thanks for the information, Inspector."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I naturally love and trust all men until I find they are not entitled to it, and I did doubt Johnny. Now I can honestly call him friend."

"Always remember, Bill, he is your friend."

Chapter IX

THE ARCTIC PATROL

THE balance of the winter dragged along. I remained at Herschel Island with very little to do except routine duties. There was one trip to Fort Arctic Red River mission which was without incident. Those long days and nights on the island were like nightmares. For days on end, the storms kept us indoors most of the time and when on rare occasions we went outside it was necessary to hold onto life lines strung from one building to the other to keep from being blown out onto the frozen ocean, and lost in the blinding snow. Once the temperature went to 70 below. That is rare, but it has been known to go to 85. I tried my best to be cheerful and to keep the two others, Inspector Brooks and Corporal Cornelius, in the same frame of mind, but after a few days gave it up as a bad job. Seeing the same faces, hearing the same voices hour after hour, day after day, and week after week finally gets on one's nerves almost to the point of madness. Not a case of any kind came to our attention, and it was not until summer that we learned of the tragic death of Corporal Doak on duty at Tree River, on Coronation Gulf.

We hailed the coming of summer with delight. With the sun back with us and the days growing longer, we finally dug out the patrol boat from its snowbank, and made an inspection. It was bitter cold in the little cabin when we first went aboard, and everything we touched, even the blankets in the sleeping quarters, were cold; but after we had started a couple of fires, and the place began to thaw out a bit, I commenced to realize what a fine job I would have during the coming summer sailing the patrol boat. It was a schooner, with a large gasoline engine, capable of making about fifteen miles an hour and of hauling many tons of freight.

I asked the Inspector one day, how it happened that I was to have the patrol boat.

"Well," was the answer, "you know considerable about navigation and about engineering, so your record shows, and you have demonstrated this winter you can be relied upon to use good judgment in an emergency, and act on your own initiative."

"Thank you, sir."

"Humph! Don't thank me. You have those qualifications without anything I've ever done. Just continue to make as good as you have thus far on the Force, and there's no telling where you may land some day." He grinned. "You know, even the Commissioner was a recruit once upon a time."

Little by little I prepared the patrol boat for its short summer's work. When I couldn't work aboard, I checked supplies so that I would have everything

ready for service as soon as the weather permitted.

The first trip each year is to Fort McPherson, to meet the down-river boat from Fort Smith. Then with the supplies, mail, and passengers, if any, it returns to the Island and then sails down the coast to the other police detachments. Spring and Fall are the two worst seasons of the year for travel. There is either slush ice or breaking ice to contend with. One cannot travel far overland without coming to water, and one cannot travel by water because there is too much ice, and as a result, one is either waiting for the ice to go or the ice to form, according to the season of the year.

It was during one of these seasons a couple of years before that Inspector French, with Constables Doak and Cornelius (the latter two later promoted to Corporals) were wrecked in the ice eight miles from Herschel Island. They had to jump onto the floating ice — Doak was the only one in the party who could swim — and leap from one piece of ice to another. Finally Doak made a line out of their belts and when the ice cakes became too far apart for them to jump, would swim from one cake to another, then drag the men one at a time to him. It was a long, hard fight in the icy water, and when the men reached land all were exhausted; yet Cornelius set out for Herschel Island for aid. He did not reach there, but the other two men were picked up and taken to the post by natives. Then they set out to search for

Cornelius, who was later found in a shelter, delirious from pneumonia. Happily he survived and is today a most valuable member of the Force.

At last ice and weather permitted sailing, so with Inspector Brooks and Corporal Cornelius, our mail and three Eskimos aboard, we set out for Fort McPherson, stopping enroute at Shingle Point to get mail from Eric, the fur trader. Then on to Fort McPherson. When the down-river boat arrived, the prisoners, eight in all, were sent to Edmonton. Of course, my prisoners — the five robbers and King — were among them.

There is great excitement when the boat arrives, for it brings the first touch of the civilized world in a year. There is a lot of work to be done: transferring the police freight and mail, and mail for the various trading posts, for among the many duties of the police that of Postmaster is one of them.

The mail that year was exceptionally heavy and, of course, the news from home was most welcome by everyone. There were many packages marked "Do not open until Christmas." That may sound strange, but, when one is far from home, a Christmas present received in summer and put away until December is a most important and solemn matter. Unless the presents were sent in May or June, they could not be delivered until a year hence, when they would be six months late for Christmas.

Among the important news that year about the

police, were stories of patrols, arrests, new rules and regulations.

Some of the interesting news of our brother policemen included the report of a patrol made by Inspector Pelletier and three constables. Without a guide or an interpreter, they had traveled 3,350 miles by canoe in the summer and overland in the winter with dogs. The winter weather was most severe, there was a lack of fuel and of food. The party frequently had to eat their meat raw, because for 43 days they were in a region where there was no fuel, and every night they had to crawl into icy sleeping bags and in the morning get into icy clothes. Yet they returned to their detachment without a casualty, having done what they set out to do.

Inspector Joy left Dundas Harbor with one constable and two dog teams in March and made one of the fastest patrols on record. He rushed to Ellsmore Island, a distance of 1,700 miles, in 81 days. The trip was made without accident.

There were several other such reports too, all different in the distance traveled, but all alike in that the policemen received certain orders and carried out those orders to the very best of their ability and regardless of their own sufferings or wishes. An order is an order, and must be obeyed, according to the Mounties, and even though one may suffer cold, hunger, and other hardships, the command to "get your man" means facing any and every danger.

As soon as we had loaded our boat, and the river boat had returned up river, not to be seen for another year, we became mere machines for the rest of the summer. First we returned to Herschel Island with the freight for there, then started down the Arctic coast for Tree River, the nearest detachment, 1,000 miles from Herschel Island.

One has to be very careful in sailing the Arctic Ocean. There is always a lot of floating ice, and there is not a lighthouse or a life-saving station along the entire coast. A lighthouse would, of course, not be necessary, for during the summer there is 24 hours daylight every day, and because there are seldom more than two or three ships in the Arctic Ocean at any one time, life-saving stations would be out of the question. Because of that and the fact that there is not a permanent village along the entire coast, one must be exceptionally careful, for, if an accident should occur, it might be weeks, months, or even years before one could be located, especially if the boat should hit an iceberg and be damaged, or if it should run onto a floe and be carried toward the Northwest Passage.

Dodging icebergs, even small ones, is hard work. The glare of the sun on their crystal sides cuts the eyes like a knife. Fortunately I prepared for that emergency by wearing the Eskimo snowglass. This is simply a piece of wood with a narrow slot for light, in a frame similar to a spectacle frame. But, the real hardship was in being on duty every hour of

the day, and day after day. But we managed to get by all right, and finally arrived at Tree River, where we were met by Constable Perry.

"Hello, Constable. I'm Bill from Herschel Island."

"I'm Constable Perry from Tree River. Got bad news."

"Not too bad, I hope. What's up?"

"More trouble among the Eskimos over near the Barren Lands. Got any way of getting some help for me?"

"None that I know of. How about the rest of your boys? I understood there were three of you here."

"Yes, there are, but the other two are off on duty. Corporal Doak was very anxious to see you, or whoever was in charge of the boat, but there's no telling when he'll get back."

"Better wait until he does before you go into the Barren Lands. That's no place for one man."

"But I can't wait. Got to get the trouble stopped."

"Well, I'm not here to tell you your business, but you'd better think over what I said about Doak before you do anything."

"Thanks. I have three prisoners for you to take to the Island. The papers are complete and in the mail bag. I'll get the men."

I went ashore to give what assistance I could to my brother officer. We got the three men aboard all right, but just as I reached the deck, a shot rang out and a bullet ploughed the mast six inches above my head. I turned quickly, and was in time to see an

Eskimo lowering his rifle. Perry was in the cabin, examining the patrol boat which he had never seen before, since this was only its second trip to Coronation Gulf.

Now, with twenty or thirty Eskimos on the shore, and but two white men aboard the boat, it might seem the wisest thing to cut the mooring rope and get away. But, I knew that if I did this, no white man, especially a policeman, would ever be safe among the Eskimos again. And — I had an Eskimo crew and three Eskimo prisoners. All I could do was to face the music. So I went ashore, walked up to the man whom I had seen lowering the rifle, grabbed him by the collar of his parka, and marched him aboard. By this time Perry was on deck. I had scarcely reached the top of the gangplank before a spear sailed past me. I didn't like this at all, but there was nothing to do but go ashore again. The only man without a rifle or spear was in the center of the group of Eskimos. I walked up to him, and placed my hand on his shoulder. Immediately the crowd spread, I was given all the space I wanted, and as I walked the man aboard, his companions booed him, kicked him, and even spat on him. The change of attitude was significant. Merely by two acts for self-preservation, I had endeared myself to the natives around Coronation Gulf and during the entire time I was in the North, I had no more staunch or loyal friends than these same Eskimos. Had I acted otherwise than I did, I would not have dared appear among them again,

and all the hard work of the police for years would have gone for nothing. There was nothing heroic about it; I simply knew what had to be done in such an emergency.

"Must be sailing, Perry."

"Sorry to hear that, Bill. Back again?"

"More than likely, old man. If not this summer, then next."

"Give my regards to all the boys and be sure to take good care of this mail. One's a letter to my mother and the other to my sweetheart."

"I'll take the best care in the world, old man. Now take good care of yourself. Don't go to the Barren Lands without first talking with Corporal Doak."

"I've decided that matter, Bill. I've got my job to do, and that means I must take care of the matter at once. See you next summer," and with that, Perry walked down the gangplank, waved his hand, and we set out to return to Herschel Island. It might be well to note here, that I never met Corporal Doak. That very winter he was killed by a native. His story is interesting and I'll tell it briefly.

* * *

One night as Corporal Bill Doak was reading before his fire in the tiny detachment building at Tree River on Coronation Gulf, his friend and only neighbor, Otto Binder, threw open the door and entered.

"Shut the door, Otto. Don't you know how cold it is?"

"Sure. It's only 40 below."

"When did you get back, Otto? I've been expecting you several days."

"Just a few hours ago. Thought you'd hear me and be waiting at the door for me," answered Otto as he started to remove his furs.

"No, I didn't hear you. Well, draw up. I'll have some tea and a lunch ready in no time."

"Thanks, Bill. You know, I've come to the conclusion this is about the worst part of all Canada."

"I've known that for a long time. A hundred miles west of here two priests were murdered. Radford and Street were murdered less than two hundred miles east of here."

"Yes, and one native feud after another."

"Any lately, Otto?"

"Yup, that's why I'm here. On my way back, I stopped at Kent Inlet — that was three months ago. Been some killings over there, two or three men, and a woman and her daughter and some men wounded, it seems."

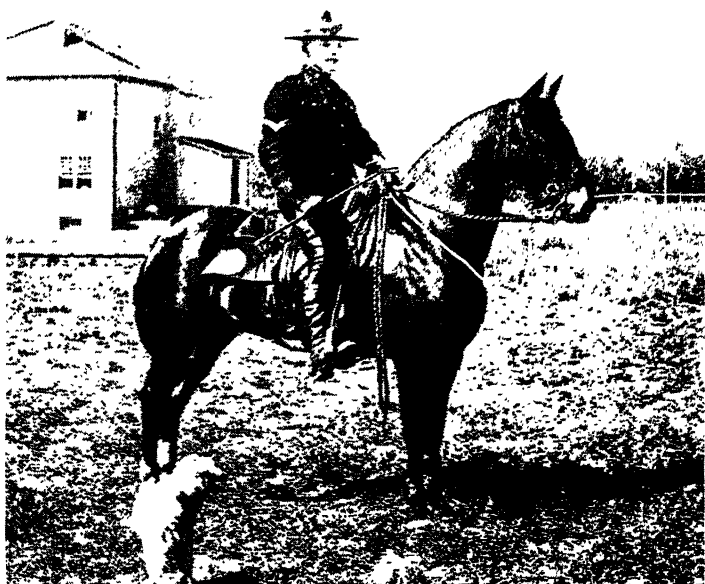
"Huh. With mail and supplies once a year, we sure manage to keep up with the times, don't we?"

"Yes, and the nearest relief, Herschel Island, more than a thousand miles away in case of need."

"Well, if there have been any killings at Kent Inlet, we'll need to go to headquarters if it's *ten* thousand miles away."

"By which I take it you mean you're going to the Inlet to investigate."

"You've guessed it, Otto. Here's your tea."



PREPARED FOR PRAIRIE DUTY

The Policeman shown in this photograph is one of the finest horsemen on the Force.

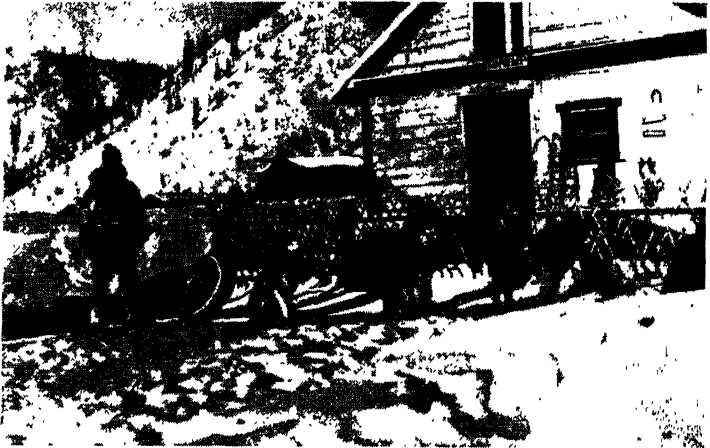


PREPARED FOR ARCTIC DUTY

Myself at Fort McPherson five minutes before leaving for Edmonton with Ivan Vorkowsky.



WALLACE MY LEAD DOG
A most faithful and intelligent animal.



A TYPICAL ARCTIC CIRCLE POLICE DETACHMENT
The policeman is coming in from duty.

And so another man hunt was begun. There were three constables at Tree River under Doak, but no aid was asked of them; instead, the Corporal set out across the frozen Gulf with an interpreter, a native, two dog sleds, and a month's supplies. The weather was bitter cold, day after day between 30 and 50 below; crossing the Gulf; traveling over rough ice hummocks; visiting all the islands; and in ten days making two hundred miles.

Upon arriving at the Inlet Doak learned of the feud — it was talked of by all the natives. There had been six persons killed, and a man named Tatamigana was the ringleader of the trouble. He had killed a man named Anagvik — then others who had already taken sides entered the fight with the results I have told of. Two men, Tatamigana and Omiak, had done all the killing.

Now, Doak was the only white man among those fierce natives, all of whom were armed with modern firearms. None of the natives were kindly disposed toward the policeman who had so often compelled them to do things they had never done before, and not to do other things they had done all their lives without any questioning. Doak was in a tight spot — a spot many a man would have crawled out of either by returning to Tree River for help or sending for it. But Doak wasn't that kind; few Mounties are.

Tatamigana was reported to be at a village forty miles away, so Doak harnessed his tired dogs and set out with his interpreter. Two days later he surprised the native in a little village by the seashore.

He was easily arrested, and Doak learned Omiak was in a village two days travel farther north.

The Corporal announced to his interpreter that he intended setting out at once in search of Omiak, but the interpreter balked at this — said his feet were bad. Evidently it was a case of "cold feet," for he had learned that Omiak had a bad reputation, was known as a killer, and had declared he feared no man and hated the police and would kill one or all of them on sight. Doak tried to force the interpreter to accompany him, but he showed so much fear that the Corporal gave up the idea. Because the first prisoner knew a little English, Doak set out with one native murderer to locate and arrest Omiak, the badman.

Word had reached Omiak that Doak was looking for him — and when two or three days later the policeman approached his destination, he met with armed resistance. A dozen of Omiak's kin walked out from the village to meet him. By the usual sign, that of raising his hands, Doak signified he was on a peaceful mission, and then with one murderer as an interpreter, Doak demanded the surrender of the other murderer. Omiak from a distance, rifle in hand, stated he would not submit to arrest. His friends and relatives sided with him, and things looked black for Doak. He promised a fair and square trial to Omiak; in reply he was given sullen glances. The natives surrounded Doak; his very life hung by a thread. He was given a chance to leave unharmed, but he had come for the murderer and would not leave without him.

Doak was absolutely fearless and that is what, perhaps, saved his life. He was determined to "get his man" or die in the attempt — and had no desire or intention of dying. The natives could not understand this lone white man, who hour after hour refused his personal safety and demanded that Omiak be delivered into his hands. Little by little Doak overcame the objections of all, that is, all but Omiak himself, who with rifle in hand threatened Doak. The policeman, however, without outward display of arms, persisted in his demand that the criminal be surrendered and refused to leave without him; two days later he left with the two murderers for the village where Tatamigana had been arrested.

Arriving at the village, Doak found that his interpreter was suddenly able to travel, and so with his prisoners and a handful of witnesses set out for the Tree River detachment. The weather was bitter cold. Omiak, the Eskimo, born and raised in a clime for which white men are supposed to be physically unfit, froze his feet. Doak carefully nursed him and permitted him to ride the sled, stopping often to light a fire and warm up — one gets cold very soon when riding in temperatures 30 to 50 below zero.

Doak was the only white man among the Eskimos, all of whom were related to his two prisoners, and it was necessary to keep constant watch lest they attack him. He could not tell from one moment to another but what his life would be sacrificed because of Omiak, but through the bitter cold and raging bliz-

zards he kept the Eskimos before him day after day across the frozen, broken Coronation Gulf and after four weeks arrived at Tree River, without loss of man or dog, and only the frozen feet of Omiak as a result of the hard trip.

There is no jail at Tree River. Doak must either walk his prisoners twelve hundred miles to Herschel Island or wait until the motor schooner would arrive in the summer with supplies. He decided to place his prisoner and witnesses in an abandoned sealing camp, under the watchful eyes of his constables. That is, all but Omiak whose frozen feet demanded treatment. Omiak was to remain with Doak in the detachment building. At first the prisoner was resigned to his trial, then became moody. Finally, one morning while Doak was still asleep, Omiak arose, and in some manner never explained, secured a rifle, and shot Doak as he slept. Later in the morning, Otto Binder came to call on his friend Doak. Omiak saw him coming, waited until he was within range, and killed him.

Omiak's shooting had aroused the other policemen a short way off, who overpowered the criminal. The following spring, Omiak paid with his life for his crimes.

The final chapter in Corporal Bill Doak's life was written when Inspector Wood, in charge of the men of the Arctic Patrols, who had his headquarters on Herschel Island, made his report. The closing sentence read, "He will be a hard man to replace."

Chapter X

LOCKED IN THE ICE

ON OUR way back to Herschel Island we ran into head winds, and ice floes and bergs were packed around the ship most of the time. We couldn't make good time, the ice wouldn't permit it, and we had to be very careful to keep the stern free from ice, otherwise the steering gear and propeller might be damaged. I was new at fighting ice, and I am not ashamed to admit that I felt many a time that I would never sail the patrol boat again. Day after day on duty, 24 hours a day, will tell on a man before long, and I soon found myself weary, irritable, and hard to get along with.

One day I was snatching a few winks of sleep on deck, when the lookout called:

"Ship in ice east."

I opened my eyes, came to my full senses and looked toward the east, and there, sure enough, was a ship, fast in the ice, trying to attract our attention. I immediately gave orders to head toward the other ship, but the going was difficult. We were not far away, but we were hours in getting within hailing distance.

"What's the trouble?" I shouted as soon as we were near enough to be heard.

"Locked in the ice and can't move. Believe rudder damaged."

"We'll try to chop you loose," and then began a battle against the ice. The other crew came out on the ice intending to board us, but I ordered them back.

"Go back and stay there until it's necessary to abandon ship," I called and backed my ship away from the ice. Seeing there was no chance to board us, the men clambered up the rope ladder to the deck of their own ship.

"Got any dynamite?" I called when we were again close enough to converse.

"Sure. Lots of it."

"Then in the name of goodness, help yourself a little. Dynamite the ice on the port side and if that doesn't free you, I'll chop you out."

While my ship stood by, the skipper of the trading boat (I didn't know until later that she was one) sent three men over the side to chop holes in the ice. Then they planted the dynamite and attached wires, which were run to a battery. It took about an hour to do this, and then when all was ready, and the men started back aboard their ship, I backed my boat off and waited for the boom of the explosions.

We didn't have long to wait. Soon there was a series of blasts, but all so close together as to sound like

one large boom, so loud and so powerful as to rock the bergs and our ship. As soon as the air was clear of water and particles of ice tossed up by the explosions, I looked and saw that the trading ship was free of the ice, but seemed to be quite helpless. I steered as close to the other as I could and called:

"What's wrong now?"

"Engine's disabled. Won't turn over."

"All right. I'll toss you a line and take you in tow," I replied, and half an hour later we were slowly plowing through the ice, the Police Patrol boat towing the fur trader.

For a whole day we towed the disabled ship, and then we were hailed:

"Patrol boat ahoy!"

"What's up?" I called back.

"We can turn the engine over. Cast our line loose but stand by in case we can't start."

We cast the line loose and then watched the trader's ship slowly move through the water under her own power. Her engine was repaired and we were no longer our "brother's keeper."

I was given orders before leaving Herschel Island always to keep as close to the shore as possible in order to watch for signals from the shore and to note any camps. On the way to Coronation Gulf I had followed these instructions but, of course, while towing the disabled ship, was unable to do so. Now, with the ship under its own power, I headed for shore and

when as close as I dared go, again headed north toward the island. In the meantime the trader had disappeared.

The next day we espied a little group of men on the shore waving at us. We got as close as we could, and the waving continued frantically, so I stopped the ship, dropped anchor, and ordered the small boat lowered over the side. I was going ashore to investigate. Before I left the ship, I instructed my native pilot to drop the other anchor because I feared I might be away some time and in case a heavy wind came up, we might be blown ashore unless both anchors were out.

When I reached shore, I was informed by signs that someone was ill, so I went to the camp about a mile distant where I found a very sick Eskimo woman. As is the custom, I had taken a little grip full of medicine with me, and upon learning the illness was caused by eating too much fresh meat — eaten while still warm after the killing of the animal — I gave her some medicine. I waited for her to recover somewhat before returning to the ship. About two hours from the time I had reached shore, I was ready to leave the camp. When I arrived back at the shore, I was filled with dismay. The pilot, with good intentions, but utterly disregarding my instructions, instead of dropping the second anchor had (as I learned later) hoisted the anchor and had come closer to shore, and before he could maneuver the ship had run aground. Here indeed was a pretty mess to be in!

I went aboard as soon as possible and sent one of the native crew to round up all the men who could be spared from the camp I had just left. Then we set to work. I got over the side to see if any damage had been done. Fortunately the ship was unharmed but I saw that she was deep in the soft sand and was held fast; how fast I found out when I had started the engines and we couldn't get as much as a budge. I then had a rope stretched ashore and fastened it to two large trees. By that time the Eskimos from the camp arrived and I had them get into their kayaks with long-handled shovels and dig out the sand when it engulfed the propeller. We started the engine again, but the propeller merely spun around, and the ship didn't move an inch. It looked as though we would get into open water again only with the assistance of another ship or an off-shore wind.

For days we tried every conceivable method to free the little ship, but it was labor wasted. In the meantime, summer was going fast. I could have sent some of the men on in a small boat for assistance, but we were about five hundred miles from help, and unless the fur trader's boat was there, it would be time wasted. Finally, with winter but two weeks away, the wind shifted, and blew hard enough to swing the fore part of the ship. The stern was too heavy for the wind to shift, but we had dug enough sand to work the propeller, and slowly but surely when the engines were started, we moved out of the sand, only to run into a large field of ice.

I had noticed that ice for several days and did not fear it, for I felt sure we could get through it, once we could get under way. Little by little we forged our way into the center of the floating ice pack, and then headed north toward Herschel Island. That night a terrific gale beat on us from the east, and we were soon packed in by icebergs and ice floes. We couldn't move. We were fast in the ice and our propeller couldn't turn because of the ice packed solidly around the stern. On the shore side, was one solid mass of ice, packed there while we were working our way ahead during the storm. We were locked in the ice solidly.

There was no use in sending for help. Long before this the trading ship was at Herschel Island and, of course, had reported seeing us. That is, if it had returned to Herschel Island in time from Banks Land where it was to stop before going to the island. If it had been caught in the gale and ice, it would also be locked in solidly.

Day after day we tried to get out of our trouble, but without success. We were only partly prepared for winter. To be sure we had quite a store of food, and plenty of clothing. By hunting we could keep alive until spring or until help came to us, but traveling would be very difficult and dangerous without snowshoes or dogs, and burdened with our food and equipment. Finally, with no warning, winter set in in earnest. We could see the ice formed one day on what had been open water the day before; no longer

did water appear in the ice floes or around the bergs. We were locked in securely. One white man and a handful of natives, some of whom could be depended upon in an emergency. Three were prisoners. Truly, not a very pleasant party. Slowly but surely the winter was settling in for its ten months of cold, snow, ice, and hardship.

I racked my brains for a solution of the matter; then came to a decision I could but consider a wise one. We would get ashore and start for the nearest native village, which would be in the Mackenzie River Delta, which I estimated would be about two hundred and fifty miles away. I gave the necessary orders, and soon food, guns and ammunition, extra clothing, and the like, were taken ashore across the ice, after we had made everything aboard ship as secure as we could, and had greased all the iron aboard, especially the engine. I was the last to leave the ship, and as I locked the cabin door, I felt almost like crying. Here I was, deserting my ship at the close of my first season in charge. True, it was through no fault of mine, yet, a fact is a fact and my ship was frozen in the ice and I must now get my shipmates and the prisoners to a safe place and get them there without any harm coming to any of them. True, many other policemen had been in difficulties before. There was no disgrace in it perhaps, yet I was a young man, just carving my career, and I had to abandon my ship.

That night, when we were encamped ashore and were making our plans for the long trek to the Delta,

I felt remorseful for a long time, and then there came to me the story of a brave man, who against every kind of obstacle — hunger, cold, sickness — got his party back to headquarters. And surely what one man had done, I could do. I would be as resourceful as that man — Inspector French. This is his story.

* * *

A report reached the Police Headquarters at Fort Fullerton, that two men, H. V. Radford and T. G. Street, the former an American, had been murdered by Eskimos at Bathurst Inlet, one hundred miles inside the Arctic Circle and nearly twelve hundred miles from a police detachment. The news was forwarded to Headquarters and immediately Superintendent Starnes ordered a patrol to investigate. It was estimated that because of the distance, the country, and the climate conditions, the patrol would require two years. To reach the scene of the reported crime, it would be necessary to cross a rough, barren country that even the natives shunned.

First, a supply base had to be established, so a small schooner was sent with food and equipment during the summer, but the boat was wrecked. The following summer another attempt was made. This time bad weather delayed the ship and it was caught in the ice. The following year Inspector Beyts was able to establish a base on Baker Lake, but although two attempts were made to reach Bathurst Inlet, the

party was compelled both times to return to Baker Lake because of a shortage of food. It was necessary to depend largely on game for food and although game was usually plentiful in that area, that particular year not a wild animal was seen. It was four years now since the report of the crime had reached the police and fifty thousand dollars had been spent in the fruitless attempt to reach the scene of the slayings.

Then Inspector F. H. French, whose father was the first commander of the old Northwest Mounted Police, relieved Beyts. A whole summer was required in taking supplies to Baker Lake, and then late in the winter with Sergeant Caulkins, three native dog drivers, three sleds, twenty-five dogs, two small canoes for use in open water, and four weeks' supplies, the party set out for Bathurst Inlet. A week later timber wolves attacked the camp and a fierce fight ensued, but the pack was finally driven off. For days the wolves followed the trail and later made another attack, and although again driven off, the pack hung back just out of rifle shot. It was necessary to post a guard over the party and the dogs night after night.

The sleds were heavy and the snow was deep. The weather was cold — for a time averaging 40 below day after day. The men were frostbitten and suffered snow blindness. Snow blindness is one of the most feared of all the Arctic woes. It is not real blindness. The reflection of the sun on the mile after mile of snow, causes the eyes to become inflamed and sore —

like boils — they water and burn like fire. One can see, but it is most painful.

None of the party had ever been through the country they were traveling, but French, with the aid of a compass, managed, except for the fog, to keep on in the proper direction. A month after the party had set out, the weather became warm, stormy, and foggy. A few days later, the weather again changed, this time becoming bitter cold, and a blizzard set in. All this while no natives had been seen, but at the end of the first month, the party came upon a small village where they hired a guide for a rifle and some ammunition.

Blizzards continued, but with the native guide good time was being made — then with the hardest part of the journey to make, food became low and no game was to be seen. They were in a country where there was no timber for fire and the little food they had was eaten raw. Then the weather became warm, there was a foot and a half of water on the ice, and the feet became extremely sore due to wading in icy water for hours at a time. Broken ice cut the men's moccasins, and their feet soon became so sore that every step was agony. Finally, in May, the patrol met a large party of Eskimos, all armed with rifles, who threatened the little police patrol and then — Inspector French learned that the men who had killed Radford and Street were among those Eskimos, and from them learned the story of the slayings. Here it is:

Radford and Street arrived at Bathurst Inlet from Schultz Lake, where they had been collecting specimens for the United States Biological Society, of Washington, D. C., and hired two natives to guide them to Fort McPherson. When the party was ready to leave, one of the Eskimos changed his mind, claiming his wife had met with an injury, and Radford, who had been in the Far North a long time and should have known better, struck the native with his heavy dog whip; other natives rushed to the assistance of their tribesman, and Radford was stabbed in the back with a sealing spear. Street tried to get his rifle from his sled, but was shot down.

This story was verified by a number of witnesses, including a statement that Radford had threatened to throw an Eskimo into a crack in the ice.

French realized that no jury in the country would convict these ignorant Eskimos for doing what they thought necessary in order to protect themselves, so no arrests were made. Instead of getting their men, French and Caulkins talked to the Eskimos about the white man's law and instructed them in what was expected in the future. They told them that there were to be no more killings, and that no matter how long after a crime the Police heard about it, the criminals, Eskimos or white men, would be found and arrested. They then spent several weeks in visiting other camps, giving the same instructions and information.

The Inspector's work was done, but now he must

get his party back to headquarters. Their food was completely gone, their furs in tatters, and they had very little ammunition. Learning that there was a ship frozen in the ice three hundred miles away, French decided to visit it to replenish their slim larder. It took many days to make the trip, due to warm weather that melted the ice and compelled the men to walk ankle deep in icy water; one day it would snow and the next day rain, but after many hardships, the party reached the U. S. Schooner, *Teddy Bear*, and from Captain Bernard received the needed supplies and food. For the first time in many long weeks they ate the well-cooked food of a white man again. The supplies received were sufficient for but a short time — it would be necessary to depend upon hunting game for a great part of the return journey. The party decided to strike out for Bernard Harbor, where there was a Hudson Bay fur-trading post, and summer would be upon them in a very few days. This plan was carried out.

During the few short summer weeks, the policemen fished (drying their catches for dog food on their return journey) and bought furs from which they made new clothing. They repaired their dog harness and sleds, and in the last few days of summer, sailed to the mouth of the Coppermine River to wait for the ice to form.

In October a start was made for Bathurst Inlet, but it was a mild opening of winter and travel was both dangerous and hard because of thin ice. They

were rewarded for their hardships, however, because, after leaving Bathurst Inlet, they located food and shot six deer — and the same day encountered a large pack of wolves that hung close enough to keep the dogs unruly and to scare away game. One night the wolves succeeded in carrying away one of the dogs.

About the middle of December the rations were gone, the clothing of the men in tatters, and the dogs in a weakened condition. A deer was shot, but was fed to the dogs — it was more necessary for them to be able to work, than to satisfy the hunger of the men. Two years before this, Inspector Beyts had cached food at Thelon River, about a hundred miles to the south. French believed if that cache could be reached, all would be well.

The wolves by now had left the trail, and game was seen, but it seemed impossible for the men to get within rifle range — and it was most maddening to the hungry men — so more dogs were killed and fed to the remaining dogs. The following day there was no food for the dogs so they stole a bag of badly needed deerskin clothing and ate that.

Finally, French and Caulkins became too exhausted to travel. It looked as if they had reached the end of the trail, when they met some hunters who had shot a number of muskox and who provided food for the party. That was on Christmas Day. What a feed they had! It was a week before the party was able to travel again, lack of food and hard traveling had so weakened the men. The dogs started to pick up,

and the entire party felt better and looked forward anxiously to setting out homeward again.

When the patrol was resumed, stormy weather set in, and it was with great difficulty that they made the Thelon River; when they did, they were met with great disappointment, for the cache had broken down and all that French was able to salvage was a few pounds of moldy flour, some tobacco, and a few candles. But there were more troubles in store for the policemen. They had more than three hundred miles to go to reach the depot on Baker Lake—and the weakened men and dogs were forced to travel in bitter cold and biting blizzards, and hunger—they must still depend on game they must find and shoot. One blizzard held them in camp several days—then the food became so low they were compelled to travel regardless of the weather and a terrific blizzard so blinded the men that they became lost and went eighty miles out of their way. For days the men and dogs were cold, hungry, discouraged, and then they suddenly came upon Baker Lake, and a few days later reached the Mounted Police depot.

Inspector French and the party traveled 321 days and covered about 5,000 miles, all of it on foot except 100 miles.

It requires strength and courage to make such patrols—only the physically fit, the clear of brain, and the clean of heart have the courage necessary to do the things French and Caulkins did.

Chapter XI

THE LONG TREK BEGINS

THE morning following our going ashore from the ship, I formed the men into two groups. One I placed in charge of the pilot, who was a most intelligent Eskimo called Carl. He was to go ahead, while I remained in charge of the second party, which included the three prisoners. All except the prisoners had rifles; in addition I had two service revolvers. Each man carried a pack consisting of some part of our equipment. Unless we ran into exceptionally bad weather, we might be able to get along, for we were in a game country and there was plenty of forest land. We would be sure of fire at any rate, and if we went hungry a few days — well, many a man in the North had done that at one time or another.

At my word of command we started. We kept within sight of the shore as much as possible, for the only compass aboard the ship was too large and heavy to take with us. We must depend on the stars for guidance, the sun would disappear from view most likely for its winter rest before we would reach our destination, and with the shore in view, we would at all times have a line to guide us. In addition, there was always the bare possibility of seeing seals, and seals, while

not intended as a white man's food, are most palatable to Eskimos.

For the first three days we got along wonderfully. The men were in good spirits, we were able to have comfortable camps at night, and there was plenty of food. We walked each day as long as we could, and when we made camp, waited until every man said he felt rested enough to travel, all, that is, except the prisoners who grumbled every step of the way.

On the fourth day, we ran into a heavy snow. We couldn't see our hands in front of our faces, so we made camp. The three prisoners had been acting queerly that day, and because we were going through a dense forest, I walked well in the rear, so as to be able to keep the prisoners moving in case they lagged. When I got to the camp, where Carl had already started a fire and had his men preparing a windbreak, I found all the men present. But the number of packs seemed small, so I counted them — three were missing. With the aid of Carl, I started an investigation, and learned the three prisoners had watched their chance and during the blinding snow when I was not in sight, had thrown away their packs. What a blow! Those packs contained much-needed food as well as some of the fur clothing that we would soon need. Perhaps I should have watched out for just such a bit of mischief, but who would believe that an Eskimo, knowing the rigors of the country, would deliberately throw away food and clothing? Of course I was dumbfounded. Carl did the talking. He was angry through

and through. There was no use of my talking to the prisoners, I could not talk their language and they could not talk mine. I don't know what Carl said, of course, but I noticed the three prisoners tremble, then turn to me as if appealing for aid. At that, the other Eskimos jumped on the three rogues and it was difficult to stop the fight before great harm had been done. That was the last time food and clothing were thrown away or wasted — from then on we had good reason to hoard every morsel that came our way.

The next day a genuine northern blizzard set in and for seven days we had to remain in camp. Fortunately we were able to keep our fires roaring, and we kept watches. Every six hours, the watch would change; Carl and his men watched six hours, keeping their eyes on their sleeping comrades and keeping the fires going, then I would take my turn with my men. In that way we managed to get along nicely until the seventh day, when we realized that we were about out of food and that something must be done at once to save the lives of the men.

The weather became bitter cold — 68 below. Traveling in that weather, while possible is foolish — but we must have food, so Carl and three men went out to look for game. For a whole day we heard and saw nothing of them, but on the second day they returned with a deer. They reported that there were more about six miles from camp. All of us set out at once to locate the caribou and bring them into camp. This was indeed luck for us. The hides could be used for

clothing, the meat for food, and the larger bones could be shaped into snow knives by the Eskimos — we would then be able to build snow igloos instead of sleeping in the open with only windbreaks.

We had little trouble in finding the carcasses, and it was not hard work at all dragging them back to our camp. As a punishment for their meanness in throwing away their packs, I made the three prisoners do most of the work, and when we were back in camp, kept them at work dressing the carcasses and getting the hides prepared for tanning. The Eskimos did not wait for the meat to be cooked, but started to eat it raw as soon as we got to camp. They wanted to feast as soon as we found the caribou but I denied them that pleasure. It was necessary for us to get back to camp as soon as possible; a bad snow-storm might prove disastrous to us. We couldn't take a chance on being lost.

We were well prepared for several more days. We feasted that day and the next because it was too cold to travel, but the third day we set out, our faces to the north again, with fresh meat enough to last several days. The first night out, snow igloos were made and we found them much more comfortable than we did our open camps. Altogether, we were not in a bad way, considering everything, but we were still far from our destination and many things might happen. It was a great responsibility that was on my shoulders.

For several days we traveled without any adventure. Then late one afternoon, just as we had decided

to make camp, we came to an old abandoned stone hut that had been used by an Arctic exploring party many years ago. I knew that landmark was exactly four hundred miles from Herschel Island. We had traveled less than a hundred miles in the many long days since we had abandoned our ship. This was a keen disappointment, as I had believed, and so had Carl, that we had come at least twice that distance. Well, it couldn't be helped. We kept on going as best we could. There was nothing more to do — nothing more could be expected — and we all realized we were in a sad fix unless we put forth every bit of our energy. Even the prisoners recognized that by now, and were acting as well as the other natives.

We rested one night in the old stone house and the next day set out for the trek northward — north, our faces always to the north — the north where we would have at least a few comforts and all of the necessities of life. For several days we made good progress, but the long, dark night had set in, and with but a couple of hours sunlight a day, traveling was becoming slower and slower. In a few days we would have no sunlight at all, and we would have to travel by the pale rays of the moon — the only light for 110 days.

Then one day (we had been traveling all night) we made camp and were getting ready to rest, when we heard the baying of wolves. The Eskimos at once showed signs of fear. I had experienced attacks by wolves and knew only too well what to expect. I had

Carl tell all the men to stand near the fire and throw brands of fire at the wolves as they approached and to save our ammunition. We did not have much of that, and if we were to run out of it, we would be in a sorry fix indeed.

We could hear the wolves coming closer and closer. Soon we could see their eyes in the darkness. And then, each man drew a flaming stick from the fire and started toward the eyes and when close tossed the firebrands into the faces of the beasts — they retreated and for that night we heard no more of them. But the next night, and the next, and the next, we were fighting them off. On the last night, we built an unusually big fire, hoping it might scare them away altogether — it did seem to keep them off — and when we started to throw the firebrands they retreated — we did not see them after. But, as we turned toward our campfire, we saw that the lower branches of the trees around the camp were afire — and the fire was spreading to the other branches. Soon the whole camp would be ablaze. Like madmen we grabbed up our food and equipment and rushed from the spot, to the shore of the Arctic and watched the fire. We had saved all our possessions, but where would we rest for the night? There wasn't enough snow to build igloos and we couldn't camp in the woods — so we did the only thing left to do, we started toward the north again. We were tired and foot-sore, yet we had to go on until we found some spot free from fire.

For hours, how many I don't know, we walked on the frozen, broken shores of the ocean. The fire spread quickly, and not until we were almost dropping from fatigue did we come to a place of safety. There was a wide river — so wide the fire couldn't cross, and on the north banks we made camp. Tired, hungry, discouraged, we went to our rest. When we awoke, my wrist watch showed we had been asleep twelve hours.

Another blizzard! We were prepared for it though. We had enough warning to prepare a fine windbreak and we had a large stock of wood cut and ready for the fire. But again we were running short of food. We had enough for about a week of short rations. But this was not enough; we must get more. Again Carl came to the rescue and with two other men set out for game. They returned in a few hours empty handed and with the sad news they had seen no game at all, but had seen the tracks of wolverines, the most feared animal of the North.

Wolverines are great sneaks and thieves. They will steal anything, even to the game in traps. They will leap from branches of trees onto the backs of animals and chew them to death. No trapper will remain in a section where there are wolverines — and for that matter, neither will any game animal. We were, at least temporarily, up against it as far as getting more food was concerned.

The blizzard struck! The strong wind whipped the snow about until one couldn't see across the fire, ex-

cept indistinctly. Snow fell all about us but was immediately swept into a swirling mass by the wind. My little police thermometer showed 65 below. For four days that blizzard lasted, and when it died out, we faced the problem of securing food — food we must have. By now our furs were ragged — the wind seeped through the rips and seared our bodies. Several of the men were badly frostbitten and most discouraged. I believe I could have suffered all the cold and hunger of that trip if I had been with my own people — but the Eskimos do not seem to be able to get along unless they have food, even just a little of it, and because we were where we could not expect game, they were constantly mumbling. I couldn't understand what was said, but the expressions on their faces told enough.

When we again set out, we had sufficient food for three days, and for three days we ate with the hope of running into game — but we did not. On the last day we had food, all of us were most downhearted. We had searched for game but had seen none. We knew that before us lay a fox country, where little or no eatable game would be found. But, where there were foxes, most likely there would be trappers, and once we would find trappers, we would not be far from either white man's aid or that of natives.

On we plodded. A whole day. That night we huddled around a roaring fire. Hunger alone is bad enough, but the combination of hunger and cold is

terrible. The following day we set out with empty stomachs and throughout that day in bitter cold we treked stubbornly. When the moon ceased to shine, we again made camp and were thankful once more for the forest and the opportunity of a glowing fire. The next day and the next without food. We were so weak by now we could scarcely walk — frequently we would stumble and bruise our bodies and get up from the ground covered with snow that somehow got inside our mittens or under the hoods of our parkas and made us most uncomfortable. We came to a point where we could scarcely move; we had about abandoned hope. I believe I would have given up entirely were it not for the men whose lives were in my care. I was so miserable from the cold, so famished from lack of food that my entire body was like a huge boil. I had been through a similar experience earlier in the last winter, but that was nothing like this. We *must* be near the Delta. We could not have miscalculated, for instead of being optimistic of our daily treks, I was inclined to lessen the distance figured or guessed. Stumbling along, we came to a wide river, and Carl who was in the lead (I always took the rear so as to assist those who had fallen) gave a great shout:

“It’s the Arctic Red River!” Immediately there was a hoarse, feeble shout from the men, for the Arctic Red River was in the Delta, it was the stream that joined the Mackenzie and continued on to the Arctic Ocean. That cry gave us new hope — the men

suddenly took on new life — and they forced themselves into action. Then suddenly a short distance away a fire lit up the shores of the ocean. At last we were nearing human beings again.

On we stumbled. How long I do not know, but soon I could hear those in the lead shout in Eskimo, Carl in his broken English, then I stumbled over the form of a man. I dragged him as best I could and called for help, but no attention was paid. In order to reach the spot where we had seen the fire, we must cross a narrow creek — one of the little branches of the Mackenzie River flowing through the Delta — and just as we were in the center of it, the man I was dragging and myself, the ice cracked and we fell into the icy water. I called aloud, called for help, and with one hand grasping the collar of the parka of my Eskimo and the other hand grasping at the edge of the ice, calling and shouting for help and fighting for the life of my companion and myself I suddenly became very weak, a sweet sensation came over me, I became blissfully warm and then — I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness, which was nearly two weeks later, I could faintly hear the voices of a man and a woman. Little by little the voices became louder, but I could not open my eyes although I could feel the warmth of the room and the presence of the two and knew I was somewhere among friends.

"This is the day, Inspector. Within a few hours we will know," said the woman, whom I later found out was Mrs. Cain, wife of the missionary at Fort Mc-

Pherson and one of the three white women inside the Arctic Circle.

"Isn't there something else we can do?" I heard the Inspector say, almost impatiently.

"Nothing, here. If we had a hospital, there is much we could do, but here, nothing. We have done everything in our power."

"I don't know how I'll ever thank you for what you have done during the past ten days, ever since we brought Bill here."

"Now, Inspector, I've done only what any other woman would have done, and no more than you or Bill would have done for me."

"You have neglected your own family to take care of one of my boys."

"Well that boy, Bill here, nearly sacrificed his life in order to keep his oath of office. Remember what Carl said, that if Bill had been alone, he knows that more than once he would have given up."

"Yes, that's true. How soon will you be able to tell whether he is to live or die."

"Any time now. Within two or three hours at the most. The turning point is due between now and ten o'clock."

"Shall we try forcing more gruel down his throat?"

"Yes, it is being heated now. Be patient, Inspector, please. If you wish to be useful, you might bring the gruel."

"All right, Mrs. Cain. Always glad to accommodate a lady."

Try though I would, I couldn't open my eyes. The Inspector brought the gruel. Now, I always hated gruel, even when I was a little boy. I can't get to like the taste of it and I don't like the smell of it — all because someone fed me gruel twice a day for several days when I was ill as a lad. Mrs. Cain took my temperature.

"Most encouraging so far, Inspector."

"That's fine. I'll hold him up and you feed him."

Mrs. Cain, a spoonful of gruel in hand, was just about to open my mouth and pour the gruel into it, while the Inspector held me up, when by a supreme effort, I opened my eyes.

"Nasty, beastly stuff," I said, and as I passed out of the picture, I heard Mrs. Cain say:

"Thank God, he'll live."

And then began a battle for life in which I was able to assist.

* * *

The night of the accident, Inspector Brooks and Corporal Cornelius were going down the coast trying to locate the patrol ship or my party. The trader's ship was caught in the ice off Banks Land and none of the party had as yet reached Herschel Island. Wild rumors reached the Inspector, caused by a party reporting having seen the two ships in the ice and both of us heading toward Banks Land. We actually did that for a couple of hours immediately after we had freed the trader's ship from the ice, but only to avoid floating ice, and had resumed our course as

soon as we could, later drawing as close as possible to shore as already explained. But finally, two of the Eskimos of the little band I had visited in order to give medicine to the sick woman, told their story, and it was repeated to the Inspector, who at once set out to locate us.

This all may seem strange to you so accustomed to telephones and the telegraph, but there are none of these in the Arctic regions and news of an accident or crime which has occurred just a few miles away may not reach the police for weeks or months.

Of course, the Inspector and all the police were worried about us, but knowing the trading ship was going to Banks Land, and being told I was towing it in that direction, no one can blame him for not coming to our aid until he did.

Mrs. Cain was a most resourceful woman. Day after day she nursed me until I was able to get along with just the aid of the brother officer detailed to look after me. It was the Inspector's fire we had seen, and when all of my party arrived save the man I dragged and myself, the Inspector and the Corporal with him ran back the trail until they found me. For many days my life was despaired of, but finally, clean living and rugged exercise exerted itself, and I was on the mend.

But what a time I had! There was nothing to do to amuse myself except to listen to the phonograph. I tried to read but that tired me and my head would ache after a few minutes of it. One night the Inspec-

tor allowed me to have a smoke. I hadn't had one since a few days after deserting the ship.

"Feeling kind of chipper, old man?"

"Fine, Inspector. A bit restless, that's all."

"So I notice. Get tired of the music, and can't read long. I'll have to get some other company for you."

"Oh, never mind that. I'll be all right."

"Mrs. Cain will be over tomorrow. She'd have been here sooner but you know she has a family of her own to take care of so I told her we could look after you."

"She should stay at home. She's a fine woman and I appreciate all she has done for me."

"Well, as long as you want something to occupy your time, let me tell you a story or two. How would that suit you?"

"What will it be, Jack and the Beanstalk?" And we laughed.

"No, nothing so amusing as that perhaps. Since you were transferred here you have been busy. You've run into a lot of bad luck, but have done some fine work. You're a credit to the Force."

"Thank you, Inspector."

"And seeing that you are really one of us, I thought you might like to hear about some of our own men. Men who like yourself and others have really suffered and yet have done things."

"That suits me fine. Shoot, Inspector."

"Did you ever hear about Inspector Considine and his men?"

"Just a little. I know he was in the Klondike during the gold rush and is credited with doing some fine work."

"That's true, but you don't know enough. Want to hear some more?"

"Sure I do. If you have time, tell me the whole story."

"The whole story would take days and days, but I'll give you the main particulars." And this is the story of Inspector Considine as told me by Inspector Brooks.

* * *

Inspector Considine was a most resourceful man, quick, strong, had great endurance, and could handle himself in a pinch against great odds. He was a man among men. He was ordered into the uninviting Yukon country to take charge during the gold rush. He went north in the summer and he and his men cut logs and floated them down river to the site of their camp. The work had to be rushed, because winter was fast approaching. The camp was completed just in time, for hardly had the men finished the work and moved in their stuff before the first blasts of winter struck the Yukon Territory.

Many of the prospectors who joined the great rush for gold were the hardest criminals of North America. There were toughs, gamblers, and the lowest of the low of all criminal classes. At first, this bad element did not invade the gold country, but as news of great

finds reached the large cities of Canada and the United States, the crooks flocked to the North to gain wealth without working for it.

At first one's goods were safe, wherever placed, along the trail, but with the coming of the toughs it was necessary to guard the property with men well armed. It was then the Mounties stepped in and before long the toughs realized that wherever the Mounties were, it was not profitable to break the law, and so order was re-established.

For four years Inspector Considine maintained law and order in the bleak Yukon regions with the aid of a handful of police, and was then returned to the prairies. Then came Inspector Starnes.

Starnes ruled with an iron hand. He had to. With only a few police to handle all the duties of the Yukon, it was necessary that he be recognized as Canada's representative in all matters, or the tough element would step in and take the power from him. During the first three months Starnes was on duty in the Yukon, more than 200 cases were tried for lawbreaking. Men who would not work were given jail sentences, for Starnes realized, as does every other man who thinks, that idleness breeds crime. Because of Inspector Starnes, Dawson, the most crowded mining town in the world at that time, never had a crime wave of even the smallest proportions, while just across the border on the American side, history shows that crimes, such as robbery and murder, were rampant. The moment the Canadian border

was crossed, however, the criminals either became useful, peaceful citizens or were turned back.

When the miners sent their gold out, nuggets and dust were made into ingots and sent to the coast, protected by the Mounted Police. Although tens of thousands of dollars' worth of gold were often dispatched, guarded by two or three young Mounties, not one cent's worth of gold was lost while under their care.

Two criminals, La Belle and Fournier, arrived in White Horse for the express purpose of swindling their fellow countrymen; they intended to use their knowledge of French to inspire confidence in other Frenchmen, then murder and rob them. It was not long before they fell in with three French-Canadians and embarked with them on a small boat, intending to go to Stewart River. There the two thieves murdered their new-found friends, robbed them, weighted their bodies down with stones and threw them in the river. They destroyed every bit of evidence, and accomplished what seemed to them the perfect crime. They went on to Dawson, then traveling farther north, met another miner with considerable gold. This man was also murdered and robbed, and again, no evidence was left behind. But — La Belle and Fournier had not reckoned on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The police had the number of their boat, 3744, and they noted that other boats going on the river the same time as 3744 arrived safely at Dawson, but not 3744. So the police

traced that boat as far as Stewart River and later found it abandoned at Klondike City. Then the police searched the river and found the bodies of the murdered men, and on one of them a small metal tag bearing his name and address.

This was but a slender clue, but with their usual skill the police set to work. Constable Burns, who could speak French, went from camp to camp and finally located Fournier who was later identified as one of the men in the 3744. Constable Welsh went to the United States and after a systematic search in the mining towns of six states located La Belle in Nevada. By this time the police had been able to work up such a perfect case through a chain of evidence that the two men confessed, each blaming the other for the crimes. At the trial, they were found guilty and paid the extreme penalty.

The Mounties never forget. Sergeant Field was told that two Indian children had been deserted by their parents and later devoured by the wolves. He set out on snowshoes and traveled 250 miles to investigate and found parts of clothing and blood-stained ground and snow, and snow trampled by the wolves at the place the crime was supposed to have been committed. Then he located the father of the children, but he could not arrest the man as he did not have sufficient evidence. So Field calmly waited until the following summer when the whole tribe was assembled and then secured the needed evidence. The Indian was tried and convicted. On this case

Field traveled more than eighteen hundred miles on foot and then made the arrest more than ten months after the crime had been committed. From then on, you may believe, the Indians had a lot more respect for their children and for the Mounties.

* * *

"How do you like the Police now, Bill?" the Inspector smiled as he finished.

"Same as before, Inspector. I've always considered them the finest men in the world. Your stories of the Yukon merely make me a little more proud than I was before, that I am a member of that courageous group."

"Now then, how about some sleep?"

"Aw, come on, Inspector. I'm O.K. now. I don't need any more of this babying stuff."

"No? Well, for once at least you're wrong. In two or three more days I'm leaving for a long trip, and I'm leaving you in charge until I return. You'll need your strength."

"All right, Inspector. I'll be ready for the new duties."

And when the Inspector left two days later, I thought, and so did he, I was ready for almost anything. My good friend, Mrs. Cain, felt very sure I would be able to get along all right. And, I most likely would have but for a most unforeseen incident. I'll tell you about it.

Chapter XII

THE FIGHT IN THE DARK

"You will be the only man on the Island for a few days, Bill."

"So it seems, Mr. Cain. But, there'll be nothing for anyone to worry about, and while you're gone, I'll look out for Mrs. Cain."

"Thanks a lot, Bill. I feel better about going away knowing that there is someone here to look after her."

"Just as if I need a guard," the missionary's wife sniffed.

"You can never tell what may happen in this country, my dear," replied her husband, and a few minutes later, he bade his wife good-by to set out across the frozen ocean for the mainland.

The missionaries in the Far North have a lot of work to attend to; they not only look after the spiritual well-being of their charges, but usually do a great deal of the medical work. As a rule, the work in the vicinity of the Mackenzie River Delta was divided between Mr. Cain and the Catholic Missionary, Father Le Couer, at Fort Arctic Red River, but an epidemic was keeping the priest busy in a camp up the

Arctic Red River, and so for the time being Mr. Cain was doing double duty.

"I'll be doing some baking today, Bill, and if the bread turns out all right, I'll bring some over to you in time for supper."

"That'll be a treat, Mrs. Cain. The Inspector and I have been doing the baking here lately, and believe me, it's not much."

"You poor boys, with all the hardships you go through, having to eat the kind of bread I've seen policemen bake," and she laughed and departed for her log cabin a short distance away, holding onto the life line as she walked, for a good old-fashioned Arctic blizzard was just in the making.

All through the day I found much to keep me busy. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Cain returned with the bread, and we visited for a half hour or so. It was a black night. The wind was blowing and the snow was swirling through the air. One could not see his hand a foot in front of his face.

"I hope Mr. Cain reached the mainland before this storm broke."

"So do I, Bill. But he is able to take care of himself. He's been in the North a long time you know."

"Yes, and if ——"

"What was that," interrupted Mrs. Cain.

"Sounded like a man calling. I'll get into my parka and go out and investigate."

"Be careful, Bill. I'll wait here in the detachment until you return."

"I'll be careful all right," and with that I left the building and taking hold of the life line strung to the next building, listened. For a few moments I didn't hear anything, then from the darkness came a shout, "Help!"

I returned to the detachment building.

"Please get things ready for an accident, Mrs. Cain, will you?"

"What is it, Bill?"

"I heard a cry for help. I'm getting a lantern and will set out for the high bank. That's where the sound seemed to come from." A moment later I was again in the cold, dark, windy night, making as fast time as I could for the high bank, about three hundred feet away.

It was a hard job going even that short distance. My lantern did very little good. I could see but a very short distance ahead of me, so I kept communicating with the man, whoever he was, by shouting.

"Where are you?" I would call.

"Keep straight ahead," would be the answer. Sometimes it would be "You're going too far to the east." In about forty-five minutes I was within a short distance of the bank, and instead of calling loud to each other, we could talk in almost an ordinary tone of voice, and then I came face to face with the man. I held up my lantern to get a good view of him, and to my utter astonishment beheld three men. Two of them made a rush at me — the other disappeared in the dark as soon as I was knocked to the snow.

It was, of course, an uneven fight. I was no match for the two men — I doubt if I would have been even without my recent illness — for I was still somewhat weak, and being entirely unprepared for the fight, was at a decided disadvantage. I fought as best I could, and then seeing that I had no chance whatever with my fists, managed to get my revolver from under my parka — I let go with it — there was a flash — a report — and I heard one man fall. Then the other was upon me, and we fought like demons. I was hardly a match for the one man, for I was fast tiring with the unusual effort, but I succeeded in getting him down and under me. In the meantime, I was thinking about the third man. What had become of him — where was he — if he went to the police building he would find Mrs. Cain there alone. Would he harm her? My brain was in a whirl. I clubbed the man under me with the butt of my revolver, and he became quiet. I could not leave the two of them there to freeze, I could not leave Mrs. Cain alone to protect herself in case the other one had gone to the detachment. By now the fellow I had shot was stumbling about, and I forced him to the sled, helped him place his companion on it, and we started.

It was a slow trip, in the darkness and blinding snow, but at last I could make out the light of the police building, and then I heard loud talking. I pushed the one man ahead of me into the building, and there confronting each other, was a stranger and Mrs. Cain.

"Put down that gun," commanded the man, and I noticed Mrs. Cain had a police rifle in her hand.

"I'll not put it down," she replied. "Oh Bill, hurry," she cried as she recognized me.

With Mrs. Cain holding the rifle, it was an easy matter to get the two men into cells in the adjoining room. I locked them in with double locks as is the usual procedure with white men, and then we went back into the other room. I was worn out and tired. Mrs. Cain was quite calm. She went to the stove and started to pour out some water to take care of my wounds, which I had not noticed until then.

"What is all this trouble, Bill?"

"I don't know yet. There's a third man outside, I must get him in here."

"What? Another one?"

"Yes. He was knocked out and I put him on the sled. I'll get him in here, lock him up and then take care of the dog team."

Just then the door swung open, there was a rush of cold and wind, and before I could face about toward the door the woman screamed:

"Dodge, Bill, he has a spear." I dropped to the floor, but not soon enough. I felt the cold steel of the sealing spear strike my shoulder and I was rendered almost useless, for at least the time being. Before I could recover myself, Mrs. Cain had grabbed up the rifle, and leveling it at the intruder called:

"Stand or I'll shoot to kill."

"I surrender," cried the man. With considerable

exertion, for my wounded shoulder was most painful, I arose from the floor and with the assistance of Mrs. Cain, who continued to hold the rifle leveled at the man, he was marched into the cell room. He too was locked in and then I somehow managed to go out and put up the dog team; that is, staked them inside our corral. I dragged the sled into the house, and with the patience and skill of a trained nurse, Mrs. Cain dressed my wounded shoulder.

"A nasty wound, Bill. I'm afraid of an infection."

"Oh, there'll be nothing like that."

"Just the same we're going to take every precaution against it." And so for a half hour I was washed, and bandaged, and treated against an infection. When that job was finished:

"And now, Mrs. Cain, I must get that sled unloaded. I want to find out what those fellows have on their sled."

"Did you search the men yet?"

"No. If they had any firearms concealed on them, they would have used them during the fight. I want to find out all I can, and then I will question them, one at a time."

The evening's excitement had not seemed to shake the missionary's wife a bit. She insisted now on helping me unload the sled. At first all we found was the usual equipment of a small trip; a few cooking utensils, some food, extra clothing. Then we came upon a small tin box filled with papers, but they contained nothing of interest, so far as I could see.

"Strange, these men traveled at least from the mainland without rifles, Mrs. Cain."

"I didn't think of that. Why, no man, white or native, ever travels without rifles in this country."

"Not a firearm of any kind or any ammunition. I can't understand that at all."

"And those papers. Not a thing of any value to anyone."

"I believe they are valuable. But we don't understand them. Well, I'm going to find out who those men are and why they fought me in the dark and why the third one came here. What did he say to you when he entered?"

"He asked who I was. I told him I was the missionary's wife."

"And then?"

"He told me to be quiet. All he was after, so he said, was some papers."

"Oho, he wants some of the police records I suppose."

"It would seem that way. No other documents are kept here, are there?"

"Only police records and customs records. Of course we have blank warrants, commitment papers, licenses, and the like."

"This sounds like a mystery to me, Bill."

"Whatever it is, I'm going to find out."

"Don't exert yourself too much. Remember, you're just recovering from a serious illness, have been in quite a fight tonight, and now have a bad shoulder."

"I'll watch out," and with that I entered the cell room, and opened the cell of the man who had run from the fight to enter the building. I held my revolver in my left hand.

The prisoner glared at me.

"Step into the other room. I want to have a talk with you," and with that we left the cell room, but not until I had ordered the man to place some wood on the fire.

"Close the door," I commanded. "Mrs. Cain, will you be good enough to take down the notes for me?"

"Surely, Bill."

"Thanks. Now, mister, I want to know who you are and what your idea was in trying to get in here, and what papers you are interested in."

"Say, big boy, you're a policeman. Suppose you find out."

"Just what I intend to do. Before this night is over I'm going to know a whole lot about you and your two pals."

"I'm not saying a word."

"Very well. We'll try one of the others. And until you're ready to talk, there'll be no food for you. Come on, back to the cells."

Then I tried another man. The same results. Instead of returning him to the cell room, I took him into the storeroom and made him start a fire there. Then I placed leg irons on him, handcuffed him, and left him. I got the third man from the cell room, the one who had thrown the spear at me.

"I want some information from you men. Until I get it, not a man eats or drinks. I'm alone here. You three men attacked me without provocation after I was trapped by your calls for help. I want to know what this is all about."

"Buddy, we'll not talk. We can do without food. Remember this though. On the mainland is a gang you'd like to get. So would we. They hate the police as much as we do."

"What have we to do with the other gang?"

"That gang robbed us of a sled, a team of dogs, and our rifles and ammunition. They know we came to the island. They'll follow us, not only to get us, but get some papers you have here."

"Go on."

"Go on nothing. I've said all I intend to say."

And not another word would he say. So I chained this one up in a corner of the kitchen. With the three men apart, I thought I might be able to question them later and get some information.

"I'll see that all the shutters are fastened from the inside and that all the doors are locked, Mrs. Cain. Please keep that rifle in your hand until I return," and with that I went about my duties.

We had an Eskimo servant at the time, but he was on the other side of the island visiting a friend. He should have returned several hours before, but the storm had delayed him. In the morning, perhaps, he would arrive and then we could accomplish something. Brave as Mrs. Cain was, it was not right to ex-

pect her to become involved in a fight with two bands of crooks. I felt quite confident that despite my wounded shoulder, with my Eskimo with me, we could hold off any gang that might attempt to storm the police detachment.

Early in the morning the man in the kitchen started to berate me because he had nothing to eat. I told him that as soon as he was ready to talk, he could eat.

"Well, I'll tell you all I know."

"That's what I want. As soon as you tell your story and I have checked it with your friends, you can have as fine a breakfast as you ever ate in the North."

"What do you want to know first?"

"I want to know your names."

"Jack Desmond, Pete Unson, and Jerry Johanson."

"Where are you from?"

"Nome."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Two years ago we deserted from the whaling schooner *Unganda*."

"Who are the men in the other gang?"

"They are the captain, first mate, and chief engineer of the ship."

"What are the papers you want?"

"The papers have to do with the *Unganda*. Were you here two years ago?"

"No, I came here a year and a half ago."

"Then you don't know about the *Unganda*." I waited for more, but the man didn't seem to want to continue.

"Go on. Go on with the story."

"Well, there was a murder aboard. That's why we deserted the ship. The murder was in Canadian waters. When the ship got to Nome, and after we deserted, the captain, mate, and chief engineer were accused of the crime by one of the whalers. So the ship was laid up there by the Alaskan authorities."

"What has that to do with papers here?"

"If we can get the records of the case here, we can prove that the man was murdered in Canadian waters because there was one man less in leaving here than when we registered at the Island."

"How was it there was no examination at the time?"

"There was one. We explained to the Inspector in charge here that the man had deserted."

"Oh, so that's the way of it. But why did you swear to that?"

"Well, it was like this. We had a share in the profits of the cruise. The captain refused us our share. So we squealed. That's all there is to the case. We wanted those papers to prove the murder was in Canadian waters so the captain and the two other officers would be prosecuted by the police."

"And why are the captain and the others so interested in getting the same papers?"

"The captain wants to prove that the man actually deserted in these waters. That'll let him out."

"In other words, the records of that investigation

can be used either for or against the captain, according to who has them, is that it?"

"That's right."

"I'll check this story with the other men. In the meantime, Mrs. Cain (who had returned to look at my wounds) will get some breakfast for you."

While breakfast was being prepared I talked with the other men and the story checked. After breakfast, I went through the papers on file and found the record of the investigation. Attached to it, was a report from the fur trader at Fort Arctic Red River that there were three men, strangers, hanging about the Delta. Moreover, attached to this report were copies of three warrants—one for each of the three men I had under arrest for attacking me. Each of them was charged with murder. That was why the Inspector was away, to serve those warrants if he could locate the men.

I learned later that during the short time I was consulting with Mrs. Cain, after the men were locked up, they had concocted the story of the captain and his two officers, hoping that I would either release them or set out myself looking for the other three.

Later that day my native returned. Two hours after that, three white men arrived at the Island. I was a bit wary of them at first, but it developed they were the captain and officers of the *Uganda* and that they had been set upon by my prisoners but had beaten them off.

When the three men were tried for the murder, there was so much evidence against them that the trial lasted but a couple of hours. They were found guilty and, of course, sentenced.

Between the fight in the dark and a brave missionary's wife, we had captured three desperate men.

Chapter XIII

SUMMER AND WINTER

LONG before the breaking up of the ice, and while it was still possible to travel, I had entirely recovered, and with the usual Eskimos, members of the patrol-boat crew, I set out to take care of our little ship when the ice would break.

As soon as warm weather set in, we freed the boat without difficulty and then we proceeded with the summer's work. After the excitement I had had almost from my first day in the Far North, that summer palled me. There was not one bit of excitement throughout the ten weeks of navigation. But I did run into a little bit of information that later led to some interesting work.

Several Indians reported during the summer that they had seen a strange white man paddling around the streams of the Delta. They had reported this to the Corporal at Fort McPherson who knew nothing of him. The stranger, though, had told the Indians about floating down the Peel River from the Yukon Territory, and if the story were true he would have passed through Fort McPherson. A stranger who does not report his arrival or departure to the police is looked upon with suspicion, because such a report

is demanded not only as a police measure but for the good of the stranger himself. The man had been hunting — he had a great many traps and was evidently bent on trapping somewhere in the Delta as soon as winter set in. White men must have licenses to hunt and trap, so the man was a violator of the law and his case must be looked into.

I reported the matter to the Inspector, who ordered the Corporal to locate the man. Yet when we laid up the patrol boat in the Fall, he had not yet been found, so I was sent to assist the Corporal and then to return to the Island as soon as the man was located.

By this time I knew the Delta well. I could find my way about in summer or winter and was acquainted with the Indians and white men who trapped there regularly. There were not many of them, and they were scattered over a wide range of territory.

I was saved a trip all the way to Fort McPherson to report, because I met the Corporal in the Delta. Some Indians were slaughtering mountain sheep, in violation of the law, and as he knew where to locate them I was detailed to continue the search for the missing Louis Anderson, which he had learned was the man's name.

I crossed and recrossed the Delta east to west and north to south but could not locate Anderson. For the first three or four weeks, every trapper I questioned gave me the same answer: Sure, he had just seen him — somewhere else. Locate him though, I could not. And then one night — I was tired out and ready to

camp early — I came to a log house I had passed many times before. It had been deserted for a long time, for years, in fact. But tonight, there was a light in the cabin, and smoke was curling from the chimney. As I drew closer I noticed that the window and door had been repaired. Six dogs were staked outside, and there was a large pile of wood near the house.

As I came near enough to be heard by anyone inside, there was no cheery welcome as is customary in the North when a dog team draws up. So I called out. No reply. I stopped my team, and knocked on the door. Still no reply. I tried the door. It opened. And there, sitting beside a big stove, was a man, a fierce-looking man, a stranger.

"What's the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded.

"I'm Constable Bill of the Mounties. How's chances to put up for the night?"

"Rotten. I don't want any strangers here. Much less police."

"Strange words for a man in this country, Anderson."

"Anderson? Who calls me that?"

"I do, Louis. I've been looking for you for several weeks."

"What do you want me for? How do you know my name?"

"The natives have described you to me. Better change your mind, Louis, and let me stay here for the night. It's cold outside."

"All right, but I haven't enough food for both of us."

"I have plenty of food for myself and my dogs, and I may even have a bit of fresh meat for you."

"I want nothing from strangers. Well, put up your dogs, I'll help you."

"Thanks, Louis," and we went to work. Not until after supper did I have a chance to get any information from my host. He would not talk. My questions were answered with sneers or grunts. It was a long time before I could fathom the man, and then my conclusion was that he was insane. A madman. And a madman is about the worst kind of man to have to handle or associate with in the North.

"Where did you come from, Louis?"

"That's my business."

"Well, it's my business too." I spoke as mildly as possible, so as not to arouse his anger. "You've been hunting and trapping without a license, you know. That's a matter that will have to be attended to at once. Then too, I'd like to know why you came through Fort McPherson during the summer and didn't report to the police."

"I hate strangers, especially police. I'll pay for the licenses."

"O.K., Louis. And just a word of advice. We're accustomed to receiving civil treatment everywhere in Canada, and up here we are exceptionally well treated. For your own good, try to be a little more

polite, whether to a policeman or anyone else. You'll get along much easier."

"I hate strangers. I have no friends here. I'm goin' to bed."

Throughout that night I stayed awake. The big fire in the stove cast enough light about the room for me to be able to see Anderson's form, and I could see that his head was turned toward me. He arose several times, but each time that I moved, he returned to bed. Three or four times he placed more wood on the fire, and each time he held a piece of wood in his hand and watched me. I felt sure that he would attack me if given a chance.

The temperature was about 45 below and during the night a strong wind arose. The wind whistled around the little log house and when at last I arose to prepare our breakfast, I found the cabin surrounded by huge snowdrifts. To leave was beyond question, although I was anxious to take Louis to Fort McPherson where he might be kept in restraint if need be. But there was nothing to do but remain with the man until either someone made his way through the drifts to us or we managed to dig our way out.

Breakfast was a silent meal. Several times I tried to start a conversation but without success. I used my own food for both of us and had made a real tasty meal, which Louis ate with relish, but most of the time he had his eyes on me and I could sense he was plan-

ning something against me. Breakfast over, I cleaned up the tin dishes and then sat down before the huge fire. I noticed that the wood was about used up so I went outside and started to bring some in. I made one trip without any trouble, although I had to dig the wood from under a large snowbank. But the second time I tried to enter the cabin with my arms filled with wood, I found the door fastened from the inside and when I called out, I was answered by a loud, jeering laugh.

"Louis, open that door."

"I hate strangers and I hate all police," he replied after several minutes of laughter.

"Open that door or I'll break it in," I called. "It's cold out here and I want to get inside."

Instead of a reply, a shot rang out. Luckily for me it hit the wood I was carrying, and did no harm other than to make me drop my load. I was in a mess, all right. Locked out in the cold by a madman. My food was inside the cabin, but luckily enough my other equipment was on my sled outside. I made no move for a moment or two. I wanted to make sure I made no mistake in whatever I did or said. Then after considering the matter for a few minutes further, decided drastic action was necessary and I started to pound on the door, keeping myself to the side so that if the madman should shoot again, I would be out of harm's way. I could easily break down the door with a few heavy blows, that I knew, but I did not want to enrage the man any more than

necessary; he was already mad enough. Finally I grew a little weary of the whole thing, and called:

"Open at once or I'll break down the door."

"Stick 'em up," I heard from behind me, and turning, saw Louis with his rifle pointed at my head. He had crawled out of the little window, dropped to the snow, and had quietly stolen up behind me through the deep snow. My revolver was under my parka, and in order to reach it, I would have to drop my hands, at least one of them, and Louis would then most likely fire at me. If I didn't reach for it he would probably shoot anyway. Either way I was on a spot.

I thought fast. If Louis would come closer, then I might have a chance. But he put an end to my worries:

"I'm taking you with me. Keep your hands up." He started toward me through the deep snow. With his rifle leveled, the madman got close enough to me so that the weapon touched my body, and in doing that he made a big mistake. I snatched at the rifle — as I did so it went off — wrested it from him, and tossed it aside. Then I sprang on the man and within a few minutes, during which both of us rolled over and over in the snow, I subdued him. He was my prisoner. But now the question was how to get inside the cabin, and how to take care of the prisoner.

I had to take a chance. The snow was so deep that Louis, who hadn't put on his snowshoes, probably couldn't get far, so I ran to the cabin window, leaped inside and opened the door; as I had expected, Louis

was trying to get away through the deep snow. By following in his tracks, it was an easy job to catch up with him, and a few minutes later, I had him back in the cabin.

Because of his mental condition, I would have to be very careful how I handled the man. A sane prisoner I could make walk ahead of the dogs to the nearest detachment, but this man was fearless and I would have to treat him differently. It was too cold to tie him to a sled. I would have to stop every half hour and build a fire or else he would freeze. No matter what happened, I was in a sorry predicament unless I had aid.

During that day, Louis and I watched each other. He wouldn't say a word, and after making several attempts at drawing him into conversation without success, I finally gave it up as a bad job and remained silent. That night Louis slept. But I feared what might happen if I followed suit, so I remained awake. It was a hard job, for I had had no sleep the night before. On the following morning, however, I was cheered by the sound of bells and every once in a while could hear the loud "mush" of the Corporal. But whether or not he was coming to the cabin I didn't know. Finally, I looked out the door. No, he was going down the river near by, so I drew my revolver and fired three shots in the air and then called out. A second later I heard "Cheerio" and a few minutes later my friend was with me.

"Madman, Corporal."

"Oh, the man you were looking for."

"The very one."

"Well, that's a good job done. Why do you say he's mad?"

"Too long a story to tell now, but it's a fact. We've got to get him to the detachment where he can be watched and taken care of."

"That's easy enough now. Well, let's get started."

"What about his belongings?"

"We'll take the most important now and send for the rest later."

"One of us will have to drive the two police teams and his as well while the other looks after this fellow."

"That'll be hard work. Tell you what you do. There's an Eskimo camp eight or ten miles down river. You drive over and get a man or two to help us."

I reached the camp and had no difficulty in getting two men to return with me to the cabin. It took about four hours to make the trip to the camp, I spent an hour there, and it required about four hours to return. Nine hours in all. I found very little snow except in the immediate vicinity of the cabin, but could see there was a great deal of snow drifted to the north and west of the cabin. That would mean bad traveling, for Fort McPherson was to the west.

When we got close to the cabin, it was quite dark, and I was surprised that there was no light in the window. But, perhaps the Corporal had closed the shutters. At last we reached the cabin. Imagine my

surprise to see that the door was wide open. I walked inside and lit a lamp.

A terrible sight met my gaze. There on the floor lay my friend, the Corporal, apparently dead. Hastily, with the aid of the Eskimos, I took care of him as best I could. It was a long time before he opened his eyes. Then in jerky sentences told me the madman had caught him unawares, clubbed him and shot him, and escaped. I sent one of the Eskimos back to the camp for aid and left instructions that he was then to go on to Herschel Island and notify the Inspector of what had happened. The other man was to remain with the Corporal. I was going on to look for the madman, Louis Anderson.

It was not difficult at first to follow his trail. He had taken his team, and sled of course, had loaded his supplies on it, and then started through the deep snow to the west. Following in his tracks, I could of course make much better time than he could, and expected in a short time to catch up with him. Three or four miles from the starting point, the trail turned to the north, still in the deep snow. Then it turned east, and just as I reached the river where the snow was light, and I thought I could hear Louis and the dogs ahead of me, there was a loud report — another — another — and three of my dogs fell, shot dead.

As quickly as I could, I unharnessed the dogs and got ready to go on with but two dogs. Two more shots rang out, and my entire team lay dead at my feet. I dropped to the ground as soon as I had snatched a

rifle from my sled and started to crawl in the direction from which the shots seemed to come. Slowly but surely I picked my way — but the trail was too long. I was getting cold on the ground, so I got to my feet slowly and looked about. I was stunned, for here I was back almost at the cabin; another shot rang out — this time from the cabin itself. I ran for the cabin as fast as my legs could carry me, sometimes stumbling in the snow. Moving as I was I would make a poor target. Close to the house I became more cautious. I peered in — the door was partly opened — there was the Corporal in the bunk where I had laid him — on the floor lay the Eskimo, bleeding profusely — that was all; Louis was nowhere in sight. I cautiously pushed the door open a little farther and as I did so, there was a crashing blow on my head and things just faded out.

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Chapter XIV

TRAILING A MADMAN

"Him move. Him all right," were the first words I heard when I came from my trance. Boy, what a head I had! It was sore all over and it hurt just to think of moving it. But I gradually looked around and took in the room. Slowly the events of the past few hours came back to me. I could see the Corporal still in the bunk. But his face was covered with a blanket. The Eskimo I had seen shot, was on the floor and covered up save for his face. There were three Eskimos in the room, one a woman and the other two natives I had seen several times before. They had been sent by my messenger on his way to Herschel Island to get help from the Inspector.

Slowly I arose and walked to the bunk. I examined the Corporal. He was dead. Then I walked over to the Eskimo on the floor. I examined him, then covered his face. The Eskimo woman cried aloud — poor woman, the dead man was her husband. They had thought him merely sleeping, but evidently he had breathed his last while they were watching me.

"Any news of the white man?" I asked.

"Plenty Eskimo go look for him. Eskimo get him."

"How long have I been laid up here?"

"Six, maybe eight hour."

"When did the Eskimos go after that white man?"

"Three hour."

Three hours! A big start Louis had. Well, he would be caught some day, but none too soon, he was a dangerous man. But now I must take care of my friend the Corporal. He must be taken to Fort McPherson, and I was hardly in condition for that, but it must be done, so a few hours later, accompanied by one of the Eskimos, I set out for the Fort. The journey was not a hard one after we had once got through the deep snow, and a few days later we arrived at the detachment. The following day the Corporal was buried with the simple honors we had at our command.

It was now up to me to decide whether to remain at the detachment and take charge until I might be relieved by the orders of the Inspector or to go out and search for the madman. My head was so sore that thinking was a real hardship — but I did not have to think long, because two days later the Inspector arrived. He had been at Shingle Point on a patrol when my Eskimo messenger arrived there on his way to Herschel Island, and the Inspector at once set out for the madman's cabin. Reaching there he learned the sad story, and then with all speed possible came on to Fort McPherson to organize a posse.

"A sad business, Bill, a very sad business," he said after I had reported.

"Yes, Inspector, it is. But, we'll have to get that man and get him soon."

"Indeed we will. I'm going to take the two white fur traders from here, also three Indians I know and can trust in a pinch. Burke, the Constable who was detailed here with the Corporal, should be back any day. We'll leave orders for him to remain here. I want you to go with me."

"Yes, sir. That suits me fine."

"I thought it would." And so a few hours later, John Dickson and Peter Ray, the fur traders, and three Indians set out with us to find and follow the trail of Louis Anderson. We had plenty of arms and ammunition, as well as food. We had six sleds — we were prepared for a long hard trip and were determined to locate the madman as soon as possible.

We made our way back to the cabin in the Delta, and then followed the trail of the three Eskimos. For two days that was easy, but on the third a strong wind wiped out the trail. We had learned though that the men had gone in as straight a line as possible toward the north. So we too set for the north, feeling very sure that Louis was determined to reach Alaska. He knew enough of the country to know that once in the mountains, he could, unless he had bad luck, stand off a larger party than we could muster.

"Inspector, I believe I can trace the route Louis is taking."

"I believe I can too, let's see how we jibe."

The dogs were tired, the men were tired, and we

were all somewhat discouraged. Two weeks now we had pushed on and on regardless of temperature or weather. We had not located the three Eskimos who had followed Anderson, and it had been many days since we had seen their trail.

"I believe Anderson will try to reach Fort Yukon, by following the Porcupine River, after crossing Mount Dennis or Mount Russell. In fact, I believe that if we could press on tonight, while there is moonlight, and could get up high on one or the other mountain, we would see a campfire."

"Humph. Humph. Maybe you're right, Bill."

"As soon as Anderson gets across the mountains, he will run onto the Porcupine, and will have much easier traveling than going any other route to Fort Yukon."

"Yes, that is if he intends going to Fort Yukon."

"Inspector, that's the only place he can go. He'll have to have food. The nearest post is Lapierre House."

"True, and as long as he started north, it's hardly possible he would change his course and go west because of Nahoni Mountains and Steep Mountains."

"He hasn't enough food to get that far."

"Boys, what do you say, shall we push on tonight and try to make the cut between Mount Dennis and Mount Russell sometime tonight or early in the morning?"

"Yes," shouted all the men. They were tired out, and having no love for a manhunt, merely helping

us in a time of need, were anxious to have the job off their hands.

An hour later we were on our way. Hour after hour with only brief rests, we climbed the mountain pass, and at eight o'clock the next morning, long before the sun was up, we were at a point from which we could see for many miles. And to our great joy we saw two campfires, one in the valley between the two mountains and one a great distance up the mountain-side.

"Let's have breakfast and get some rest," said one of the traders.

"No fires though! We're setting out as soon as we have a bite of food, but we're eating it cold."

"Inspector, I believe that highest fire is that of the man we're looking for."

"So do I, and I believe there is but one man at the lower fire."

"You mean that two of the Eskimos are climbing the mountainside to get to the other fire?"

"Exactly, and we're going to try the same game. We'll divide our party, you'll take one and I'll take the other. With the Indians and one white man, I'll push on to the north of that fire. You push on to the south side. We'll close in on Anderson, if that's his fire, and I'm almost positive it is."

And so we set out. It was a hard, tedious job. The mountains were steep and rough. The going was slow, but all of us were determined, and by the time the sun was up, we had made considerable headway.

We rested for the two hours of daylight, then set out again. Evidently Anderson was keeping his eyes on the fire below him. He was waiting for someone to make a move before he would decide what to do. He was wary of a trap, yet little did he dream of the trap he was going to fall into.

By the time the moon was up, we had covered considerable distance, although the traveling was necessarily slow because of the darkness. But when the rays of the moon came out to guide us, we made good time and by midnight were close to our objective. We had seen no trails of any kind and wondered what had become of the two Eskimos if our guess had been right.

"Peter," I said to my companion, "I believe the best thing for us to do is to circle that campfire and get the lay of the land before making any other move."

"Righto, mate. Which side shall we make first?"

"We'll go to the west side, that'll be above the campfire, and we may have a chance to get a look at whoever is there."

"Let's go then. I need a warm meal and I don't suppose I'll have one until we get that lunatic."

"There's no use in going below the camp, we'll be targets for anyone there. But on the other side, where there is no fire, the chances are if Anderson is in camp, we'll be able to move up on him."

"Come on, let's go. I don't like this police work."

And so we set out. About three hours later we

were directly west of the campfire, and perhaps three hundred feet from it. Because of the moonlight and the fire, we were able to see that there was a wall of stone around the fire on the south and west sides. That meant we would have to get to the north side. So we started on again, and in a few minutes heard some low talking. Imagine our surprise when we came upon the two Eskimos who had, as we had surmised, left their camp on the mountain below, to trail Anderson, for Anderson it was. For three days they had tried to get to him but could not. I explained that the Inspector was coming over the mountain and would try to get to Anderson's camp from that angle.

"Him no can. Big holes. No can cross."

"You mean that no man can cross from below?"

"No. Me try two days. Then me come south. Me get here."

Here was another problem. Well, something had to be done. Food was low. We were tired. We needed warm food and heat for our bodies. Men had taken chances before; we'd have to take a chance now.

"Boys, we've got to get Anderson out of that pocket he's in. He's protected there the same as if he were in a fort."

"Shoot your idea, Bill. I'm as anxious as you are."

"We're entirely unprotected here. If we start anything and make any noise, Anderson will be sure to hear us and we'll be at his mercy."

"He could shoot the lot of us and we couldn't pop him once."

"The only thing is for one of us to get inside that stone pocket where Anderson is."

"Oh no, my boy. That's no job for any man. That's out."

"It isn't out, and it has to be done. Now listen, all of you, and listen carefully."

"Me listen."

"And I'm all ears, Mountie. Do your stuff."

"I want the two Eskimos to move as far north as they can and then start shooting at the trees in that stone pocket."

"A fine stunt! As soon as they start, Anderson will do a little shooting himself, and remember, he'll be able to see the Eskimos, while he'll be protected."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Ray. You are going to be on the south side doing the same thing."

"Got any more funny stories to tell?"

"Yes, I'll be climbing over the rocks that make the west side of that little stone fort and I'll be doing some work."

"Say, has the North got you too? Have you gone plumb balmy?"

"I hope not," I laughed. "But there's a bit of work to be done before we can get back home and I believe I've found the way to do it."

"Have you? Say, Bill, you're what the Yankees call 'nuts.'"

I laughed. Ray was not a coward, just cautious, that was all.

"Listen. You men will find rocks to lie behind while you are shooting and —— "

"And while Anderson is shooting at us!"

"Exactly. It isn't necessary to hit any mark in particular, all that's necessary is to hit a tree, or a stone, anything to attract Anderson's attention so that I can get over that west wall. That's all."

"Oh, *that's all!* Well, all right, Bill. We'll help you commit suicide if you wish. When do we start?"

"Right away. If the Inspector can't get to the north side of that camp and we wait for him to get around the south, we'll have a couple more days of cold meals and discomforts. The sooner we get started the better for all of us."

"Guess that's right, Bill. Any more crazy instructions?"

"Yes. If anything happens to me, one Eskimo is to get down the side of the mountain as soon as he can and notify the Inspector what's happened so he'll hurry and get here before Anderson escapes again."

"Me do."

"All right boys, let's get to work."

Ray and the Eskimos did as I instructed and about a half hour later I heard a few shots from the north. This was followed shortly after by some shots from within the stone fortress protecting Anderson. Then a couple of shots rang out from the south. That was my cue and I crawled slowly toward the west wall. Then I could hear shots from within the enclosure again. This time I felt sure they were fired in the

direction of Mr. Ray. From then on shots rang out at intervals. The trader and the Eskimos were taking their time and were doing a good job. No more shots were fired by Anderson. Whether he suspected someone was approaching from the west, or whether he was preparing to flee his protection, I, of course, did not know. Whatever it was, however, meant that I must be very careful. Finally I reached the west rocks, which were almost fifteen feet high. I started to crawl up the rocks, when I saw in the moonlight, the head of a man appear directly above me. Fortunately I was in a shadow and he did not see me. The head disappeared, and I started the climb again. Slowly I made my way up the cold, slippery, snow-covered rocks until I was able to peer over the top.

Anderson was standing very close to his fire. I could see a smile on his face. He evidently felt very secure. The shooting did not seem to worry him in the least. Then I looked about and to my amazement saw fifteen dogs and three sleds, and on top of each sled were box after box of ammunition, sticks of dynamite, and perhaps a dozen rifles. Where did all that come from? What was this man prepared for? What were his intentions?

From where Anderson was standing, it would be an easy matter to see me if he but turned his head, so I must be very careful indeed. But he didn't look toward me; instead, he walked over to one of the sleds and picked up a stick of dynamite with a long fuse. He lit the fuse, then made as if to throw it. But

I was too quick for him — in fact, the crack of my gun almost surprised me. I aimed at his right shoulder — the dynamite was in the right hand — and with a howl of pain Anderson spun with the impact of the bullet and dropped the dynamite. I crawled over the rocks and dropped, not inside the enclosure but outside for I realized the danger not a second too soon. There was a deafening roar, followed by several more. Then all was still.

Anderson's own supply of dynamite and ammunition, intended to destroy his pursuers, destroyed him. Another case of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police was closed.

Chapter XV

INSUBORDINATION

FOR ten days the weather had been so cold we could not leave our detachment buildings on Herschel Island — we didn't even go outside except for a few minutes at a time to feed the dogs and bring in wood. For a week an Arctic blizzard had raged. In the detachment at the time were Inspector Brooks, Sergeant Carter, Constable Fay, and myself. Fay was laid up — he was seriously ill. He had arrived at the detachment with an Eskimo accused of murder, just before the blizzard set in. His guide and interpreter, an Eskimo, had quit Fay when they met up with a little party of native hunters, and for over three hundred miles he had made the trip without any assistance, doing all the work of making camp, cooking, taking care of the dogs, and in addition watching the prisoner and battling with him every day.

For three days the dogs had been on half rations — the Eskimo also. On the following day there was no food for anyone — four days during which Fay himself had nothing at all to eat. On the fourth day, the Eskimo battled with Fay every inch of the way. He sensed the weakened condition of the policeman, and

attempted to beat him up and escape. But Fay was one of those who not only always *got* their man but *kept* him as well.

When the little party arrived at the detachment, Fay calmly walked his prisoner into the cell room, locked him up, and then fell to the floor in a faint. Since then, he had been in a coma most of the time and was running a high fever. Although Inspector Brooks knew a great deal about medicine and although we had a number of medical books to study and a large stock and variety of medicines, nothing could be found to help Fay.

On this particular day, I was doing the cooking. We had a goodly supply of deer meat, so I fried deer steaks for the three of us who were able to eat. For Fay, I prepared weak tea and a little toast. When all was ready, I called the Inspector and Sergeant to the table, and I served the steak, dehydrated potatoes, canned vegetables, bannock, and butter. The butter was also of the canned variety but exceptionally good.

"How is the patient today, Inspector?"

"About the same, Bill. Please pass the butter."

"Just what is his condition, Inspector? Let us in on the facts," spoke up the Sergeant.

"A little bannock, please, Bill. Well, Sergeant, in my humble opinion, Fay won't live longer than two weeks. If anything happens, and he takes a turn for the worse, well, you know the answer as well as I do."

"What we need is a doctor," I chimed in.

"Of course we need a doctor, but how are we to get one? The nearest one is at Dawson, 750 miles away. It would take two months to get there and back, even with luck."

"Yes, with luck. But how about Edmonton?" I asked.

"Edmonton is thirty-five hundred miles away. If we could get word to headquarters there, a plane could get a doctor here in three or four days."

"Well," said I, "let's get word to Edmonton."

"Don't be silly!" snapped the Inspector. "If the weather permitted, we might make a dash to Fort Yukon and get a wireless off, but no man could make that three hundred miles now. Perhaps in a week a man could get through, but not now, and a week from now will be too late."

"I can get through, Inspector," I spoke up promptly. "I can get through. *Please* let me try."

"That would be suicide, Bill. Those three hundred miles would have to be made in eight days at the most in order to be worth while, and no man can make that trip in face of the temperature."

"But the blizzard is running out, Inspector. Please let me try it."

"No. A little more tea, please."

"Inspector," said Carter, his voice low, firm, crisp, "I'm going to Fort Yukon and wireless for a doctor. I'm leaving this afternoon."

"Sergeant Carter, you already know my views on this matter. Fay is a very sick man, only a miracle or

a doctor can save him. You can't make Fort Yukon in time to help, and why throw away your life uselessly?"

"I can get through," retorted the Sergeant.

"So can I," I said.

"What's the dessert, Bill?"

"Dried apple pie, Inspector."

"Please serve the dessert and close the matter of the dash to Fort Yukon. Both of you."

Until the end of the dinner, not a word was spoken by anyone, but all of us were doing a lot of thinking. At the close of the meal, the Inspector went back to the sickroom, while Carter and I cleaned up the dining room, washed the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen. We had little to say, and I knew the Sergeant was mulling over something in his mind. Finally, when the work was done, both of us entered the little sitting room. The Inspector was walking up and down the room. It was quite evident there was a lot on his mind at that moment.

Carter, too, looked ill at ease. He stared out the window for a time, fidgeted, and then spoke:

"Inspector, I have decided to go to Fort Yukon and wireless to Edmonton for a plane to bring a doctor here."

"I make the decisions here. I am in charge. I cannot permit a man under me to needlessly risk his life."

"I think the risk worth while, Inspector, and I know I can get through."

"Sergeant, I refuse your request."

"I'm sorry, Inspector, but I cannot obey your orders. I'm going to Fort Yukon, and I'm going to start as soon as I can load the sled and harness the dogs."

"Do you realize, Sergeant, that this is insubordination?"

"Yes, sir."

"I cannot understand how a man on the Force as many years as you have been can deliberately disobey my orders. Even Bill here, with just a couple of years service knows better than to disobey orders. Drop this matter. It would be suicide to attempt that trip."

"I am sorry, Inspector. For years you and I have been friends, and it grieves me to disobey your orders. I have never been guilty of that. Please, Inspector, give me your permission."

The tall, lanky Sergeant stood very erect at first, then tears started down his cheeks. Inspector Brooks was his warm friend; disobedience to any superior would have been bad enough, in this case it was tragic.

"Sergeant, I have given all the orders in this matter I intend to give. My answer to your request is no."

"Very well, sir. You may book me for insubordination, and when I am up for trial I will plead guilty. But please remember this, just as long as there is one drop of blood in my body, I will respect, honor, and love you as I have these many years," and Carter strode from the room.

The Inspector and I went into the sickroom. Fay,

poor fellow, was very still — he didn't move or make a sound. His forehead was like a burning coal.

We sat for some moments without speaking. Then the Inspector asked me to bring him a pad of paper and his fountain pen. I did so promptly, and he then sat at the little table in Fay's room and wrote for a few moments.

"See what Carter is doing, will you, Bill?"

"Pardon sir, but under the circumstances, Carter and —— "

"That's right, Bill. Never mind."

But the Inspector knew and I knew what Carter was doing. He was loading a sled with all the supplies he would need to make the trip to Fort Yukon, and we knew he would leave as soon as he was loaded, regardless of what Inspector Brooks had to say.

About two hours later, Carter came into Fay's room. He was dressed in his furs, and ready for the trail. He placed his hand on Fay's head, then spoke to him. There was no response from Fay.

"Inspector," said Carter almost in a whisper, "please forgive me. At least let us part friends. We may never meet again."

"Come into the other room," said the Inspector. "You too, Bill."

When we had reached the living room, the Inspector walked over to the police diary, it was opened at the date, for he had made some entries just before dinner.

"Sergeant Carter, much against my better judg-

ment, I am issuing you orders to proceed to Fort Yukon and deliver this message there to be sent to Edmonton," and he handed Carter the paper he had written in Fay's room.

"Thank you, sir," Carter's voice broke.

"I know your disposition better than you do. I know you consider your duty to your sick friend to be far greater than your duty toward me and you are willing to face almost certain death on an errand of mercy. I cannot book you for insubordination, old friend, so I give you the orders."

For a moment there was a deep silence in the little room. Then, without a word, Carter shook hands with the Inspector and me, picked up his snowshoes and ran from the room, to the corral. I followed to help him get started. I opened the gate, and with a shout of "mush" and a crack of the dog whip, and the yelping of the pups, Sergeant Carter was off on his dash to Fort Yukon.

I closed the gate and returned to the building. I went into the cell room to see if the prisoner needed anything, and then to the living room. The Inspector was standing in the middle of the room staring straight ahead of him.

"Were you in the storeroom?" he asked.

"No, sir, I wasn't," I replied.

"Carter has taken only five days' supplies for himself and seven for his dogs. He didn't take an ounce he thought he didn't actually need."

"And by now we cannot catch up to him. He's speeding across the broken ice like a deer."

"Why did I let him go? He can never get through. It's bad enough to face this 40-below weather, and the tail end of this blizzard, but to get up in the hills without food ——"

* * *

When Carter left the island, he started across the broken ice to the mainland. The dogs hadn't had a trip for almost two weeks, and were keen for a run, but soon, they became a bit unruly because of the wind they had to face. But Carter was an excellent dog man and he managed to keep the team straightened out and going. That night, he rested but little. He examined the dogs, their feet and legs, the harness and sled, and his snowshoes. He couldn't afford to have anything go wrong.

For three days he made good time — he was not ahead of his schedule, he was merely on time. He took no rest on the second and third nights, but on the fourth, youth and health demanded he rest. So Carter spread his blankets of fur and made a bed beside a great fire and retired, not merely as a matter of form and to kill time, but to sleep. He had slept for some time when a loud yelping aroused him. At first he was only half awake, and couldn't realize what was wrong. Then he saw that his dogs were being attacked by a pack of wolves. He wanted to shoot,

but for fear of shooting one of his dogs, he withheld his fire. Then came a chance when he could shoot, and he killed five wolves. But all this time part of the pack was closing in on him. Some of the beasts were so close he couldn't shoot — instead he laid about him with the butt of his rifle — and when some of the pack started to flee, he used his .45 and shot three more. With the pack in full flight, he took stock and found that three of his dogs were dead.

Tired out, discouraged with the results of the fight with the wolves, Carter at once broke camp, and started along the riverbank toward his destination, Fort Yukon. What transpired on the remainder of the patrol, can best be gathered from the brief entries in the police diary:

January 19th. Left Herschel Island 2:38 P. M. Going rough, but made the mainland in eight hours. Dogs in good shape.

January 20th. Going fine. Snow deep. Had to break trail for several miles. On time. 38 below. Wind strong northeast.

January 21st. On time. Going hard but the fine snow on the river makes trail breaking unnecessary. 40 below. Wind strong northeast.

January 22nd. Going slow. Snow deep. Temperature 42 below. Wind strong northeast — almost a gale. Wolves attacked the camp, killing three dogs. Broke camp at 11:35 P. M. in order to get away from the wolves. Killed nine wolves.

January 23rd. Sled too heavy for two dogs. Threw

away silk tent, teakettle and teapot, also other cooking equipment. Must make load lighter for dogs. Have lost seven hours. 44 below. Wind, no change.

January 24th. Wind increased during the day, almost a gale. Temperature 45 below. Going hard. Have to help the two dogs drag sled due to deep snow. Have discarded all equipment, saving only food.

January 25th. Temperature 45 below. Wind moderated a trifle. Have cut down rations of food for dogs. It is necessary for me to help drag sled. In order to save dogs have strapped two rifles to my body. These with the two Colts .45 are a bit heavy.

January '26th. Temperature 47 below. Wind a gale. Dogs are fast playing out. Snow deep. Necessary to help drag sled all day. I am now almost two days late.

January 27th. Temperature 46 below. Wind now a gale. Have enough food for the dogs for three days providing I go on half rations.

January 28th. I am now two days late. When my friends needed me the most, I failed them. Dear Inspector Brooks: I have failed in my attempt to reach Fort Yukon. My strength is fast failing. I will continue to struggle on, but am too weak to fight. Remember please, I love you as no man has ever loved another. Dear Mother: I have kept my promise to you. I have prayed every morning and night and have attended church at every opportunity. Tell dad

I have not been a quitter. Temperature 54 below. Wind, a strong northern gale.

January 29th. As near as I can calculate I am within twenty miles of Fort Yukon, but my strength has failed me. I have not eaten for three days. The dogs have not eaten for two days. I miscalculated the amount of food I had. Besides that, the dogs got loose and robbed the sleds. Only Divine Providence is able to help me now. Without food and two weakened dogs, I am struggling on. I still have hopes of getting aid for Fay even though I am two days late.

* * *

Inside the little wireless station at Fort Yukon, the two operators were enjoying their pipes and a game of cards after a hearty meal, cooked by Pat O'Reilly, chief operator. The wind was howling about the little log building, but it was warm inside — the wood stove was filled with fine dried logs.

"Come on, Jim. Play. I've got yuh beat, but play anyway."

"Aw, go to grass, you big ape," retorted James Clark, the assistant at the station. "I'll play when I've studied my hand."

"Take your time. Take your time. That's all we have now, time. Good Lord hear that wind. Am I glad we are here tonight instead of somewhere out in the wide world."

"Yeah, and look at the last recording of the temperature."

"Say, cut the comedy. These are government reports. It's all right to kid, but when it comes to the station log, tell the truth."

"What you mean?"

"Temperature 52 below; why, it isn't more than 48."

"Betcha a dollar."

"Put it up."

"Well, I haven't a dollar. Bet my new pair of pants."

"Haven't any pants but those I have on. Put up my dollar against the pants."

"You're on. Come on outside and look at the thermometer."

"Never mind that. I'll throw the flashlight on the thermometer."

"Yeah, that's the idea." There was a pause, and Jim flashed the light on the thermometer attached to the window frame, outside the building.

"Gee hossifatts."

"Glory be. What the ——"

"Don't say it, Jim. Remember, I'm a good churchman."

"Fifty-six below!"

"Fifty-six below!"

"Well, let's play cards. It's a cinch we won't be bothered with any visitors this night."

"O.K. It's your deal."

"Say, remember when we were laying the telephone lines through the Argonne? Those were the days."

"Yeah, and it was a whole lot hotter than tonight."

"And then some! Say, old pal, last time it was more than 50 below, the insulators broke on the steel mast. Lord, if that happens tonight."

"You would be a crepe hanger. Come on, deal the cards."

"Oh, I don't feel like playing cards. Let's have a snack and go to bed."

"Suits me fine. Lord how I wish we could have some excitement. I'm fed up with looking at your ugly old mug day after day."

"Suppose I get a thrill outta yours?"

"No, not that. I mean it's too slow here. No excitement, nothing to do except play cards. No visitors."

"Suppose you'd like a bunch of girls around all the time. Well, I was in the army, not the navy."

"Yeah? Well, I was in the navy. A girl in every port."

"Nerts. Say, I had more girls in Belgium and France when I was in the army than a whole fleet of ships in the navy saw."

"Says you."

"Yeah, says I."

"If you had my brains and good looks you wouldn't have to be a wireless operator up here in the sticks and don't forget that ——"

"*Listen!*" There was a pause.

"Mush. Mush!" faintly came through from the outside. The faint call of a man to his dogs. There

was a crack of a dog whip. But the word of command to the dogs had not that sternness that usually accompanies the order. It was almost a plea. It was faint-hearted. It lacked confidence. It lacked authority. It was an order uttered in despair.

"Quick, Pat! There's someone coming and in trouble."

"Turn up the lights. Whoever that is wants to come here and it's urgent."

"I'll take care of the fire and the bed. You go see who it is and give all the help you can."

"O.K."

Chapter XVI

TWO DAYS LATE

PAT and Jim rushed to the door of the wireless station. For a long distance on every side, there were no buildings, and anyone who came to that vicinity, came only because of having business at the wireless station.

The door was scarcely opened, when there drew up to it the forlorn figure of a man in furs, one hand pulling on a rope attached to a dog sled with two dogs drawing it, and in the other hand a crumpled piece of paper.

"Hello stranger, come in. I'll take care of the pups," cried Pat.

"Quick! send this wireless. Quick! I'm two days late!"

With that the man — and, of course, it was Sergeant Carter — fell prone on the floor.

"Help me get him to bed, Jim," cried Pat.

"Please — don't — mind — me. Send — this — message. I'm — two — days — late — already," faintly cried Carter.

Sensing something unusual, Pat grabbed the crum-

pled slip from Carter's hand, while Jim dragged the now insensible man inside and to his bed.

After removing Carter's fur clothing and moccasins, Jim prepared warm drinks and then went to look after the dogs. The poor beasts were half famished — their bones almost sticking through their hides from hunger and hard driving.

In the meantime, Pat was trying to reach Fairbanks. He called time after time. Then he tried Nome, no response. No use trying to make Vancouver. He tried Skaguay, and received a faint response. Slowly, surely, Pat sent the wireless to Skaguay — Skaguay picked it up and sent it to Vancouver, and there a telegraph operator sent the message to the Superintendent of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Edmonton, Alberta.

* * *

"Sorry! An urgent message, sir."

"Very well," answered Superintendent Wroughton, when after several knocks on his door, he was awakened some time after midnight. When a couple of moments later he opened the door, Constable Perry, the night orderly, thrust a yellow sheet into his hands and said:

"Sorry, sir, but it's most urgent. I'll call the army airport and the Grey Nun's Hospital and keep the lines open," and he was gone.

"What's all this?" asked the sleepy Superintend-

ent. One glance at the yellow telegraph blank, however, and he was wide awake. What he read was this:

"Sergeant Carter arrived here tonight ten days from Herschel Island through an unusually violent Arctic storm and more than 50 below. He is in serious condition. Instructs us to send the following message dated Herschel Island, January 19th, 2:38 P. M. 'Constable Fay in serious condition. Believe death matter of but two weeks unless medical attention is received. Constable Carter risking his life to take this message to Fort Yukon, requesting plane to bring doctor and medical supplies. Signed, Brooks, Inspector, Officer Commanding.' "

Two minutes later another message was received. It read: "Fort Yukon, Alaska, January 29th, 2:40 P. M. To Officer Commanding Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Please acknowledge wire. Sergeant Carter's condition serious. Signed, Pat O'Brien."

The Superintendent pressed a couple of push buttons and the whole Force was in action. In less than a minute his orderly reported at his quarters. By that time, the veteran Superintendent was almost fully dressed in uniform:

"Wires still open?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the airport to order Captain Wilson to immediate duty."

"Yes, sir."

"And call Doctor Wylie at his home. If not there,

try the Grey Nun's Hospital. If not there, send out every man to find him. All leaves are suspended. The airplane and Doctor Wylie must leave for Herschel Island at once."

Quietly, without confusion, but with precision and rapidity, the orders of the Superintendent were carried out. Captain Wilson was located and immediately started to prepare for the flight to the Arctic regions. He fueled up, ordered provisions and supplies. Doctor Wylie was not located for some little time. He was not at home, nor at the hospital, and so twenty policemen went in search of him. He was found at the Royal George Hotel addressing a gathering of physicians from Alberta and Saskatchewan.

"And so I say, gentlemen," the most outstanding physician of Canada was saying, "we must at all times be prepared. Tonight, now, you and I are gathered here to honor some of the pioneers of our profession. What if we are suddenly called upon to perform some outstanding medical feat? What if at this minute, while we are attired in evening clothes, our beloved wives at our sides, we be called upon to perform some slight or some great surgical operation? Are we to ——"

"A gentleman from the police to see you, doctor," whispered the chairman.

"Send him in," whispered the doctor. "And as I was saying, are we willing to give all we have to give, are we willing to ruin a hundred-dollar suit of clothes in order to serve a needy one, or are we mollycoddles

who believe *our* time and *our* sacrifices are paramount? Well, I for one believe that —— ” Just then a whispered word from the chairman.

“Doctor, here’s the Mountie.”

“Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen, for a moment. I believe I am about to be arrested.” There was a laugh. The constable strode to the side of the doctor, he spoke briefly, with authority, to the point. The doctor nodded and turned to the audience:

“And that gentlemen concludes my remarks on the ethics of the medical profession. And now, if you will permit, I will withdraw,” and he walked over to the table at which his wife sat, kissed her, and whispered:

“Darling, be calm. Remember I love you deeply, sincerely. I leave within the hour for the Arctic Ocean. Say something, be gay and — be brave.”

Mrs. Wylie, a tall, beautiful woman, arose to her feet after her husband had left the banquet hall. Of course all the doctors present, and their wives, had scented an important call, and knew that the famous physician and surgeon had been summoned on a most important case.

“Ladies and gentlemen, physicians, surgeons, and your wives. Tonight my husband flies to the Arctic Ocean on an errand of mercy. I do not know the details. I only know the government has called him. *When* will he return? I do not know. *Will* he return? I do not know. I only know that he has been called to duty, and that he responded to the call. Mr. Chair-

man, may I ask that we drink a toast to my husband, Doctor Wylie, and pray God that whether he returns to me or not, he will be true to his profession and to his country." Mrs. Wylie sat down. There was a hush, then deafening applause.

In the meantime, the doctor drove to the Police Headquarters and received his orders. Quickly, without any excitement, he ordered the medical supplies he desired. He took off his full-dress coat and shirt, and donned the cast-off uniform of the Superintendent, Inspector Wroughton.

At exactly 3:40 Superintendent Wroughton stepped out of his car at the airport. The plane was ready, the engine being warmed up by Captain Wilson; Doctor Wylie was superintending the loading of the last two little boxes of supplies.

"You understand the orders, gentlemen?" asked the Superintendent.

"I am to take the doctor to Herschel Island," replied the aviator.

"And I am to remain there as long as I can be of service," said the doctor.

"Yes. And don't forget, the man who was willing to sacrifice his life for his friend is at Fort Yukon. Go to the Island, and then go to Fort Yukon and save the life of the Force's most valuable man."

A moment later the giant plane roared out of the airport and through the night to Herschel Island. Doctor Wylie was most impatient, Captain Wilson drove his huge plane at the utmost speed. Hour after

hour the plane roared through the skies, day and night and then ——

* * *

"What do you think, Pat?"

"I give 'im one more day."

"Lord, this is awful. Hour after hour and day after day, all we hear is 'Two days late! Two days late!'"

"Poor guy. I've done all I know."

"Me too."

"At first I thought he was 'nuts.'"

"Me too."

"Gosh; he goes through an Arctic blizzard to help a friend, gets here only two days after the deadline set by his chief, and now he thinks he didn't do anything."

"Let's have another look at the wire we got from his super. It's a cold-blooded thing."

"Naw, it's just their way. Mounties get orders to do something. They go ahead and do it and that's all there is to it. No praise, no nothing. Get the man, that's all."

"Here's the message. Edmonton, March 1, 3:40 A. M. Plane with Canada's most renowned surgeon left for Herschel Island this morning. Thanks for your courtesy. Plane will call Fort Yukon for Carter. In meantime please report condition daily. This Department will sanction any and all expenses necessary for care of Sergeant Carter. Signed, Wroughton."

"Yeah? Say, listen ——"

"Go ahead big boy, maybe we'll agree for once. What now?"

"Wire Wroughton that we can't do a thing. That we're up against it, that we are ——"

"Listen." They stood and listened.

"A plane!" cried Pat.

"Surest thing you know. Maybe it's the Canuck's."

A few moments later the plane came to a landing. The two operators ran outdoors to meet it. A fur-clad man climbed out of the cabin, followed a moment later by the pilot.

"We're the operators of the wireless station. I suppose you're here for Sergeant Carter?"

"Yes. I'm Dr. Wylie. This is the pilot, Captain Wilson."

"We're sure glad to see you. Carter's in bad shape."

"Take us to him at once, please," said the doctor.

"That man had a hard, rough time getting here. As near as I can make out, and Pat here agrees with me, while he was racing here from Herschel Island, his mind was on making the trip in eight days. He lost two days and we can't make him understand he did everything humanly possible to get aid for Constable Fay."

"If that's all that's wrong, we won't be long in getting him on the mend."

"That isn't all, but I bet if his mind could be relieved, he'd get along."

By this time the four men had entered the log house.

"Carter is in that room over there, Doctor."

"Thanks." And the doctor entered the little bedroom.

"Hello, Sergeant Carter, how are you feeling?"

"Is that you, Doctor Wylie?"

"Surest thing you know, Carter. Now then, let me have a look at you and see what is ailing you."

"Never mind me, doctor. Fay is sick, dying, on Herschel Island. I came here to wire for you, but I was two days late. I failed my best friends just when they needed me the most."

"Sergeant, on the day we received your wire at Edmonton, I set out in an army plane in charge of Captain Wilson and we ——"

"But why stop here? Go on, man, to Herschel Island. You're needed *there*, not *here*. I'm all right."

"Let me finish. We have been to the Island. Fay was a mighty sick man. He's still sick, but in two weeks' time he'll be able to get out of bed."

"Honest, Doctor?"

"Of course. Now then. We're going to take you back to the Island with me. We have a large army plane, and can load your dogs and sled and whatever else you have and in four hours, you'll be back home."

"I lost half my team getting here."

"Never mind that, Carter." Then to Captain Wilson, "Come and give me a hand, Captain."

"Hello, Carter," said the famous aviator, "first time I ever heard of you being down."

"Oh, I'm all right now, Captain."

"Give me a hand with him, Captain. I want to make a thorough examination before we start back to the Island."

* * *

An hour later Carter's sled, dogs, and equipment were loaded in the plane and a bed of blankets and furs made for the sick man. The two operators were at the plane to bid Godspeed to Carter and the doctor and the pilot.

"I want to thank you gentlemen for the fine treatment you have given me. I'll never forget this, and ———"

"Tell it to the marines! You didn't eat enough to fill a canary, and we enjoyed having company for a change."

"I have instructions from the Superintendent at Edmonton to say that you will be remembered. The Canadian Government will pay you well for the excellent service you have rendered one of our outstanding policemen."

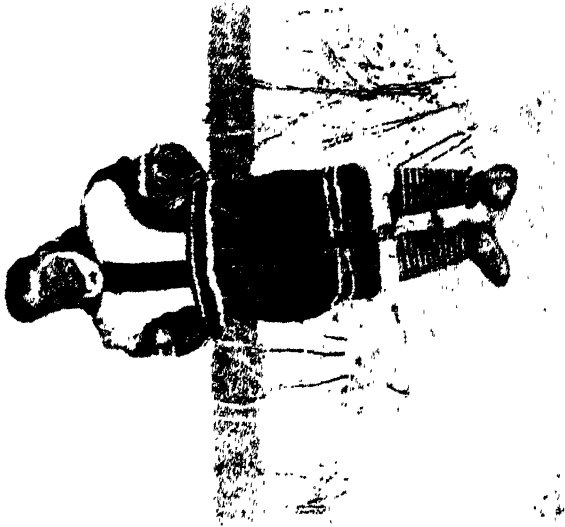
"Hey, can that stuff. You're in our country now and not in Canada so I can say what I want. If any of you Canucks think a coupla wireless operators who served overseas want pay for doing a friend in need a favor, you're 'nuts.'"

"But gentlemen, remember that we ———"

"Okay, okay. If you want to do something to repay Jim and me for taking this Mountie guy in, I'll tell you what you can do."



MYSELF AT THE HERSCHEL ISLAND
DETACHMENT



CORPORAL DOAK
This photograph was taken about two
years before his death.



ARRIVING AT DAWSON WITH PRISONERS



THE DAWSON PATROL

The man in the center is Sergeant Dempster.

"Say what it is, and if possible, we will see that your wish is fulfilled."

"Make Carter the Prince of Wales or something. He's a prince of a fellow to start with and one of the whitest guys we ever met."

There was a moment's laugh, and after good-by's were said all around, the huge plane took off.

Four hours later, Inspector Brooks heard the roar of the plane, and rushed outside to be on hand as soon as the plane came to a stop.

"How is he?" he called as soon as he saw the doctor's face.

"We'll have him on his feet in no time, Inspector."

"Thank God for that, gentlemen."

When Carter was finally taken into the living room, the plane carefully covered for the stay, and all the men were there except Fay, who was still in bed in his room, there was a family reunion such as the Far North has seldom, if ever, seen. It was not a noisy demonstration, just a little lunch, with tea, and a few words, but the admiring looks on the faces of all the men save Carter, told volumes. For here was a man who dared to risk his own life for a friend, who refused to surrender even in the face of defeat but carried on to the very end, even when he faced death from starvation and cold. Carter though was still worried about the dogs.

"Sorry I lost those dogs, Inspector," he said almost apologetically.

"Not your fault, was it?"

"No, sir. The other dogs were treated rather badly, but they'll be fit again in a few days with a little attention."

"They'll get that, Sergeant."

"Aside from that everything's fine."

The doctor looked at him and smiled: "Fine, except that you'll have to go to bed in half an hour at the latest and stay there for two weeks."

"Two weeks? I'll be as good as new in a day or two."

"Yes? Well, when I leave here in a couple of days, I'll give the Inspector instructions about that."

"Inspector," said Carter, "those wireless men were mighty fine to me and I hope something can be done for them. Not money, though, they're not that kind. Something that will show them that I and the Force appreciate their kindness."

"Can you suggest anything?"

"I'll think out something before Doctor Wylie starts back. I have a few hundred dollars in the bank and I want something to be sent them by the summer boat from Vancouver."

"That's enough now, Carter. Come on, it's bed for you."

"Oh, Doctor, have a heart."

"I have one, that's why I'm putting you to bed for two weeks, with the Inspector as your nurse. You have been frostbitten, starved, were in a state of nervous collapse, and a few other things. I'd like to see you again some day. So, do as I say."

"Okay, Doctor. Let me see Fay first, then I'll go to my rooms."

"All right, my boy."

"Hello, Fay. How are you feeling?"

"Fine, and how are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Just a little tired, that's all."

"That was a fine thing, Carter. Risking your life for me."

"G'wan, you old horse, who ever told you that stuff?"

"As soon as I was myself after the doctor got here, I was told the whole story."

"Someone was spoofing you. I wanted to get to Fort Yukon to wire my mother. Got a little homesick, you know how it is."

"Yeah? All right pal. Shake hands will you?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I want to feel the hand of a man who really knows what brotherly love is."

"Thanks old man. Good night."

"Good night, Carter. Ever pray, Carter?"

"At least twice a day, Fay."

"So do I, old man. Good night."

Five days later the plane with Doctor Wylie returned to Edmonton, both men well on the way to recovery, thanks to their good living and healthy bodies and minds. Two weeks after, they both returned to duty.

Chapter XVII

REBELLION

"WE might as well take things easy, Bill. With all the men on patrol except Fay, you, and I, we can have a few days' leisure. Let's take advantage of it."

"Trouble is, Inspector, I've been so busy all the time I've been in the North, that I can't rest easy unless I have something to do."

"Forget it. You've worked hard and there will be a lot of more hard work to do. Rest while you can."

"I guess you're right, as usual. I suppose Sergeant Carter and his native will be gone for several weeks."

"Yes, and I hate to see Carter go. He went through a lot of hardships on his trip to Fort Yukon, and while he insists he's feeling all right, I have my doubts."

"He's one of the finest and bravest men I have ever known."

"Same opinion here, Bill."

"Hello, Fay, how's the weather outside?" I asked, as Fay stamped into the living room. He had been up to the fur-trading post on the island, regarding a native who had troubled the trader for some time.

"Getting colder every minute and the wind is freshening. Getting too cold for travel."

"That means we'll have no visitors from the mainland with bad news for a few days. I told you we should rest up, Bill."

"Just as long as the bad weather doesn't continue too long, I'm satisfied."

"What did you find out at the fur trader's, Fay?"

"Just the usual trouble, Inspector. That Eskimo Ooluk claims the fur trader cheated him, and returns at every opportunity to quarrel over the matter. The trader claims the Eskimo's furs were not worth even as much as he gave for them."

"Then I suppose both sides are dissatisfied?" asked the Inspector.

"No, only the Eskimo. The trader seems satisfied enough," replied Fay.

"I'll go up there myself tomorrow and try to persuade the trader, for the sake of peace, to return the furs to the Eskimo. If he won't do that, we'll know where the fault lies."

"King Solomon Brooks," I said, and all of us smiled. Inspector Brooks had settled many an argument and fight with just such simple solutions, and the natives had learned many years ago, that all the police were ready and willing at all times, and actually did, punish the white men when they were at fault, and showed no favoritism.

The wind was soon blowing a gale. The snow was swirling about the police buildings so that one couldn't

see out of the windows. The official thermometer showed the temperature to be going lower and lower right along. Fay went into the corral to feed the dogs their one meal a day of three pounds of fish apiece, and when he returned:

"I can hear someone driving this way, along the high side of the island."

"Light the lamps and put them in the windows. Great guns, what does anyone want to travel in this weather for?"

"I believe it's a white man, Inspector. His 'mush' sounds like it and I can faintly hear dog bells."

"Hope it isn't Carter back again. If he's coming back it means he's either ill or run into some trouble."

"There are the lights, Inspector. Now we'll have to wait a few minutes and see whether we are to have company or if it's someone going to the fur trader."

"Mush!" we could hear every few seconds from the cold outside, and the cracking of the dog whip in the hand of the driver. It was evident the voice was that of a white man. A few minutes later there was a "whoa" outside the detachment. We threw open the door, and there stood John Fromm, fur trader at Fort Arctic Red River, one hundred and sixty miles away in the Mackenzie River Delta.

"Come in, come in," said the Inspector. "Fay, put up John's team in the corral. Feed it and then get something warm for him."

"Glad I've found you here, Inspector. There's trouble in the Delta."

"What kind of trouble, John?"

"Fighting among the Eskimos. They threaten to kill all the fur traders in the Arctic Circle."

"Great guns, what's happened?"

"A native named Ooluk and a half-breed ——"

"Why, Ooluk was here and started trouble yesterday, claiming he had been cheated by the trader, and Fay went to see about it."

"Yes, I know that," continued John Fromm, "but the trouble is that that half-breed, Ole Hanson — do you remember him, Inspector?"

"Just a little. His father was a trader up here for several years, married an Eskimo woman, and later went to Alaska. Some people say he's now in Siberia."

"That's the man, Inspector. When you came up here, he was just a growing lad. Today he's a full-grown, husky, scheming, troublemaking fellow. He has vowed for some reason or other to gain control of the fur-trading business inside the Canadian Arctic Circle."

"I believe light is dawning, John. Go on," said the Inspector.

"Well, Ole arrived in the Delta a short time ago. He was on friendly terms with everyone. I understand he reported in at the police detachment at Fort McPherson, and secured a trading license."

"I have no record of that, but we've not had any

communication with Fort McPherson detachment for several weeks."

"Do you remember, Inspector, that the elder Hanson was displaced here by his company because he was caught in some shady dealings?"

"Yes, I remember that, John. The case was not for the police, though. The fur-trading company refused to prosecute, for some reason, and were content with discharging the man. Later it came out that Hanson's speculations from his company and the cheating of some of the natives were exposed by another trader, who is no longer inside the Arctic Circle."

"Correct you are, Inspector. Well, Ole, the half-breed son, is back here to gain control of the fur-trading business, and he intends to drive every white trader out of the country. He can't do that himself, and he knows the police will be against him, so he is urging on the natives in the Delta to violence."

"*What*," shouted the Inspector, Fay, and myself in unison.

"That's just what I mean. I have been threatened with death, so has the trader at Shingle Point. For the present the fight will center on the traders in and near the Mackenzie River Delta, then will extend to Herschel Island, and Fort McPherson."

"Do you know the plans, John?"

"Only this. The Eskimos have been told by Hanson that all the trade goods we have belong to them because they have been cheated for many years. He plans to seize these stores with the aid of the natives, using whatever violence may be necessary."

"Do you mean he doesn't fear the police?"

"Yes, he does, and he knows the Eskimos respect you, but the plot is to be carried out so quietly and quickly that the whole thing will be over before you are aware of what is going on. Then there will be alibis and the like to clear Ole, at least, and perhaps the Eskimos as well."

"In other words, John, Ole is out to seek revenge on the fur traders on his own account, and then get the natives to the point where they will be blamed for all that happens."

"That's it exactly."

"Well," laughingly, said the Inspector, "we've been talking about this treachery and your meal has grown cold. Better sit up at the table and get some refreshment."

Here indeed was a serious problem to face. While the Eskimos had a great regard for the police, it was quite possible for someone like Ole to upset the work the Mounties had done for the many years past. The conversation continued for some time. Then the Inspector went to the window and looked at the thermometer.

"Forty-seven below," was his only remark. For some little time after that the conversation lagged. We could hear the wind whistling around our police buildings. It was not a fit night for anyone to be out.

"Fay," spoke the Inspector after some moments, "harness two teams of dogs. Bill and I are going to the Delta."

"Yes, sir," said Fay, "but can't I go too, sir?"

"Sorry, Fay. You have just recovered from a serious illness. Someone must remain here. It is of necessity your good self."

"Very well, sir," said Fay in a most dejected manner and he went to the corral to get the dogs and sleds ready for a dash to the Delta.

"I'll load the sleds, Inspector," I said, and was about to leave the room, when the Inspector held up his hand:

"No natives, Bill," he said thoughtfully. "We'd better leave our interpreters here. You'll fight this thing out with me. Be sure to load plenty of ammunition and four or five extra rifles. And — don't forget handcuffs and leg irons."

"Yes, sir," and I went about the task at hand. Loading two sleds with equipment and supplies for such a mission was not hard, because we had only a little over a hundred miles to travel, and since we were to run the risk of encountering all the perils of the Arctic, we would not travel light. I was able to load enough food to last ourselves and the dogs for three weeks, and as we would, no doubt, be in the Delta for some time, I added everything that might add to our comfort.

At last all was ready, and I entered the living room. The Inspector and John Fromm were busy talking, so I went to my room, donned my furs, and strapped on my revolver. Fay had the dogs harnessed long before I had the sleds loaded, and he was re-

ceiving orders from the Inspector as to what should be done in his absence. Fromm was going to remain at the detachment until the weather had moderated. He had had a hard trip through the storm to the island, and would need a rest before starting back home. The Inspector was donning his furs while he talked.

"Just keep your eyes and ears open, Fay. We'll be back as soon as we have matters settled with Ole Hanson. John here will help you with the work until he leaves. Don't leave the detachment alone under any circumstances. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Fay. We said our good-bys, and a few moments later, with the usual "mush" and the crack of the dog whips, the Inspector and I were off for the Delta and an adventure that might take us through many perils, but at the time we didn't think of them.

It was bitter cold, close to 50 below, a strong wind whipped the snow about our faces, and it was most difficult to see where we were going. As long as we kept close to the island we had some protection, as the island acted as a windbreak when the wind came from a northerly direction. But when we had reached the end of the island and were forced to take to the open, we found it most difficult to keep going. As usual, when in a strong wind, the dogs wanted to stop, and turn their faces away from the wind. In keeping them straightened out and on the go, we lost considerable time, so it was with a sigh of relief that

we reached the mainland, and the little rest house erected by the police for just such emergencies as this. In a few minutes we had the dogs staked out and were ready for a meal and a rest. That seventeen miles from the island to the mainland is a full day's hard work, and is seldom made in less than five or six hours, but when there is a strong wind, such as the present one, eight or ten hours may be required. We were tired with the exertion. If I had been alone, I doubt if I would have even attempted to prepare a meal. But, while the dogs were being cared for, the Inspector had gone into the rest house, and had a big fire going in the little stove before I entered, and a meal was soon in progress.

Rest houses are most important to the police. In the summertime, the police boat visits all of them, there being several along the Arctic Coast and in the Delta. If any repairs are needed to the log huts, the work is done with the aid of the Eskimos. Then a stock of wood, oil, canned food, and shavings are left in readiness for immediate use. Many a life has been saved by these rest houses and shavings and wood, ready for just a match. When anyone has used one of the houses, he must leave wood, shavings, and lamps filled with oil, ready for the next man seeking refuge from wind and cold.

The Inspector was in a most jovial mood. While we ate our supper of bacon, beans, bannock, and tea, he laughed and talked almost incessantly.

"What's tickling you, Inspector?" I asked.

"Bill, I've long wanted to have a patrol with you. You always seem to have such an exciting time, and now I have it. Not only that, but we're to have the biggest piece of work to do we've had in a long while."

"You mean quieting the natives?"

"You've guessed it. Here we have a band of Eskimos excited by a hard-boiled, smooth half-breed. You and I will face perhaps forty badmen and their families."

"Sounds promising, Inspector."

"We may have to fire a few shots, Bill, but I believe if we use our brains, we can arrest the ringleaders and get them to the island without hurting a man. We'll fire, but not to kill or maim."

"What about this Ole Hanson? He may turn out to be worse than we think."

"Bill, he's as yellow as they make 'em. That kind of man always is. We'll have trouble with him, but as soon as we win the Eskimos back to our side, he'll put his tail between his legs and beat it," and the Inspector laughed, "that is, if we let him."

"Well, time will tell. I remember the Eskimos only as friends of ours and if they now are ——"

"Listen," said the Inspector.

Faintly we could hear the shout of "mush" made by an Eskimo. The voice and the cracking of the dog whip kept getting closer and closer, and within a few minutes, there was a "whoa" before our hut. I opened the door. There stood an Eskimo. It was Ooluk, the man who had tried to cause trouble with the fur trader on the island.

"Come in," I called, and a moment later the man entered the hut.

"What's up, Ooluk?" asked the Inspector.

"Um, you look for Ooluk?"

"No, Ooluk, I don't look for you. We are attending to some business in the Delta. We rest here tonight and go in the morning. You left the island quite a while ago, where have you been?"

"Me visit Huskie. Me soon fur trader. Me soon big man."

"Oh, I suppose you've been talking with Ole Hanson, eh?"

"Who tole you Ole talk me?"

"Just guessed it, Ooluk. Sit down, and listen to me a while, I have a lot to say to you."

"No, me go."

"No, you will stay here until I unload something off my mind. You have been a fine, law-abiding citizen, Ooluk, until lately. Since Ole came back, you've changed. If you don't want to land in jail on the island, you'd better do as we say and never mind what Ole says."

"Fur trader him cheat Ooluk. Cheat all Huskies. Ole he fix 'em."

"If they cheated you, why didn't you come to me? You know I protect all men, whether they are Eskimo or white men."

"You white, fur trader him white. No, Ole my friend."

"It's worse than I suspected Bill. Well, Ooluk,

you'll stay right here until we get ready to break camp and set out. We intend to stay here all night, but with such men as you and Ole in the Delta, we're going on tonight and you're going with us."

"No, no. I go now."

"No you don't. You're not going to warn Ole we're on the way. You stay here until we go or I'll arrest you for some of the things I know about."

"Eskimo fight for Ooluk. Ole he fight too."

"Yeah? Well listen, you. I'm going to teach you and your friends a lesson. It may be a hard lesson to get into your heads, but before Bill and I leave the Delta, we'll have you eating out of our hands. *Now sit down,*" and the Eskimo did as he was told.

We gave the dogs some more rest, and then we prepared to leave the comfortable rest house, and again set out for the Delta. It wasn't a pleasant prospect for the night, but there was urgent need of our presence in the Delta, and as little time to be lost as was possible. Ooluk was afraid of something, but what he wouldn't say. The Inspector and I surmised he was afraid of what Ole might say to him when he got back with the police, or perhaps he had been given some piece of devilry to perform, and by stopping at the hut, he was unable to do the job. At any rate, we had Ooluk.

All night we traveled, and because we were tired to start with, we made less progress than we had hoped, but we reached Shingle Point that day. Three days later we reached the edge of the Delta, and because

the Inspector used excellent judgment, he and I were rested and so were the dogs. We were prepared for any emergency that might arise.

"Ooluk, where will we find Ole Hanson?" asked the Inspector.

"Me no know," replied the Eskimo.

"All right, old man. Then you'll continue to go with us. I'm not taking any chances on you."

"Maybe he Sumter Point."

"That's just a few miles from here. All right, let's get started."

And away we went along the river toward Sumter Point. That was a most likely place to find Ole, for there was an abandoned stone building there. It had been erected many years before by some of the early explorers, from stones brought down from the mountain streams by the rushing of water and the ice and gathered on the riverbank after the ice had gone. The building no longer had a roof, there were no windows or doors, but it served as an excellent wind-break. The police used it often, erecting a tent inside the walls.

It required about three hours to make the Point. We were getting quite close to the old building, when we saw some natives entering and leaving the place. Then we saw one man stop short; he had heard us coming along. He ran inside, and then several natives came out. There was a shot fired. It hit Ooluk. He fell.

"Now then, my friends, I'm in for a battle," cried the Inspector.

"I'll throw Ooluk on his sled, and we'll keep going, Inspector."

"That's the idea Bill." And a moment later, we were racing our dogs toward the old building. No more shots were fired; the natives remained within the walls. I thought at the time they intended to use that old building as a fort. And so it was used — not by the natives, however, but by the Inspector and myself.

Chapter XVIII

THE INSPECTOR TRIES A BLUFF

WHEN we were quite close to the old building, Inspector Brooks called out: "Come on you men, take care of Ooluk. He's badly hurt and needs you. He's your friend, you know."

At once a number of the natives came out, heavily armed, and ran toward Ooluk who was on his sled. In the meantime we entered the building, where we saw ten natives. With drawn guns, we ordered them out, and took charge of the place. We then drove our dogs inside, pitched our tent, and prepared to withstand a siege if there was to be one. There was only one thing that might bother us, and that was the lack of water. We could use melted snow, but that is not palatable.

"Just get ready for the night, Bill. Stake out the dogs in here, and we'll have everything in readiness for any emergency."

There was a large quantity of wood, and a stove under a flimsy roof in one corner. The window openings had been carefully covered with tree trunks and boughs. With only the doorway open, and offering no protection whatever, the rest of the place was a real

fort, and as the walls formed a square about 20 by 24 feet, we would be quite comfortable, and also, quite well shielded.

When we had performed the simple duties of making camp and taking care of the dogs, the Inspector took a look around to see what had been the cause of the men entering and leaving the place when we first noticed them. It was not long before he discovered what it was — for, protected by a covering of small tree trunks was a large hole, and in that hole a quantity of ammunition. We learned afterward that Ole had placed the ammunition there to be issued out as called for. He was preparing for a revolt and was, apparently, quite a general and a strategist.

"Bill, there is something of the comic opera about all this, but on the other hand, there is tragedy. Just think of one bad half-breed, riling these people who have been peaceful for many years and getting them to a point where they apparently will even fight the police."

"Yes, and in the long run, some of them may suffer. If it was only Ole, I wouldn't mind."

"That's just it, Bill. Well, let's find out about Ooluk," and with that he strode from the place toward the group surrounding the wounded man.

"Where is Ole Hanson?" he asked. He displayed no fear, and called the natives by name. There was no response.

"Men, you are making a big mistake. If any of the fur traders have done anything against you, all you

need do is to come to any Mounted Policeman and he'll take care of the man no matter whether he is a native, half-breed, or white. Now then, what's all this trouble?"

"Ole him get justice for Huskie."

"Yes? What can he do. Do you remember when there was sickness? Do you remember when your children were hurt? Who took care of them? Can't you remember Bruce, Baker, Carter, Woods, Fitzgerald, Clay, and a score of other police who fought your battles for you and did everything in their power for you and your families?"

"Baker him good me when my boy lost."

"Clay him nurse sick wife."

"Carter him make white man give back my furs," and so on and on the natives gave testimony to the kind acts and the acts of justice the police had performed for them. Within half an hour, the entire body of men were inside the old building, talking and laughing with the Inspector, and with me. But, that was not the end of the matter. They went to great length to explain that they were but half of the men who had agreed to fight with Ole Hanson, that the other half were with Ole, and would return that night. Their camp, however, was about a mile away. They merely used the old building while Ole was there, as he liked it. Well, we had won half of the men over to our side. The Inspector had taken care of the wounded Ooluk. He had been hit in the fleshy part of his arm. It wasn't much of a wound, although it should have

a new dressing every day for a while and would be sore for a few days.

"Bill," said the Inspector, "make some tea for our friends."

"It'll be ready in a jiffy. I have the water on. I expected just such an order," and in a few minutes we were all drinking hot tea.

"I must caution Ooluk about his arm. Where are you, Ooluk?" asked the Inspector. There was no reply. We looked around for him but he had slipped away. One of the Eskimos advanced the theory that Ooluk, who was a warm friend and a sort of lieutenant to Ole, had quietly stolen away to warn his friend of our presence and the fact that half of the men were to stand by us.

"Never mind him," said the Inspector, but I could see he was worried, for it was his desire to win the men back to us without a fight.

"Better remain here with us tonight, my friends," said Brooks. "Ole may steal up on your camp and hurt a lot of you before you know what's up."

"We stay fight with you."

"That's fine. But what about your furs, and your camps?"

"Women no afraid. I go warn women and old men. I back soon," and the Eskimo was off like a shot, to warn his friends and family. During his absence, about an hour, the Inspector and I talked with the natives and got a most complete story of the acts of Ole Han-

son, and of Ooluk and his henchmen. When the Eskimo returned, he informed us that the women were all glad their husbands had left the command of Ole, even the wives of those men who were with the half-breed. For the police — and the most of the fur traders — had been not only fair but had gone to great lengths at times to aid the Eskimos.

Finally the entire assembly was tired, and we felt that food and rest would be necessary. The natives went to a cache and returned with food for themselves. Then some of the men chopped down a few small trees for firewood, and some long trunks were used as a blockade across the door. It was not long before we had a meal, and then after a guard had been set, with the Inspector also standing watch, the others retired.

At twelve midnight, I was awakened by the Inspector, and I took his place while another Eskimo replaced the man who had stood watch with the Inspector. It was quiet, as it always is in that far North. I could hear trees cracking with the cold, and the river ice breaking from the same cause. It was about two o'clock when I caught a faint sound from a short distance. The noise grew a trifle louder, and I knew that the other Eskimos were approaching our little fortress. I awakened the Inspector.

"I suspected this," he said. "Now we must be prepared for a bloodless battle. I will keep my eyes on these natives, you watch out for the attackers. If

they start firing, we must prevent any shooting by these natives with us. Use your head as you never used it before."

We were very quiet. Not a man made a sound, but each grasped his rifle, ready to shoot if there was occasion. I kept my ears open, and my eyes glued to a little hole through the barricade. The moon was quite bright and I could see a short distance — not far because there were many trees about our camping place. We waited for about a half hour, when suddenly a dozen shots rang out, and hit the barricade behind which I was standing. Nothing but a miracle saved me from being hit, of that I am sure. I quit that point of vantage and none too soon, for another volley hit the protection of tree trunks. I saw that Inspector Brooks was having a hard time keeping his men from poking their rifles through the barricade and shooting toward the clump of trees where our attackers were protected.

"Let them shoot," said the Inspector.

"Inspector, I have an idea that should work."

"What's that, Bill? We can use some good ideas right now."

"I'll climb over the rear wall, drop to the ground, and make my way through the trees to where the other band is located, and then —— "

"Man, have you lost your senses? I thought you said you had an idea that should work?"

"So I did. Let me finish. If I can get to the rear of that party, I can throw it in a panic by shooting into

the air from that side, while you and the natives here do the same thing."

The Inspector laughed. "That's a fine idea, all right, but I don't like the idea of you going alone. I think I'll go with you," and with that he gave the Eskimos some explicit instructions as to their behavior. We slid over the wall, keeping to a shadowed corner, and as readily as possible made toward the trees behind which the Eskimos, and we believed Ole Hanson, were. It was a long trip, for we couldn't risk being seen, and we often had to crawl on our stomachs, in order to get from one clump of trees to another. Finally we reached our destination, at the rear of the little army. There had been no firing for some little time, and just as we had ourselves nicely hidden to await developments, a fire was started and the Eskimos sat on the snow. Ole was not there, in fact, fearing to be shot because he was very sure we would return their fire, he had gone some distance away, but before long joined the men.

"That's fine, Huskie. Ole will pay you well. Kill all those men and we'll kill all the white men, police and traders."

"Police all right," said one man.

"So you say. But they are white. You stick to Ole. Police never give you anything but medicine. I give you rifles, ammunition, plenty to eat. I make you fine men."

There was a hushed hurrah at that. And then Ole Hanson went on with a tirade against all white men,

the traders in particular, and he didn't forget to take a fling at the police. He was actually inciting those poor uneducated Eskimos to riot, murder, and robbery. There was a considerable discussion after each outburst made by Ole. Finally:

"We have plenty ammunition. Fire three more times, then we get closer and storm the camp," and with that he started off through the trees.

"Come with me, Bill," said the Inspector, and we started to shadow Ole. Almost immediately the firing started again. That noise was music to the Inspector and me. We were able to crawl closer and closer to Ole without being heard. Finally I stood right up, but a foot or two behind him, and shouted "Halt."

He recognized a white man's voice and at once started to run. But I was soon on top of him. Never have I heard a man plead for mercy as that man did, yet not one blow was struck. He was trembling with fear when I finally let him get up.

"Good work, Bill. Now then, let's get back to our camp with this scoundrel. Hurry along, Ole, we've no time to waste."

"Don't hurt me. Don't do anything to me. I haven't done anything wrong."

"Save that for the judge. I will issue a warrant with a dozen charges against you, Ole, and each one will carry a penalty of fifty or more years if you are convicted, and I'm sure you will be."

Ole whimpered like the sneak he was. He cried and

wrung his hands, which is the case, always, of yellow men. He was brave when there was no danger about, and when the entire band was with him, but now that the band was split and the police were on the job, he was a coward. As a matter of fact, he was always a coward, but now the trait was showing up.

When we got close to the camp, the Inspector advised that I get around to the back of the building, and tell the Eskimos what we were doing, then get to the east side, while the Inspector and Ole would come from the west and while we would keep out of sight, he would make Ole walk in front of our camp. He could be plainly seen because of the large campfire outside the building, although the one inside, of course, could offer no light.

I did as ordered. Finally, I was stationed as directed, and I gave a low whistle:

"Go on, Ole, walk past that barricade, and call out to your men to surrender. And remember, if you start any tricks, we'll get you."

"Me go," whimpered Ole. But, when he got in the middle of the barricade, he turned toward his followers and started to run. We rather anticipated that, for no sooner than he had taken a few steps than the Inspector's .45 barked, so did mine, and the bullets hit just in front of Ole's feet.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," he cried.

"Come back then," called the Inspector. Ole came back, and then he called to his followers, prompted

by me — I had regained the inside of the camp, by means of climbing the back wall, and called to him softly through the trees of the barricade.

"Tell them you surrendered and that they are to surrender."

He called out just that.

"Tell them to lay down their rifles and come here. They can get their rifles after the conference."

He repeated those words.

"Now, Ole, come inside here," and with that I pushed aside some of the small tree trunks, making a hole large enough for the man to enter, and Ole's revolution was at an end, so far as the actual shooting was concerned.

But the men did not lay down their rifles, nor did they come to our camp. Instead, they disappeared from the spot where they had taken refuge. Of course, Ole was immediately placed under arrest, and was made as comfortable as possible beside the fire, but chained hand and foot.

The following morning, Inspector Brooks set out for the camp of the rebels, and there located Ooluk and the other men who had aligned themselves with Ole. It required a little arguing to get the men to understand they were not in danger of arrest if they would return to our camp. As a matter of fact the women, who had remembered many acts of kindness, were more to be credited with getting their men to accompany the Inspector than that gentleman himself. Three hours after Inspector Brooks left our

camp, he was back again. His knowledge of the natives stood him in good stead, for when Ole's comrades saw their former leader, they wanted to punish him for all the trouble he had caused, but a few crisp words from the Inspector and there was no further disorder.

Throughout the day we took statements from the various Eskimos all of which later served to get a life term for Ole for his attempt to bring about a native revolution and for several other charges against him. The Inspector made it quite clear that none of the natives would be punished, but he made them understand that Ooluk was a bad man to follow, and asked that in the event he started any trouble to turn him over to the police. Just then, we all had a big laugh, for a woman suddenly appeared in camp. No one had seen her come, because we were busy with other matters, but of a sudden, we saw her. She walked straight up to one of the natives, Oomiak, took him by the ear and walked him away, talking in shrill tones all the time. The others remarked that Oomiak's wife would keep him out of trouble in the future. That night there was a big celebration in the Eskimo village. There was dancing and a lot of merrymaking. The natives plainly showed their respect for the Inspector and me, and their disdain for Ole.

The next morning, we started back for the island with Ole Hanson as our prisoner, and a very sad figure he was. The trip was without incident. Our

prisoner was quite tame, and offered no resistance at any time.

For several days we were busy at the detachment. Our teams had seen a lot of work, there were sleds and harness to be repaired, moccasins to be mended, snowshoes to be restrung, rifles to be cleaned. The time passed quickly, and we were glad of it, because when two or three men live alone for days at a time, it is hard to keep the spirits up. Very often real friendships are broken because of seeing the same face and hearing the same voice day after day.

One day the Inspector sent for the fur trader and asked him to give the furs back to Ooluk, the furs that caused the dispute spoken of in the preceding chapter. The trader was willing, in fact, urged the Inspector to see that the Indian got the furs and returned the goods he had received in trade. But that was impossible now. The interview had the effect, however of proving that Ooluk was merely seeking trouble and the trader in no way at fault.

Two weeks later, Carter returned from his patrol. Fay who had been doing the housework — much to his disgust for he never did like cooking or washing dishes — was relieved by Carter, and was sent with an Eskimo on a patrol to the Alaskan boundary.

And so life went on. The Inspector and I had an opportunity to walk two hundred miles to church. When we returned, Carter went. That was one of the hardships of the North. All of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police I have ever known have been church-

men, good, substantial Christian men, some Catholic, some members of the Church of England, the only two religions represented inside the Canadian Arctic Circle. There was a mission on the island, but for long periods of time there was no missionary in charge, and so it was necessary to travel to one of the other missions.

The winter was fast going. Soon the ice would be breaking up and travel either by boat or on foot would be impossible for a couple of weeks.

Then one day disquieting news was brought to us by an Eskimo who worked part time for the local fur trader, Sandy MacTavish, and part time for the police. He had been to the mainland, and upon his return reported that three white men had stopped him just before he started back and asked a great many questions about the police, the number of men on the island, and many questions about the fur trader. Then they left the Eskimo and started toward the Alaskan boundary. But the Eskimo, after dark, followed the men and saw a large fire on the northwest side of the island. We seldom traveled in that direction, and even if we had gone to the mainland, would not have seen the fire.

"Something odd about that, Bill."

"Sure is, Inspector. Wonder if there's a camp in the old whaling station on the other side of the island?"

"That's possible. Wouldn't be a bad idea if we took a look around over there."

"Better go at night, hadn't we?"

"Yes, we'll start as soon as it's dark tonight. It's only four miles so we won't need anything but our rifles, revolvers, and handcuffs."

So that night, the Inspector and I set out for the other side of the island. It's odd that so much can happen and many things be seen in four miles, even on a little barren wind-swept island.

Chapter XIX

THE OLD WHALING CAMP

"Too dark to see much now, Inspector."

"In a little while the moon'll be up and we'll be able to see well enough then."

We were going up the steep bank from the lowland along the shore, where the police buildings, mission, and fur-trading post were located. This wide stretch, and the natural deep harbor on the south side of the island, was protected by a high bluff that ran the entire length of the island. It was seldom anyone went across the island. For years no one had lived there, not since the whaling industry had left the Arctic Ocean. No animals lived on the island, and there was no reason whatever for anyone camping there, except along the lowland where the permanent buildings were.

"It's better walking over toward the east side, and we may be able to take off our snowshoes," said the Inspector when we reached the top of the bluff. So we headed toward a flat stretch almost like a sidewalk, along the east side of the island. When we reached it we were startled to find the snow packed hard. I flashed my light on the ground.

"Look, Inspector, men have been traveling along here ever since the last storm. The snow is packed as hard as ice."

"Sure enough. Let's see how close these tracks go to the buildings. We may learn something right here."

"Humph, only to the edge of the cliff."

"No, you're mistaken. One man has gone down the steep side, and has come back. See here?"

"Righto. Looks like a couple days old."

"Bill, there's something underhanded going on here. First, men have been coming here so they can watch the buildings below."

"Well, they sure picked a good spot, Inspector. See how plainly you can make out the lights in the police detachment and the fur trader's."

"I'd give a whole lot to know why a man should go over that bank, and not make his presence known to anyone below."

"If any stranger had visited the fur trader, he would have told us."

"You're right, Bill, unless he visited the fur trader without that gentleman knowing anything about it."

"That's something to think about. And say, what if the man went to the old mission house?"

"Bill, I think you've hit the nail right on the head."

"What do you mean, Inspector?"

"Nothing just now, maybe later we'll find out something worth while, though, and at the mission house."

"Come on, let's get started toward the other side of the island."

"I believe the men the Eskimo saw on the mainland have something to do with this."

"So do I, Bill," agreed the Inspector, and we set off toward the other side of the island. Because of the beaten path, snowshoes were not necessary and we were able to walk fast. We said very little, and then in low tones. We must see and hear without being seen or heard.

We reached the north side of the island just as the moon came up revealing the outline of the old whaling station. A light was shining through the slits in the window blinds.

"This is where we get a surprise, Bill."

"Looks that way. If I had my way, I'd ——"

"Never mind now," whispered the Inspector, "get as close as you can to one of the windows and listen. I'll have a look around a bit."

I crept as close to a window as I could. The building was old, and the blinds half rotten. I could hear quite plainly.

"Tonight's the night, Jack," said a rough voice.

"Better wait a day or two. There are three policemen on the other side of the island."

"Let 'em stay there. We can move right into the old mission house without being seen. This is the night we've been looking for. It's dark, with just enough moonlight to make traveling easy."

"But what about the dogs? We can't risk taking them over to the other side of the island. One yelp outta 'em and the police would come to investigate."

"All we'll do will be to move our stuff over there, guns, dynamite, and all. The teams will stop at the top of the high hill. We'll carry the stuff down the bank, then Lefty can drive the teams back here and wait until we send word to come to us."

"That's as good as anything, I guess. We're all loaded, so get busy and harness the teams."

I could hear five different voices. I was sure I'd recognize all of them if I were to hear them again. The Inspector came back to my station beside the window and whispered:

"As soon as they go, we'll go inside and have a look around."

We made ourselves as small as possible in the shadows until the men left the building, and were partway up the bank. Until they had gone some distance, at least until we could no longer hear them, we dared not have a light, but as soon as it was quiet on top of the hill, we went into the building, lit a lamp, and looked around.

"Not much here, sir," I said after a few moments.

"No. Guess they've taken everything they own with them."

"Why do you suppose they intend to move into the mission house?"

"Hard to tell, Bill. It may be that they plan to rob the fur trader. Remember he has a lot of valuable furs ready to ship this summer. The strange thing is that they have no fear of the police stationed a short distance away."

"Suppose they intend to cause us trouble? Maybe free Ole Hanson?"

"Now I wonder if that's it. I wonder if Ole Hanson's father or some of his friends know we have arrested him and are sending him outside for trial?"

"That's too deep for me just now, but it's worth thinking about."

"Not a thing here to identify them. There's no chance of doing anything here. We'd better get back to the other side and watch the proceedings there."

"You go back, Inspector. I'll wait here, with your permission, and when the man returns with the dogs, I'll arrest him and take him to the detachment."

"That's an idea, Bill. Take the dogs, both teams, around the island on the west side, direct to the detachment, but wait until dark tomorrow night before you cross over the bay, from the high side of the island to the shore."

"All right, Inspector."

"Good-by. Keep your mind on your work. We may be writing police history tonight. Don't write it in blood," and with that, he was gone.

I put out the lights and waited. Several times I had to place more wood on the fire. It was so cold I would not have been able to remain inside unless the fire was kept going. Second after second ticked off on my wrist watch. Minute after minute passed, and hour after hour. I was becoming disgusted and almost decided to go up the bank and follow the trail until I met the man I was waiting for, but my better judgment

kept me from doing that. Finally, I could hear the sleds crunching on the snow, and five minutes later two dog teams in charge of one man drew up at the door.

I opened the door noiselessly and peered outside. The man was facing the dogs, his back to me. I quietly stepped outside and shoved my revolver against his back.

"Stick 'em up and keep 'em up," I said quietly.

"What — what you want? Who are you?"

"Never mind. Start driving your teams to the west side of the island and keep driving."

"Says you," he growled.

"Yes, says I, my friend. You should be guessing about now that I'm a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, and the quicker you do what you're told, the better it'll be for you."

"So that's it."

"Exactly. Keep your hands up another moment while I frisk you." There was a pause, while I ran my hands over the man's clothing. I found a revolver and a large hunting knife under the parka. These I took.

"Come on, get started and don't try anything; we've got to get to the other side of the island whether you like it or not."

"Mush," said the man and we were off.

My prisoner gave very little trouble during the four and a half hours we were getting around the island. By this time, it was daylight, and so we made

a campfire in a sheltered spot that could not be seen from the mission, and waited for darkness. I was sorry that the dogs had to go hungry, but as far as the man I had with me was concerned, I cared little.

"Well, old-timer," I said, "what's all this about moving into the mission?"

"I don't know nothin' about no mission."

"Sure of that?"

"Sure, I'm sure."

"That's all then. But let me tell you this. The Inspector and I overheard some of your conversation in the whaling camp last night, and he and the other policeman will have an eye on the mission."

"Aw, put a sock in it."

"Just as you say. What's your name, anyway?"

"Say, you're a policeman, how about you finding out?"

"That's what I intend to do, and the longer I take in finding out and the harder you make that job, the harder it will go for you."

"Oh, yeah? Say, Mountie, if you *are* a Mountie, my friends'll tear you limb from limb when they find you've meddled in my affairs."

"Well, that's something to look forward to. anyway," I grinned, not so sure that he wasn't right.

"Yeah." And so on through the day. I couldn't get one bit of information from the man. The hours dragged slowly; I was growing so hungry that it was painful. When at last it was dark enough to travel,

we harnessed the teams, and set across the frozen ice to the police buildings. Once, as we drew closer, the man started to shout, but I clamped my hands over his mouth and made dire threats to him if he should repeat the trick. When we reached the detachment, I opened the door to the corral, and he drove the team inside. On my orders, he unharnessed the dogs, and stood the sleds on end. Then we entered the building.

"Here's one of the men, Inspector."

"Well, well. Quite a time since I saw you last, Terry."

"Terry? That's not my name. You're cracked."

"Now, now; that's no way to treat an old acquaintance, Terry the Gip. Served time in Canada, twenty years at hard labor. Deported to the United States, fled to Mexico, and now you're here. Terry, you're a sight to my eyes."

"You're all wet, don't know what you're talking about."

"Sorry, Terry, awfully sorry, 'pon my honor. But it may interest you to know that right here in this room I have a photograph that looks very much like you and fingerprints that I'll wager will match yours perfectly. Want me to compare them?"

"You're a big bluff."

"Fay, get the records."

"Aw, never mind. What's the use."

"Now I like you, Terry. Well, what's the new

racket? I haven't anything much on you yet, but if you and those men over in the mission house are up to anything, it'll go hard on all of you."

"Better talk to them."

"Thanks for the advice, Terry. Lock him up in the second cellroom, Bill. We don't want him to associate with the other bad man for a little while at least."

"Inspector Brooks," said Terry, "you're making the mistake of your life."

"Thanks for the information, Terry the Gip."

With that I walked the man into the cellroom and locked him up. He was safe now of harm from his partners and we were safe from him.

"Better strap on a couple of .45's, Bill. I'll have the Eskimo keep watch here. Fay will come with us also. We're going to have a look at the mission house. We may make a call there, but not for services."

I went along quietly, not speaking a word. We had worked with the Inspector so long that Fay and I knew what he wanted without orders. When we reached the mission house, we were surprised to find no lights, and couldn't hear a sound. Then we walked the few steps to the trading post. Although we knew there were several cracks in the shutters over the windows, there was no light shining through them, yet so far as we knew, the trader was on the island and there was no reason for him being anywhere except at his post. I tried the door softly—it was locked. We went around the building and there at the

rear a small ray of light came through a chink between two logs where the mud had fallen out. I put my eye to the little hole, and could see men moving about. At first, I could not make out who they were, they were too close to the hole in the wall, but after a bit they moved farther away, and I saw they were strangers. Sandy MacTavish the trader was there too — tied to a chair with a rope.

The three of us withdrew a short distance to lay our plans. We felt sure that robbery was the main object of this visit, yet we could not overlook the possibility of murder as well. How could one of us get inside that building without being caught?

Finally it was agreed that the only way to get results was to actually start something ourselves. With four men inside, even if they were to settle down for a siege, we were in a position to do the most harm. So, while the Inspector went to the door of the old building, Fay went to one side, I went to the other, and at a signal from the Inspector, pounded on the wooden shutters, and called for the men to come outside. There was no reply. We started to open the shutters, which, while fastened from the inside, could easily be torn off from the outside. We had to be careful, lest we be seen and shot. But we removed the entire shutters, without any attempt being made to stop us.

We called to the men inside several times, but there was no response, and then, I remembered something about the old mission house. I ran to the front of the

trading post, bending low so as not to be seen from the windows, and conferred with the Inspector. We arranged that I was to go to the old mission house, and as soon as a shot was fired there, Fay and Brooks would burst open the door to the trading post, and look for an opening underground to the mission.

I ran to the mission. As I expected, the door was bolted from the inside, but I knew there was a small opening on the side that was never used, and perhaps might not be locked. This opening at floor level, was intended for tossing wood into the building, but because of the cold, and the long time it required to get the wood in through the small opening, it was not practical. I found the opening unbarred. I pushed the little door open, and lying flat on my stomach crawled through to the inside of the kitchen. At first I couldn't hear a sound, and then bits of low conversation came to me.

"We'll get out of this and we'll have our furs too, Jack."

"We'd better. But what about this trader?"

"Nothing. We'll be away from here inside an hour and won't have to worry."

"Hadn't we better bump him off? He knows too much."

"Say, big noise, we're risking our lives now. Why get the police on us for murder? Now snap into it and get those furs in here before the police find out about the tunnel."

At that one man after another emerged from a little

door in the floor — a crude trapdoor cut by the men for the purpose of getting a tunnel through to the fur trader's, a short way off. The first two to come up were robbers, then came Sandy, blindfolded, gagged, and trussed up, then the other two robbers.

"Close that trapdoor. Now then, we'll get these furs up the hill, and make our get-away before the police know what's up."

"Stick 'em up," I shouted and at once fired one shot, and dropped to the floor. I was in the dark and couldn't be seen. At once there was a scramble by the men — all tried to get out the door at once, but by the time the door was opened, Fay and the Inspector were there, having heard the shot I fired, and within a few minutes we had the men in our hands, under arrest.

I have never seen such a happy man as Sandy, the fur trader. He had been threatened with all sorts of torture unless he disclosed where he kept some of his valuables, and but for the timely arrival of the police, it is hard to tell what would have happened.

Another good day-and-night job for the police.

Chapter XX

ALIAS JOHN WORTH

"HAVE a look at this, Bill."

"Ugly looking brute, Inspector," I said after I had scrutinized the police circular for a minute or so.

"He is that. We are going to have a thorough search for that man, Bill. We must stop him from reaching Siberia or Alaska. We must get him before he is able to board a ship."

We were starting down the Peel River from Fort McPherson to the Arctic coast, with the usual supplies and mail, including presents for the coming Christmas which the down-river boat had brought. The Inspector was pacing the deck and at the same time looking over his official mail. The circular he had shown me concerned a much-wanted man, Ivan Vorkowsky, a Russian, alias John Worth, alias Paul Revere, alias Stephan Margoles, alias a dozen or more names. He had killed a man in the United States, fled into Canada, killed another man, returned to the United States and then escaped into Russia. As a Red, he was, of course, most welcome there. The police of the United States and the Canadian Police are powerless in Russia.

But Ivan had great hidden wealth in New York and returned to get it. He was recognized in New York but managed to escape the police there and then entered Canada, where he again eluded the police. Knowing that word had gone out to "get him" Ivan decided to return to Russia, via Alaska if necessary, but preferably by way of the Canadian Arctic. He was to be picked up by a fur-trading boat, hidden until the boat left Canadian waters, and would then be taken to Siberia and eventually return to Leningrad.

"He's a bad man, Bill. Quick on the trigger and not afraid to shoot. Keep your eyes open. If these reports are to be trusted, he will show up somewhere along the Arctic coast this summer. It will be your special job, being in charge of the patrol boat, to see that he is not allowed to sail out of the Canadian Arctic."

"Yes, Inspector. I'll do my best."

We arrived at Herschel Island without incident. The freight and mail unloaded, I headed down the coast toward Coronation Gulf. Nothing happened on the patrol. I was able to put in at Banks Land, and when I returned to Herschel Island there was still time for another trip to Coronation Gulf. On the day of my departure from Herschel Island on the last trip the Inspector called me aside from the Eskimo crew.

"I have some news for you, Bill. There's a Russian fur-trading ship in the Arctic."

"You mean the ship I am to watch out for?"

"The very one, Bill. I'm sending Corporal Baker with you. You may need help. Remember this, you have a right to board that boat wherever you see it, for inspection."

"Yes, sir."

"And remember this, while looking for whalebone, or whale oil, or any other taxable merchandise, examine the boat thoroughly and regardless of whatever else you may find, find Ivan Vorkowsky."

"That I will, sir," and two hours later we sailed from the island, enroute to Coronation Gulf, with my weather eye on the lookout for the Russian fur-trading boat, *Dimitri*.

But, our only encounters enroute to Coronation Gulf were ice floes and icebergs, and many of them. It was one of the worst years for ice in a great many. On the way back, however, I sighted a small ship. We followed it and it put on more power. However, it was unable to keep away from us, and I finally ran close enough to discover that it was the *Dimitri*.

An hour later I boarded the boat, made a thorough examination, but could not find a trace of the elusive Ivan, the communist.

"Good-by, Captain. Everything seems to be in order," I said when my work was completed.

"Thanks. Now I'm on my way. I'm going to the Mackenzie River Delta, and then return to Siberia."

It was quite evident that the Captain had no intention of visiting the Delta. If he had, he would not

have told me so. That was a clue not even worth following. But we did keep the boat in sight for several days, despite its plain attempts to evade us. I noticed, however, a great deal of the time it hung around off shore from a point we called Point Greeley, after the famous explorer. The days of the midnight sun were past, and while there were still 24 hours of daylight, at midnight there was considerable dusk. So one night while a few miles off shore, keeping in sight of the trader's boat which moved slowly to the north, I had Corporal Baker go ashore alone in one of the ship's boats, for the express purpose of locating Ivan. In the meanwhile I steamed away toward Coronation Gulf, in order to throw the *Dimitri* off guard. Baker might be able to stop Ivan while attempting to get aboard.

The scheme, however, did not work out as we had planned, for when I returned two days later, I picked up a signal from shore, and stopped ship. A few minutes later Baker came aboard.

"What happened, Corporal?"

"Plenty, Bill, plenty."

"Did Ivan get away?"

"No. I saw him, and was trailing him to the shore. He evidently had been watching the two boats at sea. But he spied me and beat it to the shore and escaped in a small boat with an outboard motor."

"That's bad luck, Baker. What happened next?"

"Well, the ship came as close as it could. A small boat was put ashore. I went up to the Mate who was in charge, and had a talk with him. He smelled a rat

and I got no information. A few minutes later the *Dimitri* put out to sea again and I haven't seen it since."

"I hate to disappoint the Inspector, Corporal, but I guess we did the best we could."

"Bill, Ivan Vorkowsky is still ashore somewhere."

"Why are you so positive? It seems a cinch he sent a signal to the *Dimitri* and got aboard."

"Not on your life. The *Dimitri* knew we were wise to what they were here for. Second, they got wise that we were looking ashore for Ivan."

"Well, what's that got to do with Ivan being still ashore?"

"Just this. Ivan went north along the shore. He sped away with that outboard motor like a deer. When the *Dimitri* put out to sea, it headed due east."

"Great guns, Baker. If that's the case, then the *Dimitri* went out of sight of land, and Ivan didn't see it again."

"Say, Bill, let me ask you a question. How much more time have we to navigate?"

"Well, about seven days as I figure it. Ice should form by next Monday, and this is Tuesday."

"Exactly, you old walrus. That ship *Dimitri* is not taking any chances on being frozen in in Canadian waters. It has sails set, and its engines pounding away to get to the nearest Siberian port inside of seven days."

"Say, Baker old boy, you have brains and are using

them. Now let's see. We could take a chance at running up to Fort Arctic Red River in the Delta, but I think that poor business."

"So do I."

"I believe the best thing to do is to get into Herschel Island as soon as we can, and then shut off any attempt Ivan may make to escape into Alaska."

"Correct, Bill. That's the idea."

"Then as soon as the ice forms and we can travel by sled, we'll get back to the Delta and look for Ivan."

"That's the ticket. Let's go."

And so we made the best run of the summer and three days later anchored in the harbor at Herschel Island and laid up the ship. There is a lot of work to that duty; every bit of iron or steel must be carefully protected against the rust by greasing; the engines must be drained and every part carefully lubricated. Supplies and equipment, too, must be taken ashore and stored against the ten months' cold winter. But, time passes quickly when one works. When we anchored, the Inspector came aboard.

"Bad news, Inspector," said Baker, "I went ashore and saw Ivan, but he managed to get away."

"Did he make the *Dimitri*?"

"No such luck, Inspector. He got away with a large canoe and an outboard motor. The ship headed away from the shore and somewhere in the Delta is the man we want."

"Good work, boys, good work. While it's still possible to get to the mainland, we'll get there and put up a barrier Ivan can't get through."

"What about me, Inspector?"

"Staff Sergeant Conley came down river this summer by canoe from Fort Norman. I'll leave him in charge. Get the boat laid up and soon as you can travel, set out for the Delta and run Ivan down. We've got to get that man."

"You talk as if getting him was entirely up to me," I replied.

"I believe it is. Baker and I know the country north of the Delta too well to let anyone else guard the frontier. You know the country to the south. Each man to where he is best fitted."

"Do you mean to say that Ivan won't get to the border country?"

"Well, as I figure it, he can't. He's without supplies. He will be all right for a time in the Delta where he can get food from the Eskimos. He won't dare travel north toward a trading post, or west either, or toward any trading post for that matter. He'll want to keep away from white men."

"I see. You believe then that he'll start south again?" I asked.

"Of course, Bill. He was among friends there. Where did he get his canoe and outboard motor? How did he live while waiting for the *Dimitri* to show up? Now for a few last instructions. Baker and I will leave within an hour. There'll be heavy ice

tonight and we must get to the mainland while we can do so safely."

"Yes, sir. After today it may be several days before you can travel."

"Righto. Now then, when I give my orders to Sergeant Conley, I will have him get everything ready so that you can set out within three days. By that time the ice will be thick enough for you to travel on, and you will have the boat laid up."

"Yes, sir."

"You will go first to Shingle Point, then proceed to the Delta and find Ivan. He may still be there, or he may have started south again to get back among his friends."

"Yes, sir."

"Wherever that man is, I want you to find him, arrest him and bring him back to Herschel Island with you."

"Yes, sir."

"Bill, this is a dangerous job. Ivan is a bad man. He'll shoot at the drop of the hat and he's a dead shot."

"I've been told that, sir."

"Bring him in."

"Yes, sir."

That afternoon, the Inspector rowed the seventeen miles to the mainland through the slushy ice. With the aid of my Eskimo sailors, I went about my duties in laying up the patrol boat. In the meantime, Sergeant Conley was busy getting snowshoes, sleds,

food, fur clothing, and the dog harnesses ready for me so that I would not be delayed in making a start as soon as the ice permitted.

I was keen for the manhunt. True I had tracked down a dangerous man or two, but here, by long chances, was my worst assignment. I knew the Inspector had explicit faith in me, and I wanted to make good.

Three days later, the ship was ready for whatever the winter might bring. In the meantime, Conley had worked tirelessly to get my winter equipment ready. It was the night of the third day. We were eating supper in the detachment building.

"Weather looks promising, Bill."

"It does at that, Sergeant. I believe I'll be able to get away tonight."

"I don't want to hurry you, but if the weather should turn warm tomorrow you might have a hard time making the mainland."

"That's what I'm thinking. I can make Shingle Point in four or five hours. Everything is ready, isn't it?"

"Everything. And I have some good news for you."

I wondered what it could be.

"While you were busy on the boat, Carl came across the island."

"I thought he was on the mainland?"

"He was, but he came across yesterday morning.

Visited his folks on the other side of the island and came over here."

"Well, that's fine, but why should I call that *good* news?"

"Bill, Carl is the only Eskimo hereabouts who can think and talk like a white man and he's going with you."

"Good boy. But say, why so much pains about me right now?"

"You've been in the North long enough to know that you're not setting out for a Sunday-school picnic."

"Yes. But what of it?"

"Just this, old man, you're likely to be gone a long time on this manhunt and anything that can be done for your comfort or safety will be done."

I laughed. Then it came to my mind that the Inspector had seemed somewhat concerned regarding my comforts and safety — and now Sergeant Conley. Oh, well, I'd just have to take what comes, that's all.

"All right, Sergeant. Thanks for being so thoughtful. Maybe I can do as much for you some day."

"Thanks a lot, Bill. Now get some rest. I'll call you in three hours. Then you can have a cup of tea and a bite of lunch. After that, it's *au revoir*."

I went to bed and enjoyed a much-needed sleep. I had been working hard for several days and hadn't taken much time to rest because I was anxious to be ready to take advantage of the ice and weather and

start for the Delta. When Conley called me, I got up and shaved, the last I would have for a long time perhaps — then went into the kitchen. Carl was there, eating his lunch.

"Hello, Carl. Ready for a long trip?"

"Yep. Always ready."

"That's fine, Carl. Did you look at the dogs?"

"Dogs harnessed. Ready when you say."

"Good. Well, Conley, seeing you're the cook to-night, let's have all you have for me."

"Big appetite, huh?"

"No, but it may be a long time before we can have another feed."

"True. Well, here's some deer steak, baking-powder biscuits, and marmalade. How's that?"

"What? No potatoes?"

"Sure, and French fried. Your favorite."

"Oh boy, will I miss you, Sergeant."

It was a merry meal. Conley was, of course, disappointed that he had not been assigned to the case. But, he was to do something far more important — run the Herschel Island detachment until the Inspector would return. Supper ended, Carl went out to have everything in readiness. I said good-by to Conley.

"See you in church, Sergeant."

"Take good care of yourself, Bill. Don't go taking any more of your foolish chances."

"Rats. Well, shake. Good luck, old man. Thanks for getting everything ready for me."

"Good-by, Bill. When you come back, bring Ivan Vorkowsky with you."

"You bet I will, Sergeant, and ——"

"Teams ready," called Carl.

"—— and if I don't come back, remember I died with my boots on."

"Mush!" With a crack of the long dog whip, Carl and I started over the frozen Arctic ice toward the mainland and new adventures. The going was fine. It was the first trip of the season for the dogs and they enjoyed their work. For two months they had done nothing but eat and they relished the cold air, the running, and the frequent "mush" to goad them on their way. Carl was an excellent dogman, traveler, interpreter, and hunter. With him I felt I could endure almost any sort of hardship. On through the night we sped. The stars were bright — we needed them, for it would have been pitch-dark without them.

Five hours later we reached Shingle Point, the little fur-trading post on a spit jutting out into the Arctic Ocean. Here we would make our first camp. From there on, we must sleep in the open, but this one night we would have a roof over our heads.

The trader was not at home, but his native was there.

"Where's the trader?"

"Him gone Delta. Look white man."

"What white man does he want?"

"Big man him come two day go. Him say sick. Him

stay here. Yesterday him gone. Him take guns, sleds, dogs."

"How did he do that with the trader here?"

"Him on bluff. Look for fire him see at night."

"Was this the man?" I drew from the pocket of my parka, the circular describing Ivan Vorkowsky.

"That him," said the native excitedly, "that him, sure."

"Carl, we don't sleep here tonight. We're going on into the Delta."

"O.K., Bill."

We lost no time in starting and traveled thirty miles before we came to a rest. At that we stopped only when we and the dogs were too fagged to travel a foot further. We found an abandoned camp.

"Unhitch the dogs, Carl, but don't touch a thing around the camp. I want to look around first."

"O.K., Bill."

I poked about, but could find little; nothing, in fact, that would give a clue as to who might have used the camp. I could only see that it had been used the night before.

I called to Carl to start supper, and walked over to where he was building his fire on the ashes left by the previous camper. Carl was just about to light some small wood, when I stopped him.

I had seen a little bit of white paper that I had missed before in my search, because it was the same color of the snow. I picked the paper up from the

ashes; it was only a tiny scrap paper, but on it was some writing — in Russian.

I was on the trail of Ivan Vorkowsky, alias John Worth.

Chapter XXI

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG, LONG TRAIL

"CARL, we have a lot of work to do and we must do it in a hurry."

"O.K., Bill."

"We must get to the Delta as soon as possible and question every white man and trapper. We must find out if any of them have seen the white man we are after."

"Then we don't stay here tonight?"

"Oh, we'll camp here for a few hours at least. Then we'll set out again. Can you stand it?"

"Sure. Me can go. Want four hour sleep."

"Good. As soon as you finish your meal, look at the dogs and see if *they* can stand more travel in a few hours. Take a good look at their feet."

"Me do."

Four hours later, we were again on the trail, and for twelve hours we drove the dogs at top speed. The weather was right for traveling, not too cold, yet cold enough to make action necessary to keep warm. The snow was not so deep as to impede progress, and when at last we came to a halt at a camp of Eskimo

trappers in the Delta, we had covered about forty miles.

"Carl, you talk to these people. Get all the information you can. I'm going to search the riverbanks for clues."

"Me do," and soon Carl was talking with the Eskimos, while I walked to the riverbank. I felt quite sure that Ivan must have stopped at the village on his way south. He would need a guide and interpreter, and some information. He would want to find out all he could about the location of police detachments and the number of police in the vicinity. I was particularly anxious to locate a canoe with an outboard motor. If I could find that, then I would be sure that the natives could supply some information.

The camp was a short way from the riverbank, among a cluster of trees that not only acted as a fine windbreak from the cold, piercing winds, but also supplied firewood. I started to search the riverbank, for a possible cache for the outboard motor. The natives, if they had it, would not carry it far from the river, and they would not let it lie on the ground. In the half light it was not too easy to see more than a few feet. I did notice a thickening of the blackness in the lower branches of a tree. Closer examination showed it to be a platform formed of small branches and on this platform was the outline of an object covered with skins or cloth. I climbed the tree, lifted the covering and there was an outboard motor. I slid to the ground and continued my search there. Not

long afterward I found a canoe atop a pile of logs; on it were the unmistakable marks of the clamps of an outboard motor.

I returned to the camp. Carl was still busy with the Eskimos. He was talking in the native language, but I could see from the expression on his face that he had nothing to tell that would interest me.

"They say no white man here."

"All right, Carl. Tell them I am going to take that outboard motor I found cached in a tree at the river edge." Immediately after he told them that, there was a commotion. It was evident they had no intention of allowing me to take that motor if they could help it.

"Ask them who owns the motor."

"Ulak say it him motor."

"Ask him how he got it."

"Him say him buy it."

"Ask him from whom he bought it, and what he gave for it. And listen, let these people know that I know the white man was here and that he traded that outboard motor and canoe for food and for a guide." That was part bluff, of course, but bluff was necessary. Time was too precious to be spent questioning these people at length. I needed certain information and must have it as soon as possible. Half an hour later Carl had all the information I wanted.

"White man him come before ice. Him leave canoe and motor here, then go way. Three day ago him

come back. Him trade canoe and motor for meat and guide. Say him go trap Fort Wrigley."

Oh, so that was it. Well, after more questioning, I learned that Ivan and two Eskimos actually did start in the direction of Fort Wrigley, and after a rest, we set out in the same direction.

Now, in order to reach Fort Wrigley, there was but one route that could well be traveled, and we followed that route. However, I was very sure Ivan would not go to Fort Wrigley. Knowing that the police were after him, and that they knew he was somewhere in the Far North, he would not dare show his face to a white man. The Indians and Eskimos might not mention his presence to the police, but if the man had any brains at all (and there was reason to believe he had plenty) he knew that the white men, traders, and missionaries would.

The second day we found an abandoned camp, which gave evidence of having been used by Ivan and his companions. There is always something distinctive about a camp, and, knowing anything at all about the man being pursued, it is easy to "read" a camp. At the outset, I had seen that Ivan built small fires, and, instead of chopping his wood close to the camp site, went farther into the woods. Then, when leaving the camp, he covered the fire with snow.

There was a brain behind that. By building a small fire, the chances of its being seen were lessened. By cutting wood away from the camp, one might travel

along the trail without discovering there had been a camp there, and by throwing snow on the fire, the ashes were naturally cold within a few minutes and since it was a small fire, there was a chance the ashes would be covered up. However, in this case, and in others to follow, the snow had melted, exposing some of the ashes and leaving tell-tale ice.

Knowing that I was on the right track naturally made me feel happy, and as Carl was a faithful man, we drove our teams to the utmost — they were given all the rest necessary, but no more than that. About the fifth or sixth day we came to a river. There had been a camp on the banks, and I could even see where a hole had been cut in the ice (which was about three feet thick) to get water. I crossed the river in search of marks where the party might have driven up the opposite bank. During the past several days there had been no wind and no snow — although it was bitter cold, about 40 below zero — and if the river had been crossed, there would have been a trail left behind. But I could find no trail.

The following day, we set out for the south — away from Fort Wrigley. Following the Inspector's deductions, I was sure Ivan would not try to go north or west but would attempt to escape south, and that only by way of Coronation Gulf could he hope for success in his flight, because only in that direction could he evade white men. For two days we traveled that river, all the time looking for marks of a sled

and three men. On the second night, we halted. It was beginning to look as though perhaps I was all wrong; that Ivan had been rash enough to take another direction. I was beginning to feel a bit discouraged, and was worried about our food which was very low, so low, in fact, that unless we saw game in another day or two, we would have to travel on empty stomachs.

"Carl, feed the dogs. I'll get the wood for a fire."

"O.K., Bill."

"I may be gone for a while. Don't be worried. I want to have a look around. We may start back along our own trail tomorrow."

"O.K., Bill. Me no like say much but me say you wrong."

"Maybe so, Carl, maybe so. Mistakes will happen, but don't rub it in when a fellow makes one."

"O.K. I say we ——"

"Go on. —— Say, what are you staring at?"

"Look, Bill, look," Carl, his eyes popping, pointed toward the center of the river. I looked, and there, in the river, sticking from a hole in the ice was the head of a man.

Carl and I ran to the center of the river and dragged the fully clothed body of the Eskimo from the water hole. Had the ice not been so thick, the chances are the body would have been frozen in the icy water. He had been struck over the head with some heavy instrument, probably an ax, and then

shoved under the ice around the hole. In some way or other, probably due to the current under the ice, the body came to the hole, and rose in the water.

"Know him, Carl?"

"Sure. Him one guide with Ivan."

Well, here was another problem to solve. We carried the poor Eskimo to the shore and placed him on a staging that we made of branches, in the limbs of the largest tree we could find. We covered the body with small boughs of fir trees. We couldn't bury the body, for the ground was frozen right to the surface; besides, in charging Ivan with the murder, it would be necessary for us to produce the body. As soon as possible, we would have to return to that spot and take the body to Herschel Island.

By the time we had supper it was so dark we couldn't look around. I spent a sleepless night—waiting for the dawn so as to search the vicinity for the trail leading from the camp, and for whatever else might be found. It was close to daybreak, and I was thinking about getting up, when one of those terrific Arctic blizzards set in. For seven days, we could not move from the camp, and during the last five days, Carl and I fed the dogs as best we could, but ate very little ourselves. Our food was entirely gone on the last day of the storm.

"Me hunt today, Bill."

"Yep, me too, Carl. We must get food as soon as we can. We won't leave here until we do get food."

"Maybe we eat dogs."

"Maybe, Carl, but not unless we have to," and we set out. I was lucky. Inside of an hour I had shot two ptarmagin and a caribou. Carl returned to camp with a small buck. For the time being we were in high spirits.

"Carl," I said, between mouthfuls of the caribou steak Carl had cooked, "do you know how it happened we got these caribou?"

"Sure. We shoot."

"Yes," I laughed, "but you know as a rule there are no caribou in this part of the country."

"Caribou lost in storm."

"That's right. Did you see many large drifts in the direction you went?"

"Many. Too deep to travel."

"Same in the direction I went. For that reason, we are going to follow the river when we leave here. We'll travel south until the snow is not too deep, then we'll cut east toward the coast again and try to pick up Ivan's trail."

"Plenty wise, Bill."

"Thanks, Carl. Now then, let's get ready to break camp. We have had a long rest, we can stand a lot of hard travel, and so can the dogs. I want to travel eighteen hours a day for the next two days." We did just that. When at last, tired and hungry, we made our camp at the end of the second day, we had covered a great many miles.

"Here's where we get a good rest, Carl. Tired?"

"Me lots tired, Bill."

"All right. Let's take care of the dogs and get some sleep."

"O.K., Bill."

"For once, I'll let you set the time for starting in the morning."

"Me ready six hour sleep."

"Maybe you will be ready, my friend, but I want eight hours sleep."

"That me like better."

What a rest we had! It was necessary, of course, to get up a few times during the night to put wood on the fire — the cold would awaken one of us — but as soon as the fire was burning again, the much-needed sleep was resumed.

When at last we felt we had enough rest, we prepared breakfast, ate it leisurely, and then harnessed the dogs to the sleds. We were just about to set out when I heard a shot some distance to the south. It was the first shot we had heard since leaving the Delta, except the shots from our own rifles. We had not seen a live human being during all that time.

"Hunters," said Carl.

"Most likely," I replied. "I'd like to see who it is."

"You think him Ivan?"

"Don't know. It may be, or it may be some native or even a white man hunting. I'd like to see."

"O.K., Bill. Mush!" and with a crack of the dog whip, Carl set out down the river and I followed a moment later.

I was not worried about the shot, yet, because I

was trailing a criminal, I was naturally anxious to know if I was close enough to him to hear a shot from his rifle. We saw nothing for several hours of even mild interest. But when we stopped for lunch, I walked, as usual, along the bank of the river looking for whatever I could see while Carl made the meal, and came upon a trail. I followed it a short distance, and saw that it had come from the river, then had turned south. A short way from the turn, I came upon the hide of a caribou — and that hide had been taken from the carcass during the past few hours. I hurried back to the spot where Carl was cooking our meal.

"Carl, Ivan is just ahead of us. Hurry, eat. We must get started as soon as we can."

"How you know that?"

"First I came upon a hide of a caribou, taken from the carcass just a few hours ago."

"Hunter's shot we heard."

"Yes. I know it was Ivan though, from markings left by the sled."

"You mean where sled mended?"

"Yes. That same streak is left in the snow where the sled passes over it that we have seen before."

"Better we hurry, Bill."

"That's what I say, Carl." Our dinner was eaten in three gulps, and immediately we mushed down river until we came to the spot where the trail appeared leading up the riverbank. We followed it until we came to where I had found the hide.

"Huh!" said Carl, when he had examined the hide, "white man."

"How do you know?"

"Eskimo cut hide one long cut. This hide cut many time."

"That's right. The Eskimo would have tried to save the hide so it could be used for something."

"Sure, Bill. Eskimo and Indian never waste hide."

"I wonder why the Eskimo didn't skin the caribou."

"Maybe him sick."

"Maybe that's it and if — *No, no, that isn't it,*" I cried. "Ivan is afraid to let the Eskimo have a knife or a rifle."

"Maybe, Bill."

"That must be it. Because Ivan killed the Eskimo's partner, he has no doubt been seeking revenge. Ivan is afraid of the man."

"Sure, that it."

"Carl, some day we'll catch up with Ivan and when we do, we'll learn a lot."

"Maybe. Better we get going, huh?"

"Yes. Mush!" and we followed the trail. I really thought that long before dark we would come upon either a camp or Ivan. But darkness overtook us without any such luck. The dogs were tired from being urged on at top speed all day. They couldn't stand more travel without a rest. So we made camp, fed the dogs, and prepared our own supper.

"Much wind tonight, Bill."

"Think so, Carl? Why?"

"See sky all day. Wind from north tonight."

I was sorry to hear that, because the wind would wipe out the trail we'd been following all day. Oh, well, we'd pick it up again soon.

"Must look for game again tomorrow, Bill."

"Yes, we must. I wish we could travel without eating. We lose so much time."

"No eat, no strength. No strength, no good police, Bill."

"Guess you're right, old man," I said. I had to smile at Carl's simple but sound logic.

A few hours later the wind did come and what a wind it was. Snow was driven through the air with such force that one could not face it. It became bitter cold, too. We were in a fairly good shelter for the night, at least we had that to be thankful for.

Leaving Carl to get the supper, I walked a short way down the trail. Tomorrow it would not be visible — would be covered with snow. Well, such is luck. I dared not go far — it is no use to walk aimlessly. I decided to return to camp, and let tomorrow take care of itself. Just as I turned, I saw a big fire suddenly flame up, perhaps five miles away. I felt sure it was Ivan's campfire. I made up my mind to set out alone, and make my way to that fire as soon as I had supper. But by the time the meal was over, the wind was so strong, it was impossible to leave camp. Still I was getting closer and closer to the criminal. Tomorrow, I would travel until I caught up with him.

The next day, however, we could not leave camp. The temperature had gone so low it was dangerous to get away from the warmth of the fire. The next day it was warmer, but we had to hunt. Our food was about gone. That day we saw no game. Another day's delay. The following day we had luck and shot enough game to supply us with food for a week. The next day we set out in the direction I had seen the fire — the trail had been wiped out by the wind as I had foreseen.

That night we reached the spot where Ivan had camped. I searched the ashes and the snow for some sign or other to show how things were with him. I saw nothing. But when we had staked out the dogs for the night, and were sitting around the campfire, Carl blurted out:

"Bill, Eskimo guide, him need friend."

"What do you mean?"

"Him tied up at night. Him feet tied when travel."

"That's a deep one, Carl. How can a man run along on snowshoes if his feet are tied?"

"Come, I show you," and the good fellow walked over to where we had staked one of the dogs near a tree.

"See. Rope mark on tree. Him feet there. Look other tree. Him hands tied that tree. Look." Sure enough, marks of ropes could be seen on the trees and I could dimly make out the marks of blankets on the snow, close enough to the fire to protect a man.

"Well," I said, "another reason for haste. We can't lose one single minute from now on, and if ——"

"Hello," the voice startled us, although the most surprising thing about it was its weakness. We whirled, and there, standing close to the fire, was Ivan's Eskimo guide. We ran toward him, and just as we reached his side, he fell to the ground and lay motionless.

"Take care of him, Carl. I'm going on. I'm getting Ivan tonight!"

Chapter XXII

IVAN TURNS A TRICK

IT WAS my intention to follow the trail left in the snow by the Eskimo, certain that it would lead to Ivan's camp. There was very little light, and the going was difficult. My flashlight would have come in handy but I dared not use it lest Ivan should be following the escaped Eskimo and see it. So I went along slowly, following in the trail left by the Eskimo's snowshoes.

I had traveled perhaps a half mile, when I heard a loud shout from the direction of my own camp. I stopped dead still to listen. Noise carries a long distance in that country where there are no mechanical noises to interfere. I could hear three voices distinctly, but could not make out what was being said; then I heard Carl shout:

"Bill, come quick, Bill, oh Bill."

I turned in my tracks and started back over my trail as fast as my snowshoes would permit, and when at last I reached the camp, Ivan's Eskimo was gone and Carl lay prone on the ground, with a dozen knife wounds in his body. As quickly as I could, I took care of Carl. It was some little time before he was able to

talk, and when at last he found his voice, I heard a story that for daring, I have never heard before.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Kuluk, him Ivan's Eskimo, he lay on ground. I take care him. Soon him talk."

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Him say Ivan beat him. Him say Ivan one day two, three day go, think maybe him chased. Him tie Kuluk tree. Ivan come back on trail an' see you and me."

"Humph. I never expected anything like that. Go on."

"Ivan go back camp. Him say police after him. He say he kill Kuluk if him not get south quick. Then tonight he beat Kuluk and him run away."

"Yes, yes. Go on. Hurry!"

"Kuluk run five mile maybe. Him fall from run and beating. I make him good again. Then you go. Then Ivan him come through tree, there."

Carl pointed in the direction of the east, and I walked over in the direction and could plainly see from the light of the campfire where Ivan had traveled. His snowshoes showed plainly. Well, I could not leave Carl, and he was in no condition to travel, so all I could do was to wait at least until morning. I returned to the fire.

"What happened next, Carl?"

"Ivan him come and hit Kuluk, I try kill Ivan, but him big strong man, him stick knife in me, but fur parka him thick," and thick it was for like most

Eskimos, Carl wore two suits of furs, one with the fur next to his skin, and the other with the fur outside. The heavy furs were responsible for Carl being alive.

"And then he took Kuluk and went back toward his camp again?"

"Yes, him say him beat Kuluk till him die if he no go."

"Well, Carl, all we can do now is to wait until you are able to travel again, but we will have to set out just as soon as you can."

"Me soon better. Morning me travel. Maybe slow, but me travel."

By morning, he actually was much better and I dressed his wounds and found that while he was still sore, we could safely set out, and we did. Of course we didn't make much headway. I could not afford to have Carl laid up for any length of time and I couldn't force the man to travel when he was not fully able. By night, we had come up to the camp Ivan had used the night before, and as the ashes were still warm, it showed that he had broken camp but a short time before. I could plainly see the marks of his trail, but much as I would have liked to continue the chase, Carl was quite fagged out and he came before the criminal. I was determined to get Ivan, and nothing could stop me.

After we had eaten, fed, and staked the dogs for the night, I climbed a tall tree and looked around with my night glass. I was especially anxious to locate

Ivan's campfire, but there was not a fire to be seen anywhere. This puzzled me somewhat, because it was impossible to rest without a fire, he would freeze; besides, he must have food, and raw food, while much enjoyed by the Eskimos, is not to the liking of a white man.

The next day, Carl was much improved and we traveled at a fairly good rate. On the second day, Carl's good, decent living showed itself, for he was as fit as a fiddle again, and we made good time, but did not see a sign of Ivan's camp. This puzzled me somewhat. The fact that I had lost his trail didn't bother me much, because I was sure I would pick it up again in a day or two. I always had, and could see no reason why there should be an exception this time. The following day we ran into tracks of caribou, so we spent the day hunting, and by night had a supply of meat for ourselves and dogs for a week or more. At least, we could make good time again, for we would not have to stop and hunt for several days.

When we again set out, we kept in the general direction of Coronation Gulf. I was positive Ivan would not attempt to change his course, for, as explained before, Coronation Gulf offered him his only chance of escape. But I was still puzzled that I could not see any sign of a camp or trail. It could only mean that Ivan was traveling much faster than we were and, of course, he had had the advantage of the days when Carl was able to travel but slowly.

For two days following the hunt, we saw little or

nothing of interest, and nothing at all of Ivan's camps or trail. And then one night as we sat around the campfire, talking over the events of the day before turning in for the night, I said:

"Say, Carl, you've been through this part of the country two or three times. Have you ever been in this exact part before?"

"No, Bill. Me go much east or much west. No here."

"Do you think Kuluk did also?"

"Eskimo come this way never."

"Well, that changes matters. Look at this map and show me how the Eskimo would travel from the Delta to Coronation Gulf, if they were not following a trail, such as we are trying to follow."

Carl looked at the map. He didn't understand it without a great deal of explaining, but finally I made him understand.

"See Carl, this line here is Ronciere River, running south."

"Me know. That way Eskimo go sometime."

"And this line here is Buchanan River. It starts north of the Ronciere and empties into the Arctic Ocean."

"Sure, me see."

"We have not seen either river, and we are now south of the Buchanan. And look here. Over here is Stapylton Bay, just north of Coronation Gulf."

"Carl him see."

"Can you understand now?"

"Me see."

"Now then, about here is where I believe we are now. We may be a hundred miles one way or the other from here, but we are getting closer and closer to Coronation Gulf. Now, if Ivan followed the Ronciere, he would be getting close to the Barren Lands, and even he wouldn't dare go there."

"No white man ever go there. No Eskimo go there."

"They wouldn't try to cross that country where nothing grows and is filled with wolves. So unless I miss my guess, we have missed Ivan's trail because he has turned toward the Arctic Coast. What do you think?"

Carl studied a moment. He was a most intelligent man, and liked to be given responsibilities, and because I had taken him into my confidence and asked him to help me, I was sure to get an intelligent answer and only after careful thought.

"Bill, map no show mountain."

"Mountain? What mountain?" I asked in surprise.

"White man call him Davy Mountain. Him on way Stapylton Bay."

"Funny thing, that. The map doesn't show the mountain and I've never heard of it."

"Eskimo hunt there. Many mountain goat. No seen from coast."

"That explains it then. Perhaps few if any white men have been in this part of the country and that's why it isn't on the map."

"Him big bad mountain. Man on top keep other hunter back. Plenty big rock, plenty place hide."

"Do you suppose Kuluk knows about that mountain?"

"Kuluk him come from Cogmollock tribe. Him hunt since boy for sheep and goat Davy Mountain."

"That settles it, Carl, we're going to turn toward the coast tomorrow and try to find that mountain. I believe I know what Ivan is up to. He will hide there and get Kuluk who knows the country, to get help. Even though he has been abused, Kuluk can easily be won over by big promises."

The next day, we were unable to turn toward the coast because of huge drifts of snow, so we continued south. The following morning, just an hour after we set out, we came onto an abandoned camp, which proved to have been one of Ivan's. The trail leaving the camp was in the direction of the Arctic Coast.

I was much surprised when examining the camp, to note that instead of indications of Kuluk's being tied up at night, there were marks in the snow to show that both men sat side by side at times, and that Kuluk even went into the woods alone. By now it was very easy to tell the difference between the markings left by the two men. It was evident that regardless of the hard life Ivan had forced on Kuluk, they were now friends. Ivan was wise in making a friend of Kuluk, for with the Eskimo's knowledge of the country, especially of the area to which they were

coming, where his tribe lived and hunted, Kuluk could be a great friend or a great enemy, just as he himself was treated.

For four days a steady, strong wind from the north swept the land, and as a result there was no deep snow. While we could see huge drifts along the banks of the streams and rivers we crossed, we were at no time bothered with them, and following the trail was easy.

For nearly a week we pushed along, until one night as we made camp, I saw a light that seemed to be a campfire. It appeared to be high up in the air.

"Look, Carl, see that light?"

"Sure, campfire on Davy Mountain."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure. Me know. Tomorrow we get mountain."

"Splendid. Well, we'll try to shelter our fire so it won't be seen. Tomorrow we will have to be the smartest policemen on the Force; we must reach that campsite before Ivan as much as guesses we are still on his trail. From what you've said about the mountain, we'll need to use our brains more than our muscles."

"Bill, me know place we go. We fool Kuluk and Ivan."

"Fine, Carl. Remember I trust you. We're closing in on those two men slowly but surely. Whatever happens, though, Kuluk is not to be harmed in any way. He's not responsible for helping Ivan."

"Me glad you say that. Me Eskimo too. Me no like bad Huskie, but me like good Huskie."

"That's fine. We understand perfectly."

That night we managed to get along with a very small fire, and built it in a sheltered spot among a dense growth of trees we were fortunate enough to find. The following morning we got an early start, and traveled fast. Because of the dense woods, we were able to reach the base of Davy Mountain, we hoped, without being seen. That night we had one of the worst experiences we had ever had. It turned bitter cold, and we did not dare to have a fire. We huddled close together to keep warm, and were forced to eat our food cold. I had provided for that emergency by cooking enough food the night before to carry us through two days, and the food was good, but when one is cold a warm meal is necessary.

Early the next morning we were astir. I took care of the dogs, while Carl crept up the mountainside a short way in order to determine if possible the exact spot where Ivan had camped. The faithful Eskimo came back, with joy written all over his face.

"Me know place. Me there twice before."

"And do you know how we can get there without being seen?"

"Sure. We go other side mountain. Me see man look toward west."

"Oho, so that's it. They suspect we may be on the trail, and will walk right up to them. Well, we'll take

chances on losing a day or two and go around the mountain and up the other side."

"Sure, and maybe we find something."

"What's that, Carl?"

"Big hole. Place we hide dogs while we hunt Ivan."

With that we set out and traveled all day, and far into the night. If we could get to the opposite side of the mountain, which in reality was an exceptionally large and high hill, we could have a fire and warm food. And, we were rewarded for our hard work for we did reach the other side, and feeling sure Ivan would not come to that side of the mountain we made camp, built a fire, and enjoyed a warm meal and the warmth of the fire while we slept. The following morning we started up the side of the mountain, and before night had reached a large hole, much like a cave, in the side of the huge hill. It was an ideal spot to hide our team and sled, while Carl and I would go around the mountain, and reach Ivan if he and Kuluk were still there. We had supper, fed the dogs and staked them, and started out on a little excursion. We wanted to locate Ivan's camp and lay plans for his capture.

Imagine our surprise, when we had walked but a couple of miles, to almost run into the camp. We could hear Ivan and Kuluk talking and laughing. As I had surmised, Ivan, realizing how much he needed a friend, had made up with his Eskimo. I wanted to force the issue at once, but a look around convinced me that it would be a most foolish thing to do. The

camp was above us, on a sort of table rock, and the least noise would have warned the wily criminal. I would have to look the spot over in the daytime and lay a full course of action before attempting anything. I realized that once Ivan was aware of our presence, he and the Eskimo could not only hold us off, but we would perhaps be killed, for while he was protected, we would have to come into the open to reach the table rock.

So for a while, I contented myself with listening to the conversation, which was loud and unguarded, plainly showing they had no fear of anyone, either because Ivan believed no one near, or realized he could not be reached with safety. I learned long afterward that he was really trying to lure me on to the camp to attempt the arrest.

"Plenty goat, Ivan," said Kuluk.

"Yes, my Eskimo friend, my very good friend," replied Ivan.

"No man reach us here. Tomorrow me go south side mountain. Me get help from my people. My tribe fight for you."

"That's fine, my very good friend Kuluk. Some day soon I give you plenty presents, all I have with me now, I'll give you more as soon as I get back to Edmonton. I'll send presents for all the tribe by the fur trader's boat next summer." .

"Me like presents."

"Yes, my fine friend, my very good friend. I'm glad we are friends again, my fine Kuluk."

And so on, the foxy Ivan had won the friendship of the much-abused Eskimo and was making the most of it with his mushy talk. Carl and I returned to our camp. We talked late into the night laying our plans. What if the Cogmollock Eskimos should do as Kuluk promised? What if they should fight for Ivan? After all, one of their own tribe was asking them to do so in return for many presents, which I was sure they would never receive, but that would make no difference, as long as the promise had been made, they would expect the debt of gratitude to be paid. After all, Ivan wanted results and would promise anything to get them.

The following day, Carl set out to try to locate a trail around the mountain that might bring us to a point higher up than Ivan's camp. And late in the afternoon he returned with the startling news that he had been successful, had looked right down on the camp; that Kuluk was not in the camp, and that just as soon as he had seen enough, and turned to retrace his steps back to the camp, he slipped, his foot hit a large rock which tumbled down the mountainside, right into Ivan's camp. Ivan had heard the noise of the rock bounding down the mountain, had looked up and had seen Carl!

Here indeed was a sad state of affairs. We had been so careful to keep our presence from being known, had even contemplated getting to Ivan's camp that night and arresting him, and now he knew that we were close by.

I could not blame Carl. It was too bad he had slipped against the rock, but it was an accident. I was keenly disappointed, but there was nothing I could do about it. After supper I decided we would carry on our original plans, even though Ivan knew we were in the vicinity, but we would have to be more careful than ever. As soon as it was dark enough, I set out alone, leaving Carl to guard our camp, which was an easy matter, for as I said, the camp was in what was almost a cave.

Bit by bit, slowly but surely, I followed the route described to me by Carl, and after a long tedious journey, arrived at a point directly above Ivan's camp. There was a fire burning, but nothing of Ivan was to be seen. His camp equipment was there, his sled and dogs, but the master was nowhere to be seen.

I waited for perhaps three hours, then because of the intense cold was forced to leave and return to camp. I was greatly puzzled about all this, until after thinking the matter over a long time, came to the conclusion that Ivan had found a hole in the mountain, the same as Carl and I were using, and had hidden away until his Eskimo would have located a few of his tribe, and would return to fight us. After all, why take chances? Ivan was sure of aid, enough to do away with Carl and me. If he fought it out alone, he might get the worst of it. Nothing like safety first.

We had gone to rest, there was a bright moon. I could not sleep. I was so sorely disappointed at the events of the past day, my brain was so active, sleep

was impossible. It was midnight, according to my wrist watch. A great idea came to me. I awoke Carl, ordered him to harness the team and set out at once for Coronation Gulf.

We were no match for Ivan and the Cogmollock Eskimos on that mountain, but we could get to Coronation Gulf before Ivan's Eskimos. We would make the Cogmollocks understand the true state of affairs before Kuluk could even get there.

Chapter XXIII

WE REACH CORONATION GULF

FROM the time we left the mountainside, reached the Arctic Coast, and then Coronation Gulf, we had no experiences that were unusual. We ran into a lot of bad weather, extreme cold, a blizzard that lasted ten days during which we could not travel. We had many hungry days, but there was nothing new in any of these experiences. Our dogs, however, were beginning to show the strain of many weeks of hard traveling, often working with little food, and I was anxious to get to some Eskimo village where we might all have a few days' rest.

My worst and chief concern, was whether or not I was doing right in racing to the Gulf. While I had every reason to believe that Ivan would go that way in order to escape south, something might happen to alter the course. True, that meant going in the direction of police detachments, but he was desperate enough to try almost anything.

As we drew closer and closer to the Gulf, we met little bands of Cogmollock hunters. To each of these bands Carl explained that they must not join up with Kuluk or the white man with him, and made the

natives understand that they must not interfere with the police. Finally we arrived on the shores of the broad, frozen gulf, and the main village of the Cogmollock tribe.

Carl set out at once to explain why we were there. Because the police had always been kind to the tribe we were received with open arms, given food, and the kind-hearted people even went so far as to build a snow igloo for us. For a week nothing interesting happened, and then one day, a member of the tribe arrived in camp. He was much excited. He talked with the natives a long time. Of course, Carl was present, but the hunter paid no attention to him. After the man told his story with many gestures, Carl called to me and I joined the crowd, but before I had taken a dozen steps from the igloo, the man shouted in angry tones, and pointed at me. Carl then became eloquent in his own tongue, and while some of the men seemed inclined to be hostile toward me, the others seemed friendly. Carl talked for quite a while. When he stopped, he came over to where I was standing at the edge of the gathering.

"That man come from Ivan. Him say Ivan want all hunter look for you and kill you. Say you will kill all Eskimo."

"And what did you say?"

"I say you policeman, you friend Cogmollock. Say man who come now want to get Eskimo in trouble with police. Him say you go or he kill you and get present from Ivan."

"Oh, so that's how it stands. Well, Carl, you tell those people that I am their friend like every policeman; tell them that if anything happens to me that policemen will come in crowds as thick as the snow in a storm to punish those who harm me. Tell them that if they follow that man who has been talking, they will lose the friendship of the police, and they will get into serious trouble. Tell them all about Ivan. You know what to say."

"Me do." And he did. For a long time he talked. Finally, the hunter who had been enlisting recruits to form a little army to look for me and either kill me or turn me over to Ivan for punishment, came over to me and shook my hand. From then on, every man, woman, and child was my friend, and when Carl talked with the recruiter, he told the whole story.

Kuluk had met a little band of hunters, ten men, not far from Davy Mountain, and had made many fine promises if they would help Ivan find me. I was described as being everything but a gentleman; I was a hater of the Eskimo people everywhere, and that I was going to destroy all the Eskimos when I got a chance. The hunters agreed to help Kuluk, who took them to Ivan's camp. He made many promises of rewards, if they would locate me. So they started a search of the mountain, and finally came upon the hole where we had camped. They saw that a white man had been there, so, of course, Ivan knew it had been my camp. Then they started to follow my trail down the mountain, but a windstorm came up. After

a day, when they were able to travel again, there was not a mark of our trail left.

Ivan was so anxious to get me that he sent the messenger to the Gulf to get as many Eskimos as possible to hunt for me, while he and his little band would search the entire area to the south of the mountain. What Ivan wanted was to get me caught between two hostile forces — and strange as it may seem, neither Ivan nor the Eskimos thought I would follow the coast toward the Gulf.

All of Ivan's plans were now clear. He had won over the one little band of hunters so easily that he believed he could get the whole tribe on his side. This, I concluded, would be his undoing, because, one man against even a little tribe of Eskimos had no show whatever. That night I slept more soundly than I had in a long time. From what the hunter said, even traveling as slowly as Ivan must, in order to look for me and wait for the band to come from the Gulf to hunt for me, he would be at the Gulf within a day or two. While there might be plenty of trouble, at least there would be no odds. It would be a battle far more even than I had ever had hopes of during the long, weary, dreary days I had been trailing the Russian criminal.

I arose from a fine night's rest, and spent the day instructing Carl what to tell the natives. There was to be no fighting, if it could be avoided, when the two parties met. I felt sure that Ivan would try to force his friendly Eskimos to attack the village. I also made

it clear that no one was to touch Ivan and that Kuluk was not to be injured in any way. The last bit of instruction struck the natives in a most peculiar way, they could not understand why I should protect Kuluk, and when Carl explained that I held him guiltless because he was employed by Ivan and was doing what he was doing for a reward, believing that I was an enemy of the tribe, I was cheered by the good people. Carl explained that they could plainly see I was their friend and not their enemy and they should do anything I asked.

That night a campfire could be seen some distance away. Long training told me that it was less than a day's travel from the village. It was then I laid my final plans. As soon as the hunters would approach the village, I would crawl along the bank until I would find a place of concealment, and come up at the rear of the party. The idea was that I would get as close to Ivan as I could and place him under arrest. We heard nothing of the hunters, however, until late the following evening. It was quite dark, and there was much shouting. I made my way along the bank as I had planned and prepared to arrest Ivan as soon as it was safe to do so.

As soon as the hunters were close to the village, perhaps two hundred feet away, they called loudly for the messenger who had been sent to secure the aid of the tribe in locating me. He went out in front of the village, where he could be plainly seen in the light of a huge fire that had been built. Later Carl translated for me all that took place.

"Where is Ooikak?" shouted Kuluk.

"Here I am," said he as he stepped in the light of the fire where he could be seen.

"Why did you not come back with the other hunters?"

"I don't like fight police."

"He is our enemy. Where is he?"

"He is our friend and your friend, but that bad man Ivan make you think police enemy."

"Is the policeman in the village?"

"Come and find out."

Ivan then called out — for my benefit, probably — "Come and fight. I promise you great things, many presents. I want that white man!"

Immediately his followers started toward the village, while the men in the village started from their igloos. The fight was on. I felt confident Ivan would keep in the rear of his men, and in that I was correct, for no sooner had the fighting become a hand to hand affair, than he started to move away. That was my cue for action. Being in snowshoes, of course, I made no noise on the hard snow, and just as the criminal was about to draw his revolver to fire, no doubt with the intention of arousing more hatred among the people, I sprang, caught him around the neck and threw him to the ground. For several minutes the fight between us raged — without any spectators, all of the tribe being too busy with their own fight. Finally, I had the upper hand.

"Ivan Vorkowsky, I arrest you in the name of the

King for the murder of John Oliver. Any statement you make may be used as evidence against you." The handcuffs snapped.

"Now stop that fight."

"Stop it yourself," was Ivan's reply.

"O.K., Ivan, as you wish." I placed leg irons on him and walked toward the fighting. Vainly I strove to end the fight. Finally, I managed to get close to Carl and got him to raise his hands and demand the fighting cease. It did quiet down somewhat and finally was over. Ivan was carried into my igloo by two of his own followers.

Of course such a battle as had raged for several minutes between the members of one tribe is bound to cause a lot of hard feelings. With the aid of Carl I tried to patch up the troubles, and succeeded to some extent, yet when all entered their igloos, I felt sure more trouble would follow.

At last the long search was over. I had the notorious Ivan Vorkowsky, but I was a long way from home. I still had to take the prisoner on foot a thousand miles to Herschel Island, the nearest police detachment and lock-up. But I was very happy, and so was Carl.

The following day, we prepared to make our return journey. There was a lot to do. Our fur clothes were in tatters, sled and snowshoes required repairing, we needed food, and altogether there was about three days' work ahead of us before we could attempt to start out. The Eskimo women repaired our snow-

shoes, moccasins, and clothing; the men helped with the dog harness and sled. At the end of three days, we were ready to set out, but we were delayed for another day, due to a fight that broke out in the village.

It seems that one of Ivan's followers blamed me because now that Ivan was in custody, the presents he had promised would not be forthcoming. My friends, on the other hand explained he had never intended to give the presents, but all to no avail. At last words gave way to action, and there were many free-for-all fights, then knives were used, and finally the entire camp was divided in two parties, one side with Ivan and the other with me. At last shooting started and the throwing of spears. I tried my best to stop the fighting, but to no effect.

Finally, we managed to get between the two parties and I gave quite a speech (through Carl, of course) and partial quiet was restored, although I could plainly see it would be a long time before the hatred would entirely die out. That night, Carl got some of the men to make a large fire, and when all the people, men, women, and children, were seated around it, I explained the white man's law. Carl with many gestures explained all I said. Then toward the end of the speech he started to talk of his own accord. He talked a long time. Finally there was a great deal of shouting, and before I knew what was going on, I was hoisted to the shoulders of several men and carried

around the camp, then put down in front of my own igloo, where to my surprise I found a large pile of furs which the women had gathered from the igloos and put there as a present from the hunters.

Good, faithful Carl had told the men how we had worked, how I had refused to do anything to punish Kuluk, and finally the entire village was with me.

I entered my igloo, after giving specific directions to Carl as to the preparations for departure in the morning.

"Ivan, we leave for Herschel Island in the morning."

"Do we?"

"Yes. It's a long trip, one thousand miles. It is a hard trip. We will have to face many perils together."

"Will we?" There was a sneer in his voice that would have been maddening, had I not had a good grip on myself. I ignored it.

"You can make the trip one of hardships greater than usual, or you can make it an easy one. It all depends on you."

"Does it?"

"Of course you understand you cannot ride. You have been in the North long enough to know that if you ride we will have to stop every little while and build a fire so you can warm up."

"What do you want me to do, call a taxi?"

"I cannot shackle you, because if I did you would not be able to run with the dogs and keep warm. I

will shackle you only at night, when I too must have rest. You will run ahead of the dogs as a trailbreaker during the day."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I will treat you as you treat me. If you go along in a peaceful manner, we'll get along fine, but if you cause any trouble, you will get the worst of it. I promise you that."

"I didn't ask to take this trip and as sure as you're standing there I'm going to kill you and escape the very first chance I have. You have the upper hand now, but there'll come a time when I have the upper hand and when that time comes, I'll show you no mercy."

At this point, Carl entered: "Everything ready, Bill!"

"Carl, tell Kuluk to come here," demanded Ivan.

"Just a minute, Ivan. You give no orders here. I am in charge and I'll give all the orders."

"Just like a Policeman," he sneered. "Very well, then. Can I see Kuluk?"

"Yes. Carl, call Kuluk."

"That poor fellow didn't do anything to you. He wants to return to the Delta. Why don't you let him go with us?" asked Ivan.

"If the man wishes to return, he may."

"Thanks a lot," was Ivan's sarcastic reply.

"But," I said, "he can return on the police boat when it calls here next summer."

Kuluk entered. Ivan tried to have a secret conversation with him, but this I would not allow. Kuluk seemed very much disappointed, and so did Ivan. After supper, we retired for a good rest. It might be many days before we would again be able to rest as quietly and as comfortably as this last night in the igloo on Coronation Gulf among the Cogmollock Eskimos.

Early the next morning we were astir. We had breakfast, Carl harnessed the dogs, and we prepared to set out. I had removed the leg irons from Ivan, but left the handcuffs on him, just in case some of his former followers might attempt to rescue him. But the entire village was friendly toward me. Kuluk and some of the others called Ivan names and tried to strike him. I stopped all show of hostilities, however, and amid cheering, we set off, Carl, Ivan, and myself, with Ivan's team and sled in addition to my own. We had supplies and food to last about two weeks, and if everything went well, by that time we would be well along on the thousand-mile trip to the island.

Because of the steep banks and the rough ice of the Arctic Ocean, the going was hard. We made only about fifteen miles a day at the start. It was altogether too slow for such a long trip. But luck was with us, and we found a better way on the bluffs along the coast. Then we averaged twenty miles a day. All the time we kept our eyes open for signs of game, for a two weeks' supply would not carry us very far on the journey.

On the twelfth or thirteenth day out from Coronation Gulf we heard rifle shots, and knew hunters were in the vicinity. So we halted and made camp.

"Carl, here's our chance. We'll hunt the rest of the day and set out again tomorrow. We must get enough game for another two weeks if at all possible."

"You go too, Bill?"

"Yes, get the rifles ready, and as soon as I get Ivan chained to a tree, we'll get started."

"O.K., Bill."

In a few minutes we were ready and set out. We saw no game, however, but did come upon marks of snowshoes, leading toward the shore. At once I recognized a plot.

"Quick Carl, back to camp! There's a plot to free Ivan!"

As fast as we could we made our way to the bank. Keeping out of sight as much as possible, we peered through the little clump of trees and there, armed with rifles, were Kuluk, Ooikak, and four other men.

"Throw up your hands!" I called. Carl repeated in Eskimo.

Up went the hands. Without more ado, I took every rifle away from the men but one, and through Carl explained:

"I'm sorry to do this, but I cannot take chances. You can get back to your village with one rifle. When you come to Herschel Island again you can have your rifles. Now get away from here as fast as you can."

The plot itself was clever, but just what it was expected to accomplish, I could not say. There was no way of freeing Ivan without a key or a file. Well, it was soon over with.

The following day, we saw game and from then on until we reached Herschel Island we had no adventures. We had a lot of bad weather, at times it was extremely cold, and we went hungry a few times but that is to be expected in the Far North. It is all in a day's work.

From the day of the attempted rescue until we reached the island we did not see a human face outside our own party. Ivan tried to escape a few times, but I was on the job and waiting for those attempts. Once he caught the heavy dog whip from Carl and before I could interfere, struck me full across the face and left a deep cut. Aside from that, however, all was well, and now at last we were approaching Herschel Island. We could see the police detachment in the distance as we raced over the broken ocean ice. Many things had happened since I had left there months before, some of it not pleasant, but I was well satisfied — for here in my custody was the most-wanted man in Canada.

"Carl," I said, as we sat down on one of the sleds to rest before making the final run, "you can have a vacation of a couple of weeks as soon as we get to the island, and I'm going to ask that you get an increase in pay."

"You good, Bill."

"Yeah, good for what?" asked Ivan.

"Him good to catch bad men," said Carl.

Well, that goes for every Mountie, so it was not a special compliment to me.

Chapter XXIV

"I REPORT MY ARRIVAL, SIR"

BEFORE leaving the mainland to cross the ocean to the island, we cleaned up the harnesses and dogs as much as possible. I had not shaved in many weeks, partly because I wanted the protection to my face that the funny-looking whiskers gave, and secondly, I had no razor; so while our outfit had a decent appearance, Carl, Ivan, and myself were about as rough and scrubby-looking a trio as one could find in a year's travel.

The little bells on the dogs rang out a merry tune as we sped along the last lap of the journey. When we were within a half mile or so of the detachment buildings on the shore, three men ran out and stood waiting our arrival. As we drew up, there was a loud cheer from the men, the Inspector, Corporal Baker, and Sergeant Clay, who had been transferred there during my absence.

The three policemen took charge of the dogs and sleds, while I went inside with my prisoner. I put him in one of the cells and then sat down in the living room with Carl.

"Much nice home again, Bill," said the faithful Eskimo.

"It sure is, Carl. Now if we can have a week's sleep without worry we can feel grateful."

A few minutes later the Inspector entered. With the formality of the prairies, where the policemen are always in full uniform, I stood at attention and saluted:

"I beg to report my arrival, sir. I have Ivan Vorkowsky as prisoner. Dogs and men in good condition."

"Welcome, Bill. So you really got that notorious character! Thank God for that! You have done fine work, but until I have a chance to look over your diary, tell me all about it."

And so for a few minutes I related some of our experiences. Then dinner was served. Man, how I enjoyed that meal. For the first time in months I was enjoying well-cooked food, dehydrated vegetables, bread, and butter. After dinner I again conferred with the Inspector and then retired. I slept for twelve hours straight through.

The following day, Ivan was brought from his cell for questioning, but we learned very little. There is no such thing as the third degree in the police, and while questions are put to a prisoner in a most clever manner, no attempt is made to compel an answer.

After Ivan was locked up again, I asked where Baker and Clay were.

"I sent them to bring in the body of the other Eskimo. The one you found in the hole in the ice."

"I wish I had known that. I could have gone with them and we could have located the body sooner. I know just how to get there."

"You have done your share, Bill. Now here is something that may interest you. I want you to take Ivan to Edmonton."

"What? You want to send me back to the prairies?" I cried.

"Not so serious, Bill," said the Inspector laughingly. "I want you to go to Fort McPherson. There you will wait for the Dawson Patrol and travel with them to Dawson. On your arrival there, you will receive orders whether to return here at once or go on to Edmonton."

"What's the idea? I like it here and I want to stay."

"Oh, you'll be coming back. Take Ivan in, then after a week's vacation or two, you can start back if you wish, but I'd suggest you wait and come back on the summer boat."

"I don't quite get this."

"You and Bill Doak are the only men I've ever known who wouldn't jump at this chance for a little vacation. Seriously, Bill. From what I've seen of Ivan, I believe you should handle him all the way through. He seems to have a certain amount of respect for you."

"Yes, I've noticed that," I said. "All he has threatened to do is to murder me and then escape."

"Really, is that all?" laughed the Inspector.

"Isn't that enough?"

"I wish you would agree to this arrangement, Bill," the Inspector almost pleaded, "and take it good-naturedly."

"Oh, I agree all right, but I don't exactly like the idea. I was transferred to northern duty and I'd like to stay here."

"You won't be south long. I am writing a letter to the Superintendent outlining your services, and Bill, I feel quite sure that when you return you will be a Corporal, if not a Sergeant."

"My service here doesn't warrant a promotion as yet, Inspector?"

"You have made a name for yourself. I have nothing but the highest praise for your services. Now how about it. Can you leave in two days?"

"If you wish, sir."

"I'll send Carl with you as far as Fort McPherson."

"Righto, Inspector. I'll be ready day after tomorrow."

"And remember, when you pack up, you are coming back, so take nothing you do not absolutely have to take."

"Now I feel better, Inspector," and I started preparations for the seven-hundred-and-fifty-mile overland journey to Dawson.

My equipment had been badly used that winter, and Carl and I were quite busy repairing harness and snowshoes. We did not attempt to repair clothing and moccasins, but drew new ones from the storehouse. Our rifles had to be cleaned, food prepared, and there

were countless duties to perform in order to get ready for that long trip, which necessitated crossing the Rocky Mountains.

At last the time for our departure arrived. I bade the Inspector good-by. He gave my hand a most hearty grip and wished me well.

"I don't believe in complimenting men, Bill, but in your case I do. You came up here a green kid policeman. You are leaving a seasoned veteran with much good work to your credit. Here is a letter. Look at it before I place it in the mail pouch. See who it's addressed to?"

"Yes, sir. To the Superintendent of our Division."

"Yes. I'm not going to show you the letter. Maybe the Superintendent will let you see it, maybe not. But, it is the highest recommendation I have ever given one of my men, and I've been an Inspector seventeen years."

"I thank you, sir."

"I deserve no thanks. It is my duty to you. Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir. See you in July. Mush!"

And Carl, Ivan, and I set out across that seventeen miles of broken Arctic ice to the mainland.

It was a bright day and not very cold, about 10 below, and for once there was only a light wind. The trip was the easiest I have ever made between the mainland and the island, either before or since. Everything was in our favor. If we could make the

entire journey under just as pleasant conditions, I would not regret it at all. Yes, I would! I didn't like the idea of returning to the prairies. What if I would be kept there? As long as I was in the north it was hardly probable I would be transferred, but once back at Edmonton, especially with the recommendations of the Inspector, the Superintendent might keep me there. Oh, well, time enough to worry about that when the time came, I said to myself, but many and many a night I did worry about it just the same. My heart was in the Far North and there I wanted to be.

With our new and repaired equipment, fresh food, and rested dogs, the trip to Fort McPherson, two hundred and fifty miles, was not a hard one and the weather was pleasant. It blew little, the temperature never went lower than 30 below, and we encountered very little deep snow. Most of the time we followed streams where the ice for the most part was smooth. We had to make a number of portages though, and that was hard work because I had to help Carl and watch Ivan at the same time.

The trip took nine days. Not a record by any means, but good time. At McPherson I locked Ivan in a cell and waited for the Dawson Patrol. I had expected to have a rather quiet time of it, but Corporal Baxter, who had come down from Fort Simpson for duty there, had an insane man who needed constant attention, and then one night, Johnny Greenland, the detachment guide and interpreter, a most intelligent Indian, cut his leg badly and we had to

sew it up with common sewing needles and thread. I never could relish such work.

We had a visitor while I was there, a man who afterward became quite famous throughout the whole of North America — none other than Slim Williams, that tall, rawboned, former Chicagoan, who in after years drove a dogteam all the way from Alaska to Washington, D. C. He was a fine chap and we enjoyed his visit very much. Among my choicest souvenirs of the North is a snapshot of Slim, taken in the doorway of the Fort McPherson police detachment at the time of his visit.

We were at dinner one day, when Corporal Baxter startled me with:

"The Dawson Patrol is two weeks late. We must try to locate it."

"What do you mean, Corporal?"

"Just what I said. I have been examining the records and find that it has never been so late as this in all the years the patrol has been made. Remember the lost patrol?"

Of course I did, and the death of Inspector Fitzgerald and his three policemen.

"I'm afraid something has happened. I'm taking the fur trader and a couple of Indians with me tomorrow and going up the Peel River and look for the patrol. You'll be left here in charge."

Early the next morning the Corporal and his party left. I recalled my own experience of being lost, and

the stories of other men who had not been rescued as I had been while looking for the Dawson Patrol.

Worry is not a part of a policeman's duties, but when one's pals and fellow officers are in trouble, or their whereabouts in doubt, one cannot help but worry. There's not a house of any kind in the five hundred miles between Dawson and Fort McPherson. Many things could happen to a patrol and word of the event not reach the police for months; the party might even get off the usual route and become lost and never be found.

During the Corporal's absence I was busy with many things. Ivan, realizing I was alone, and that I had a madman to handle in addition to the many other duties, such as feeding the fifteen dogs, cooking, keeping the place cleaned up, did his best to torment me. He tried in every manner possible to get me to lose my temper. He had a thousand reasons why I should let him out of his cell, but I knew Ivan too well to do that.

One day he asked for magazines and papers to read. It was the first time he had made such a request, and while I wondered at it a little, I saw no reason for not complying. The jail regulations are not severe in the North. Prisoners are allowed to smoke, tobacco being furnished them — as much as they want — and, of course, one must have matches to light the pipe or cigarettes. So Ivan had tobacco, cigarettes, and magazines a year old and some old newspapers.

The jail building was a log house, attached to the main police detachment building, also made of logs. Except for a few iron bars across the windows and cell door, the entire building was of wood.

Having a little leisure time on my hands in the evening, I decided to visit old John Firth, the Hudson Bay fur trader. I locked the doors, and left a lamp in the cell room so Ivan could read if he desired, and set out to go the short distance to the trading post. On the way, I met Mr. Firth coming over to visit me, so we returned to the detachment. As I opened the door of the main building, I could smell smoke. Rushing to the cell room, I discovered a fire blazing in Ivan's cell. He had deliberately set the papers afire, in order to fire the building, regardless of the consequences to himself. Mr. Firth and I put out the fire quickly, and in a few minutes had the smoke aired out of the room. But that was not the end of the trouble. The madman was determined to do the same thing and far into the night demanded paper and matches so he could have a fire. He insisted I was showing the murderer particular favors.

Well, if we had nothing but sunshine, we'd never be able to appreciate it. That's why we have storms.

Carl was like a shadow. We had been through a great deal of hardship together and he held me in high esteem. Morning, noon, and night he was at my side pleading for me to take him to Edmonton with me, or at least as far as Dawson, if I went no further. He was a faithful man and I had become very much

attached to him. He was disconsolate when I informed him emphatically that what he wanted was impossible, much as I would like to have him with me. He wouldn't eat for a couple of days and it was only when the Corporal returned and assigned Carl to accompany him on a trip that he was himself again. A most unusual man, and a most valuable one to the police.

The Corporal had seen no signs of the patrol. He was much worried, and had returned to secure sufficient supplies and equipment to go in search of the patrol. First, he was going to Fort Arctic Red River, a sixty-mile tramp across rivers, lakes, and portages in the winter, a two-hundred-mile journey by boat in the summer, to secure the services of an Indian who had made the trip to Dawson twice with the police and was somewhat familiar with the route. The trip required three days. In the meantime, I was preparing food and equipment for the long journey, and by the time the Corporal returned, had everything ready. The Indian guide visited in the village, where he had some friends, and returned late in the evening to state that his friends were ill; that there was something strange about all the family.

Going first to the Church of England Mission, where he secured the services of the missionary, the Corporal went to the Indian's little log house to examine the family. I didn't see the Corporal again until the next morning, when I was surprised to hear him calling me from outside the detachment.

"Hello. Hello. Oh, Bill." I opened the door.

"What's up? What's the big idea of waking all the twenty residents of this northern metropolis?" I called.

"Don't let anyone come into the village. Scarlet fever."

"Great guns. Now what's to be done?"

"I want you to put some things outside the door. I'll get them after you've gone back inside."

"How long will this last?"

"Don't know. I've been exposed and so has the missionary. We can't mingle with anyone. Here's what I want," and the Corporal gave a list of his requirements.

When I had placed the things outside the door I asked him about the Dawson Patrol. "Want me to go look for them?" I inquired.

He grinned impishly. "Not unless you want to take the madman and Ivan with you."

"Guess we'd better use a little prayer this time, Corporal."

"Yes, that's it. Be sure no one comes through the village. Good luck."

The poor Corporal. In the discharge of his duties he would be forced to remain with the scarlet-fever patients until all danger of communicating the disease was over.

A little later I could hear the missionary calling to his wife from outside his door, and he too gave a list of things he wanted, and among other things,

certain medicines and his medical book. Evidently the man was going to have a long siege and was going to be prepared for it.

During the next two days, I supplied the two with what they needed by walking to within a short distance of the isolation ward, for such the Indian's log house became, and calling for a list of their requirements. I would make a note of what was wanted and then go to the mission and back to the detachment, get what was wanted and deposit the items a short distance from the door to the house.

I was becoming very much worried over the whole affair. I was worried about the Dawson Patrol; there was work to do, yet I must remain inactive at the detachment and watch my prisoners. Both of them behaved badly and were a source of constant annoyance to me. They were fast getting on my nerves — the last thing that should happen to a police officer.

On the night of the second day after the Corporal went into quarantine, I was just about to put out the light and retire, when there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and there to my utter amazement was the Corporal.

"Get away from here! Remember we have prisoners."

"Let me in!"

"Nothing doing! Go back to the Indians!"

"Bill, listen," and the Corporal started to laugh, "it was all a mistake. There was a rash in the family; they all had it. The missionary thought it was

scarlet fever the same as I did, but when —— ”

“How do you know it wasn’t scarlet fever?”

“Bill, what a joke it is. The missionary declared it scarlet fever before I got there so I didn’t pay any attention to the temperature or anything else — just took his word for it. Say, it’s cold, let me in.”

“Nothing doing.”

“Please, Bill. I took the temperature of those Indians and it was normal and here’s the joke,” and the poor, shivering Corporal laughed heartily, “all they have is a common rash such as the natives get from eating raw meat in excess.”

With that I let him in.

“I’ll get even with you for keeping me out there in 30-below weather and making me beg to get in my own house.”

“Aw, go to grass,” and I went to bed.

The next morning we again prepared to send a searching party after the Dawson Patrol. The teams were hitched to the sleds and all was in readiness for the familiar “mush” when I happened to look up the long stretch of the Peel River and saw coming toward us three dog sleds and four men, one a trail breaker, the others drivers.

“The Patrol” was on the lips of every man. The news spread quickly and in two or three minutes the whole twenty men, women, and children of the village were before the detachment — even the scarlet-fever patients.

In a few minutes we could hear the tinkling of

the dog bells, and could hear the crack of the whips and the crunching of the snow under the sleds. All was excitement. Soon we were shouting to the patrol and they to us.

Have you ever had a reaction from a great worry? Well, I had one, I at once was most jubilant and weak in the knees, for I had worried a lot about the patrol. In a minute we were shaking hands with the men, inquiring about the mail, and kidding about being lost. It developed that the patrol had been late in starting, but that no accidents had happened. The Dawson Patrol, under the able guidance of Sergeant Dempster, had arrived a bit late — but without loss of a man or dog.

Chapter XXV

THE DAWSON PATROL WITH A PRISONER

IN THE Dawson Patrol besides Sergeant Dempster, the veteran policeman of the Yukon Territory, were Constables Wood and Blodgett and two Indians. The Indians looked after the dogs, and helped with the general camp work; during the day, one drove a team and the other acted as a trail breaker, running ahead of the dogs all day. There were four sleds, each drawn by five dogs. Their chief work was to watch the country for Indians in distress and make a general report on game and whatever else came to their attention. In addition, they carried the second mail of the year, chiefly the police mail, and a limited amount for the missionaries and fur traders.

They rested a week, during which time we had a number of parties in which the little handful of white people took part. Primarily, they come for the news of the outside world, with which there had been no contact since the arrival of the down-river boat in the summer. Two mails a year — but with the arrival of the Dawson Patrol the most important news was given to the little world inside the Canadian Arctic Circle.

Sergeant Dempster was a quiet man, an excellent and fearless policeman. At Dawson the Force maintained a greater degree of dignity than was possible in the Northwest Territories, due to living conditions, and as a strict disciplinarian, he found it hard to become reconciled to the lack of rigid adherence to police regulations. However, he was most considerate. While he liked the one trip to the Arctic every year, he often said he could not work there.

It was during the second day of the stay at Fort McPherson that Dempster and I went into the cell-room to have a look at the two prisoners.

"Hello, Ivan," he said. "Feel like making a trip to Dawson with us?"

"I'll never reach Dawson," snarled the prisoner. "I swore I would never reach Edmonton for trial and I mean it."

"Bill seems to have brought you quite a way, and in good time."

"Bill won't take me much further," retorted the criminal. "Now get out and leave me alone."

As we left the cell house, the insane man started a tirade. At first the plans were for him to also accompany the patrol, but because there was no real necessity for that, Dempster voiced his opinion that conducting a murderer 500 miles to Dawson, crossing the Rocky Mountains enroute, was sufficient for one patrol. It was then decided the madman would be taken south by boat in the summer.

"We'll leave for Dawson Monday morning, Bill,"

said Sergeant Dempster. "We must travel fast, so have everything ready."

Seven men and twenty dogs, such as would compose the patrol on its return trip, consume a lot of food, and so, of course, everything not of real necessity must be left behind. On such trips, beans and bacon form the main items of food. We cooked large quantities of beans, and then placed them in long sacks, much like sausage casings, to freeze in the outside. This was done so that when we would stop at noon for a meal, or at night for supper, no time would be lost. All we would have to do would be to take a long cake of beans from the sled, chop off the required amount with an ax, and warm it in a pan. Bacon was practically all the meat taken; tea is used in place of coffee, first because it requires much less time to make and secondly because on the trail, tea will quench the thirst while coffee has a tendency to cause thirst. Instead of bread, bannock is used. Bannock is a sort of biscuit made in a frying pan. It is cooked or baked in a very short time and is a most important item of food when traveling.

When the day of departure drew near, sleeping bags, snowshoes, sleds, and all other equipment were carefully rechecked to see that all were in good condition. We had a small tent, just big enough for the entire party to sleep in, and no more.

Monday morning arrived. The dogs were harnessed, hitched to the sled and good-bys said. Then I entered the cell room and led my prisoner to the

front of the detachment, where the few villagers had gathered. As Sergeant Dempster waited to make one final inspection, I placed Ivan in the lead, and with him we started down the riverbank to the river. Then when I heard "mush" started to run, I, of course, behind Ivan.

The villagers and the Corporal in charge, gave us a rousing send off and we were on our way to Dawson. Eight miles from Fort McPherson, we rested at the house of an Indian known as Willie Huskie. This is the last inhabited dwelling until the outskirts of Dawson is reached.

The first night we came to rest rather late. The dogs were in fine trim after their long rest, the snow wasn't deep, and the going fine. We wanted to make as many miles each day as we could, first because of the lateness of the season and the possibility of being caught in a thaw, and second, for the ever-present reason of making as great speed as possible today, because one cannot tell what may happen tomorrow; and while one is in camp, food is being consumed, and the party getting nowhere.

It was a maddening trip in many ways. Hour after hour of each day, the constant cry of "mush" to the dogs and the cracking of the heavy dog whips; meal after meal and day after day, beans, bacon, and tea; there is no variety. We didn't see any game on the entire trip and even if we had, I doubt if we would have taken time to hunt, because of the fine going.

The route follows rivers and streams most of the

way, but there are many portages to make, from one stream to the other. The route is fairly well marked, but one must be careful — a tree marked last year may be broken off this year, and so on. The Canadian Rocky Mountains are crossed at what is known as Caribou Mountain, barren and windswept. Because nothing grows on the mountain, and because there are a great many ravines, the crossing must be made in daylight and in one continuous journey — night catching a traveler might result in his being lost — and death.

We started up that mountain early one morning, before daylight, determined to cross in a record-making run. The going was hard, for the sides of the mountain were steep. Hour after hour it was necessary to help the dogs with their sleds — then as we got well into the mountain, a light wind we had at the start became almost a tempest. The dogs refused to move, became entangled in their harness and caused a great deal of work and delay. The worse the trouble was, the more trouble Ivan gave — it seemed he was determined now to make up for lost time for he had been acting quite peacefully up to this time. I was therefore unable to help my brother policemen at all — being compelled to watch my prisoner all of the time.

Late in the afternoon, we were over the top of the mountain, and started down the western side. In order to protect the dogs, the men rode the sleds to hold them back. If the heavy, loaded sleds were to

run into the dogs, it might maim or even kill them. I was on the rear sled with Ivan. He was seated in front of me, both of us digging the toes of our snowshoes into the snow, to check the speed of the sled. It was getting dark, and I was looking forward with pleasure to supper on the west side of the mountain with the worst part of the journey behind us. I was startled out of my pleasant dreams when Ivan suddenly turned, and before I could ward off the blow, struck me hard in the face. I fell backward, but not before I had grabbed the heavy fur collar of his parka.

Both of us rolled over on the ground. The dogs and sled sped down the mountainside, while the two of us rolled over and over, most of the last three miles down the mountainside. When at last we reached the bottom, we were both black and blue from jolting against stones and each other's fists. I took considerably more punishment than Ivan, but I still had my man.

The twelve miles from one side of the mountain to the other had taken us exactly fourteen hours. Up to now, because my prisoner had been behaving himself so well, I had shown him a great deal of consideration. He slept beside me at night in our little tent, handcuffed to me, but after our battle that was changed. I placed irons on his hands and feet at night, and I gave myself more comforts while sleeping. The journey from the mountains into Dawson was quite uneventful. I had very little trouble with

my prisoner, and because the weather was ideal for traveling, we made good time.

Shortly before noon one day, we caught sight of Dawson as we came around the bend of the Yukon — and then the dogs fairly raced toward their destination. From the distance, some of the townspeople heard the dog bells and by the time we reached the outskirts of the town, quite a crowd was there to welcome us. We didn't stop, however, but kept on straight to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police headquarters.

Inspector Tucker welcomed us when we reached the detachment, and some of the police on duty snapped pictures of the party; then while the others were taking care of the sleds and dogs, I reported to Inspector Tucker in his office.

"I beg to report with my prisoner, enroute to Edmonton, sir."

"I presume this is Ivan Vorkowsky."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "My orders are to report to you, and you will instruct whether I am to return to Herschel Island or take the prisoner on to Edmonton."

"You had better lock him up. You will need a couple of days' rest. I will confer with Edmonton and issue instructions to you in a day or two. In the meantime, you are relieved of all duties."

"Thank you, sir," I replied, and within a few minutes, Ivan was in a cell and I was visiting with

the other policemen, none of whom, except those of the Dawson Patrol, I had ever met before.

Later in visiting the town, I found myself quite a curiosity. The news of the capture of Ivan spread about among the few people like wildfire, and wherever I went I was besieged with questions. According to rigid police regulations, of course, I was unable to give any information whatever about that matter, but did tell them about the game conditions and the latest fur news, and after all, that to them was the most important.

Two days later, I was instructed to report to Inspector Tucker:

"Here are your orders and traveling expenses."

"Thank you, sir."

"You will leave here tomorrow morning. I will have a driver with a sled and a four-horse team take you to Whitehorse. You will have nothing to do on this trip except to take care of your prisoner. You will proceed as quickly as possible to Edmonton, via Skaguay and Prince Rupert, where you will deliver your prisoner to the Superintendent."

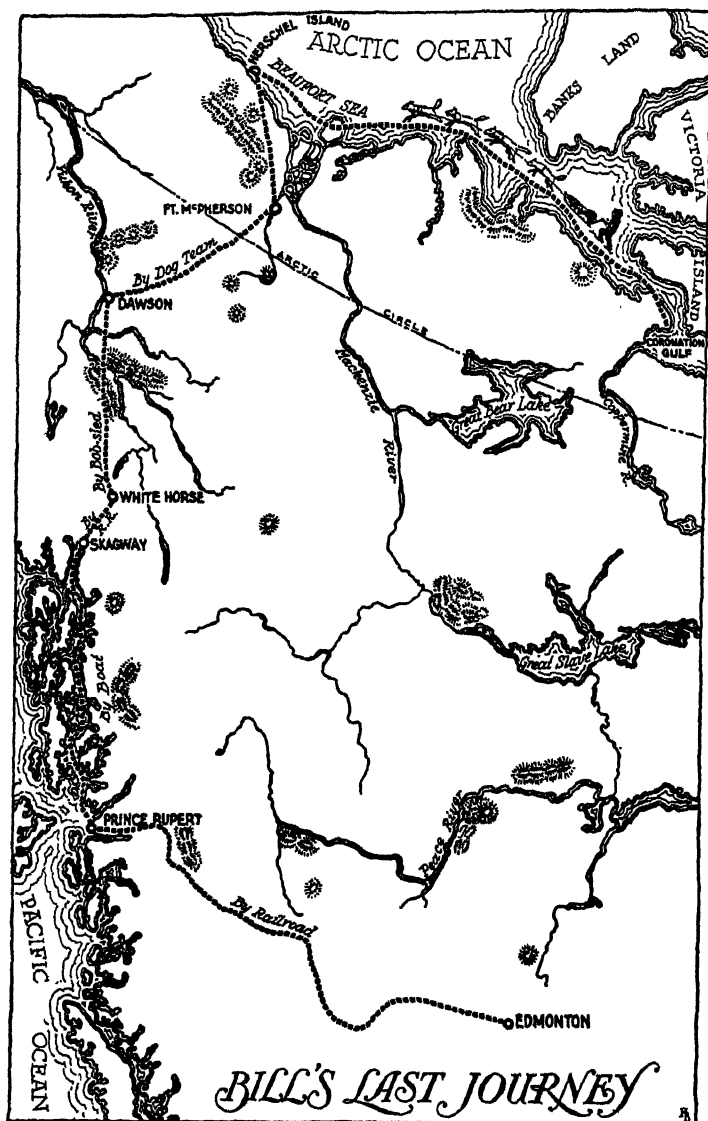
"Yes, sir."

"I learn from Sergeant Dempster you have done fine work in the north and I trust you will return."

"I hope to, sir."

"In the event I do not see you again, good-by — and good luck."

"Thank you, sir," and saluting one of the finest



men I ever had the privilege of knowing, I returned to the barracks.

Early the next morning the sled was at the door, and after saying good-by to my brother officers, I got into the sled with Ivan. We were once more enroute for Edmonton.

The White Pass & Yukon Railway maintains a stage line all winter between Whitehorse and Dawson, usually two or three stages a week in each direction. They also maintain small roadhouses every 25 miles. At noon we stopped at one of these, had dinner, and changed teams. At another we stopped for the night. It was at night, throughout the seven days we were making that three hundred fifty miles, that I had my only trouble with Ivan. He continued to swear vengeance, and so I was always careful to get the smallest room, remove everything that could possibly be used as a weapon, and while he slept on a soft bed, I slept on my blankets on the floor at the door.

It was not a hard trip by any means, and except for being obliged to get off the sled from time to time to run, in order to get warm, life moved along smoothly.

At Whitehorse, we were compelled to wait three days for a train which was stalled in a snowdrift. The detachment at Whitehorse is on the outskirts of town, and I saw almost nothing of the bustling little city. At night I locked Ivan in a cell, but in the

daytime allowed him to be with me. For some reason or other he had become quite docile. I was later to learn why.

When the tracks were cleared, and the trains running, we boarded the one train a day for Skaguay — 110 miles down the mountainside. Although the train was a heavy one, consisting of several freight cars and a passenger coach, quick time could hardly be expected, but I was amazed that a train could travel so slow — we were twelve hours in making that run.

On arrival at Skaguay, I went to the hotel and registered. It was my first visit to Alaska, and I had looked forward to a little sightseeing, but Ivan took care I didn't have much of that. On the second day at the hotel, there was a knock at the door:

"Come in," I said. Imagine my surprise to see one of the police from Whitehorse. He had an insane man with him, and we were to travel together as far as Prince Rupert. He was going on to Vancouver.

"How about giving each other a bit of a rest from time to time?" asked my new friend.

"Suits me fine. I'd like to see something of the famous place."

"Know when the steamer sails?"

"Yes, day after tomorrow. I have my tickets and reservations."

"Well, I'll bring my man up in your room and I'll take care of my tickets and see you later."

"Fine, and then this afternoon, you can look after both men and I'll have a look around."

"That's the idea, no use of both of us being tied down all the time."

So Constable Beede brought the insane man to my room, and then left for the steamship offices. His prisoner was a Negro, and he took an immediate dislike to Ivan. Ivan in turn showed hatred for the colored boy. I could plainly see that there would be trouble sooner or later, but with both men handcuffed, there could not be any real difficulty — at least so I thought.

The day was balmy, spring was in the making in the south. I could see very little snow, except when I looked up the mountainsides. I didn't enjoy being inside, so determined to take the two men for a walk, not only for their own exercise, but to stretch my own legs and breathe in some of the great outdoors I loved so well.

"Ivan, how about a walk? I have been looking out of the window and can take you and this colored boy out of town in a few minutes. Then no one will see the handcuffs."

"Suits me fine," said Ivan. So we set out, Ivan and the madman walking ahead of me. I did not contemplate any trouble, for I did not believe the Negro and Ivan would or could hatch up any plot that might develop into anything. We walked the couple of blocks to the edge of town without attracting any undue attention. Police enroute to Southern Canada via Skaguay are common, and little attention is paid to them, no more so than in a Canadian city. When

we reached the outskirts, Ivan and the Negro who had been talking, both apparently merely jabbering, refused to go further. One wanted to return to the hotel, the other to continue the walk. I decided the question by stating we would go back to the hotel. At that both men started to run, one toward the north, the other south. This is what those men had been talking about — and much to my chagrin, I was caught off guard. Of course I took after Ivan, and because he had handcuffs on, he could not run very fast. I paid no attention to the madman at all, for I was sure that he could be easily caught, even after an hour or so. I got Ivan back to the hotel only after considerable fighting. Constable Beede was just entering the hotel when I reached there.

“Here, Beede, take this man to my room and guard him,” and I was off after the Negro. I searched an hour before I found him, and when I did, he was calmly sitting on the ground talking to a couple of Indian boys.

From then on, the prisoners were kept separated, and were most carefully watched, especially Ivan.

When the steamer sailed for Prince Rupert, I was somewhat alarmed at the dismal prospect ahead of me during the short 500-mile trip. We were to make several stops enroute, and from what I knew of Ivan, I realized I would have to keep a sharp lookout. Time after time he tried to leap overboard, and at every stop fought to get ashore. At Ketchikan, he fought

so hard that I was afraid I would have to call for help, but I finally subdued him without aid.

At Prince Rupert, after one night at the police detachment, we caught a train for Edmonton, a journey of some 1,400 miles. Because of the large number of passengers usually carried on the transcontinental trains, I asked for and was given a policeman to go to Edmonton with me. I was no longer able to go without sleep night after night except for cat naps, and I didn't want Ivan to cause any trouble to the passengers. One policeman was on duty all the way to Edmonton.

We arrived in Edmonton early one morning and, of course, I went to the police headquarters with my prisoner at once; I locked my man up and then reported to the Superintendent.

"So you caught the Russian, Ivan Vorkowsky, Bill."

"Yes, sir."

"I have reports from your Inspector. He speaks very highly of you."

"I have only done my duty, sir."

"That's a fine way to speak, Bill. I like modesty. Well, for just a youngster you have done fine. You have performed your duties like a veteran. I'm quite sure the Commissioner will accept my recommendation and when you return north you will wear the chevrons of a Sergeant in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police."

"Yes, sir, and thank you."

"You brought your prisoner down about four thousand miles."

"Yes, sir."

"Your report shows you traveled 1,750 miles on foot, 500 miles by horse, all in the dead of the northern winter, then 500 miles by boat and 1,400 miles by railroad, in the remarkably short time of three days less than five months. I'm proud of you."

"Thank you, sir."

"And now, I suppose you want a leave."

"Yes, sir. I'd like to have a leave until the summer boat goes from Peace River. In the meantime, I need some clothes."

At this the Superintendent laughed, for I was still dressed as an Eskimo, in furs and moccasins.

"Very well, report to the tailor and tomorrow, if you talk to him right, you will have a new uniform. But at the trial, which starts day after tomorrow, I want you to be dressed as you are now."

"Yes, sir."

"I know you won't be any too comfortable in a uniform after all this time without boots or a collar. Besides, I want the courtroom full of people to see the kind of men I have on the Arctic Patrols."

"Yes, sir."

Chapter XXVI

GOOD-BY

AT THE trial, the evidence against Ivan was so overwhelming that his conviction was secured the same day, and now while waiting to return to my beloved North, may I offer an explanation?

There is a definite reason why the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are recognized the world over as being one of the world's finest body of men and its finest and most efficient police force.

First, only men of sterling qualities and almost physical perfection are permitted to join. Then they are carefully trained for months, sometimes a year or more, before they are assigned to duty. These men must be clean and strong morally, mentally, physically. One cannot be strong and healthy if dirty — this applies to morals as well as to the mind and body.

Perhaps few of you would care to go through the hardships of the Arctic Patrols, but I am quite sure everyone would like to have the physical and moral courage and strength of these men. Well, it is yours for merely wishing it. Alley gangs, vicious stories, and lewd pictures destroy manhood. The gangster, who

is "yellow," would, no doubt, be a useful citizen had it not been for evil influences while a lad.

The reason for gangsters is that they are "yellow," cowards. That is the reason why a man joins up with others — *fear*. If the gangster did not possess cowardice, he would go along through life alone, or at least, would associate with respectable people.

The Mounted Police never take a human life when at all possible to avoid it. When orders are given to get a man, it means the man and not his corpse. The man must be brought in on his feet and not on a slab or a stretcher. He must be brought in unwounded. The third degree, as I said earlier, is never used. For the Mountie believes that if a policeman is efficient, he is able to secure the information he desires, without resorting to the brutal treatment of prisoners.

We talk about the terrible deeds of the gangsters, yet they are no worse than six or more burly policemen beating one lone man in order to get some information. If these men were trained policemen, and were not brutes at heart, the third degree would not be resorted to — it would not be necessary.

The visit to my home after the trial of Ivan was my first in years, and I enjoyed every moment of it, but was anxious to return to my beloved North. And in due time, I reported to Edmonton, where I was given orders to report at Herschel Island, and to take charge of the Arctic Patrol boat in the summertime. Of the trip north, there is little to say; I have already told you about that journey.

The Inspector was standing on the bank at Fort McPherson and when I started down the gangplank, he spied me and the golden chevrons on my arm.

"Hello, Sergeant," he cried.

"Hello, Inspector. Got a bag of mail for you." By this time we were shaking hands, like two old pals.

"I'm mighty proud of you, Bill," said the Inspector. "It's too bad you can't wear that uniform all the time."

By this time the villagers were about me and I was given a hearty welcome back to the North—and I must confess I felt rather proud at the royal welcome. After all, they were my adopted people, and as Eskimo, Indian, and white man showed pleasure at my return, I could not be other than pleased. The Inspector looked over his mail hurriedly, reading his police orders first. At last he called to me, and when I walked away from my friends, he called out:

"Sergeant Bill, in charge of the Arctic Patrol."

A loud shout went up, and the Inspector and I walked over to the detachment building.

That afternoon we set sail in the Police Patrol boat for Herschel Island. I, in charge of the fast, beautiful little cruiser that had written police history and was going to write more.

As we reached the Arctic coast, the Inspector was on deck with me:

"Bill," he said, "here is your world. This is what you love. You have proved your worth along this bleak coast. Are you glad to be back?"

"Yes, siree," I responded with vim, "but not so much because of the Arctic Ocean and its people as to be back with you."

"Go on with your blarney, Bill."

"My dad was a fine man. I remember a saying of his, 'Give roses to the living so they may appreciate them' and I consider I would be very ungrateful if I didn't let you know that I respect and love you as a brother."

"Bill, with a pal such as you, no one in the world can prosper against us. Shake."

And we shook hands in the old-fashioned way — a firm grip that meant brotherly love and confidence.

Once at the island, there was the usual summer program of carrying supplies to various detachments and performing the usual duties of getting prisoners in for trial, taking released prisoners back home, and the like. The summer sped swiftly by, and almost before we realized it, we were preparing for the long winter. One day as we were seated in the detachment, the Inspector and I talked of the past and then referred to the future:

"Bill, what do you want to do after you leave here?"

"What do you mean, Inspector?"

"Well, you know you can't stay here forever. The time will come when you will seek companionship of white people, when you will choose between a police career for the rest of your life or private life."

"I haven't thought about that, Inspector," I con-

fessed. "I kind of thought I'd be here the rest of my natural days."

"That's impossible. The life here is too hard for that. You would age prematurely; besides the Commissioner wouldn't allow you to remain. He insists on young men here. Perhaps two or three more years and you will be sent farther south, if not back to the cities."

I thought this over for a minute. The Inspector was right.

"Inspector, I have an idea of what I would like to do. It may be kind of foolish, but just the same it's my idea."

"What's that?"

"I'd like to tell the young people of Canada and the United States what I know about the fine men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; I'd like to make them see that crime doesn't pay, that manly and womanly virtues are, after all, the only things worth while."

"Hey, Bill. Going to be a sky pilot?" said the Inspector with a laugh.

"No, not quite. Then I'd like to write stories about the police, not fiction, but true stories of men who have accomplished great things against many odds."

"Want to be a writer, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I know it sounds foolish, but it's my ambition."

"Well, if that's what you want to do, do it. You'll have a great many dreary, winter nights here with

nothing to do. Try your hand at writing, and by the time you reach the outside world again, you'll have your ideas on paper, and who knows, someone may publish your stories."

"Say, that's a whale of an idea."

"And what will you call your stories?"

"Oh," I laughed, "it's too soon to talk about that. But I'd like to write a series of stories about Sergeant Carter."

"A fine idea. Why not call them the Sergeant Carter Stories. They ought to go well in magazines."

"That's an idea. Then I'd like to write stories about the boys up here and another one about the boys on the prairies."

"Now I know what you should do. This winter write a series of stories of the North. Call them *The Arctic Patrols* and then when you get back on the prairies, write the other one and call them *The Scarlet Riders*."

"Well, of all things. Here I am, never wrote anything but a couple of checks and a few letters in my life and I'm talking about becoming an author."

"Stranger things than that have happened, Bill."

And so I set to work in my spare time making notes on my past experiences. This book is the result. If this attempt to tell the story of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police meets with your approval, I hope we will meet again soon inside the covers of another book, *The Scarlet Riders*.

Until we meet again, and journey with the riders of the plains and the frozen northland police, I say *au revoir*, and wish to you and yours happiness and health, and express the hope that your interest in good living and the boys of today who are the men of tomorrow, will never end.

